MEN-MAKE MEN SOUND AND STRONG

Detroit Specialist Discovers Something Entirely New for the Cure of Men's Diseases in Their own Homes.

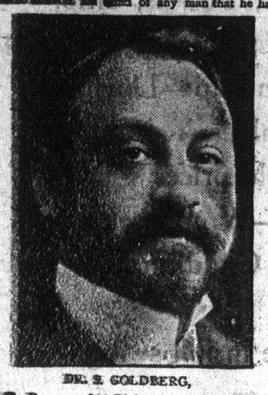
You Pay Only if Cured

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 ma[y] [be] no excuse for any man that he ha[s] a sick body and the ability to do as he says, Dr. Sandberg, the discoverer, will send the method entirely free to all men who send him their name and address. He wants to hear from men who have weaknesses that they have been unable to get cured, spermatic troubles, sexual weakness, varicocele, lost manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, unnatural drains, impotency, etc. His wonderful discovery not only cures the condition itself, but like magic it clears up the complications, such as rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, heart disease, nervous twitching, etc.

Dr. Sandberg realizes that it is one thing to make claims 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 to your interest, therefore, that it is to the best interests of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him. Ask for the method, as well as many booklets on the subject, including the one that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address Dr. E. Sandberg, 209 Woodward Ave., Room [illegible], Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

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



DR. E. SANDBERG,
The Possessor of 14 Diplomas and Certificates Who Wants No Money That He Does Not Earn.

Wood's Phosphodine,

Before and After.

The Great English Remedy, is an old, well established and reliable preparation. Has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and gives universal satisfaction. It promptly and permanently cures all forms of *Nervous Weakness, Dizziness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency,* all effects of abuse or excesses; the excessive use of *Tobacco, Opium* or *Stimulants, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain,* all of which lead to Infirmity, Insanity, Consumption and an Early Grave.

Price $1 per package or six for $5. *One will please, six will cure.* Mailed prompty on receipt of price. Send for free pamphlet. Address The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphodine, 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.

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

Sure Sign of Spring.

People are beginning to leave their orders for papering and painting now. So be wise and don't wait until the rush is on.

Come now and pick your papers and set the date for your work, and we will do the rest.

TILT'S ART STORE.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neu[ralgia].

SHORTY MAHAN'S PASSING

By T. BLAIR EATON

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It is very obvious, of course, that his first name was not Shorty; but, what is not so obvious, his last name was not Mahan. The name the rector pronounced when he stood before the font with the wriggling infant in his arms was Jefferson Douglass Jerrold. They were a fine old family, the Jerrolds, with an abundance of heirloom silver, faded ancestral portraits, one of them a Copley, and enough family pride to sink a ship.

When Jefferson Douglass had grown into a short, thick set youth, with sandy red hair and a mobile face, which effectually concealed his thoughts and emotions, the family council set about to choose a career for him which would do credit to the silver, the portraits and the family pride. His father's mind was divided between medicine and the law. His mother made her gentle arguments for the ministry. Jefferson Douglass went to college with his mobile face as inscrutable as ever, but with firm determination to choose his own career.

The exact moment when he decided what that career should be was that October afternoon when Michael Ryan, athletic trainer and ex-middleweight, rose groggily from the floor of the gymnasium and rubbed the point of his jaw in a dazed fashion. Before him, unlacing the boxing gloves which incased his hands, stood a short, thick set young man with sandy red hair and an impassive face. Ryan pulled off his own gloves and extended his hand, which the other shook gravely.

"If I could hit like that," said Ryan, "I wouldn't be here. Man, I could make a wonder of you in a year's time."

That was why Jefferson Douglass cut short his course at college, where, to tell the truth, he was not succeeding tremendously along prescribed lines, and, in a stormy interview at home, announced his intention to seek his fortune in the world in his own way and by his own efforts. How those efforts were to be directed he neglected to state, but when the identity of Shorty Mahan, the newly arrived stellar attraction in the lightweight class, was finally forced upon his unwilling family and their suspicious fear became bitter truth his father swore roundly, and his mother looked long at the ancestral portraits, especially the Copley, and wept.

"IF YOU'LL PERMIT ME," HE SAID, "I'LL GET THE KITTEN."

For three years Shorty Mahan enjoyed a series of brilliant ring victories, which made his name a household word in the sporting world and added very materially to the foundation of his fortune. Then it was announced that the fight between Mahan and Billy Devine of the Pacific coast for the lightweight championship of the world had finally been arranged to be pulled off in a well known sporting club in the east; that the purse had been put up, the articles of agreement signed by both men and the forfeits posted.

Just two weeks after this announcement Shorty Mahan, with his trainers, his sparring partner, his rubbers and his bull terrier, took up his abode in a little cottage on the shore of Freshwater lake, prepared for the monotonous three months of training which was to fit him for the fight of his life.

Freshwater lake was a charming bit of water but half a mile from Thornton village and a scant ten miles from the club where the fight would take place. Shorty Mahan upon his arrival looked the place over, grinned his delight and entered upon his training with a vengeance.

The trouble began one May evening just at sunset as Mahan and Jim Delaney, his sparring partner, were returning from a ten mile run along the country roads. They had reached the village and were jogging easily along the elm lined streets when Mahan noticed a young woman standing beneath a cherry tree and calling in tones of coaxing anxiety to an Angora kitten which sulked among the branches at the top of the tree. He stopped short and turned into the yard.

"If you'll permit me," he said, doffing his cap, "I'll get the kitten for you."

"Oh, if you would be so good," said the girl, flushing becomingly.

In another moment Shorty Mahan's red head was among the topmost branches, and then, with the kitten in his arms, he slid deftly to the ground.

"Gee!" said De'ney when Shorty joined him outside the fence. "Pretty nifty, wasn't she?"

Shorty wheeled on him suddenly.

"Jim," he said shortly, "that was a lady. Remember it, if you please." And then he cut out a pace for the training quarters which landed Delaney there perspiring and well nigh blown.

Delaney remembered afterward that it was directly after the kitten affair that Mahan began to behave rather strangely. He insisted on taking his daily run quite alone. He found or invented numerous errands which took him to the village, and he went there alone also. Every Sunday night precisely at 7 he slipped off for a quiet walk by himself, so he said.

The weeks went past, and the time of the fight approached. Instead of increasing interest in his training Shorty's zeal showed unmistakable signs of flagging. Delaney begged and the trainer threatened, but Shorty Mahan could be neither wheedled nor driven. The fight was to take place on a Wednesday evening. The Sunday evening preceding it Delaney and Dawson quietly shadowed Shorty when he set out from the cottage. They followed him to the little church and stood before the uncurtained windows of the vestry. Shorty entered and took a seat well down in front, and even as they watched a hymn was started, in which they could recognize Shorty's home-made bass. Dawson, who was the head trainer, gasped.

"Member the kitten I told you about?" Delaney whispered. "Well, I've found out that the girl was the parson's daughter."

"Humph!" Dawson grunted, and they started back.

When Shorty returned to quarters Delaney was waiting for him.

"Now, about this prayer meeting business, Shorty," Dawson began.

Shorty's eyes flashed fire.

"If you fellows have been shadowing me there's likely to be a rough house here," he said. He stood glaring about him for a moment, then turned on his heel and went to bed.

There have been many vague theories advanced and many absurd stories circulated as to why the Mahan-Devine fight never took place. Some will tell you Shorty Mahan was terror stricken at the last moment. Others affirm he was paid a liberal sum to forfeit the fight to Devine. The real reason, set forth in a letter by Shorty himself, is in the possession of Jim Delaney. It came the morning of the fight:

Dear Jim—It's all off. You know I have often said that if I was ever defeated I'd never fight again. Well, I lost this fight before it began. Clean knockout—by a woman too. We were married last night beneath the tree where I caught the kitten. I'm out of it for good, Jim.

* * * * * * * *

And that is why Shorty Mahan faded from the eyes of an admiring public and also why Jefferson Douglass Jerrold is custodian of the family pride, the silver and the ancestral portraits, one of which is a Copley.

A Man is Only as Old as He Feels.

Some people are always young—in spirit and vigor. The man who feels his age is the man who neglects his stomach and liver. As the years pile up the delicate organisms grow weaker.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

strengthens the system to resist the added strain. A perfect laxative—it removes all poison from the system. Purifies and enriches the blood. It keeps the liver and kidneys active. Abbey's possesses the rare quality of being a bowel and stomach tonic, without any re-actionary effects.

At all Druggists 25c. and 60c.

Cure Eczema

Boils, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, and all blood diseases permanently by using

Weaver's Syrup

For the Blood.

The Bugle, said the editor of that paper, has the highest circulation of any other in this country.

Indeed! queried the skeptic.

Oh, my, yes; we're 800 feet above the sea level here.

I DRINK TO THE DEAD.

I drink to the dead! Fill the glass brim high,
Silently drain it deep—
I drink to the dead, who lonely lie
Sleeping their dreamless sleep.
Silence! By none be the stillness broke
That reigns on the room as a spell;
Here's the soldier lad in his blood stained cloak,
And the maiden who loved so well!

What shall the draught be?—the blood-red wine
That flows from the trampled grape;
But will that stifle, say, brothers mine,
Thoughts that none dare escape?
So often in hours of fretfulness
For a draught we, perchance, may dream
That would lull us into forgetfulness—
The water from Lethe's stream.

Not so! Not so! Let their memory stay
In our hearts, aye fresh and fair;
And we shall see them again one day,
Though years may come thick with care.
For over the waste of the Valley of Death,
And over its darksome river,
The path we must tread with our failing breath
Is bridged by their love forever.
—From "Last Words," by Captain Horace Townshend.

MARRIAGE AGE RISING.

Fewer Early Marriages in England Than in Days Gone By.

The London Daily Express has discovered that the average age for matrimony in Britain is steadily rising, and as its authority quotes from the Government reports as follows: "Between the years 1876-80 the number of male 'infants,' as the law calls them, was 77.8 out of every 1,000 marriages, and of child wives there were 217 per 1,000. Every year since then the number has dropped. The last statistics (for 1901) give only fifty husbands and sixty wives who were registered as 'under age' out of every 1,000."

The Express continues: "Among the very poor child marriages are still rather numerous, and in the ranks of the wealthy there are also many girls wives. In the one case, extreme poverty is a direct incentive to early marriage, because there is none of that sense of 'keeping up' a position' which acts as a preventive among the middle classes, and a working wife is looked upon as an additional source of income. On the other hand, of course, a wealthy man finds no drawback to his position by marrying young. In the middle class, on the contrary, men with limited incomes are becoming more and more chary of plunging into an 'extravagance' of matrimony. The thousand little luxuries of modern days are now looked upon as necessities, and these make life more expensive. Women also are not content with the same modest households and the same quiet life which satisfied their mothers. Consequently the average age of marriage is constantly rising."

All of which does not seem to alter the fact that lovers are as numerous as ever, and that when the right man asks the right girl an experiment in house-keeping usually follows. This year it is, of course, the privilege of the girls to do a little asking themselves.

First Memorial Window.

The first memorial window to the late Lord Salisbury has been designed and carried out in London and is to be publicly unveiled in St. Peter's Church, Newlyn, Mounts Bay, Cornwall, at the end of this month. The window, which is to be placed above the font, in which is known as the "Artists' Parish Church," contains a representation of the Good Shepherd, and the figure, which, of course, follow the traditional subject, is surrounded by ruby diapered work, while above, in dark and light green, are clusters of grapes, and the foliage of the vine surrounds the whole of the figure. The Good Shepherd bears one lamb in the right arm, in the left is the pastoral crook, and below are the lambs feeding in the green pastures (Psalm 23). It is entirely the work of English artists and craftsmen. The inscription at the base is as follows: "In pious memory of Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, third Marquess of Salisbury, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, 1869-1903, thrice Prime Minister of Britain, born February 2nd, 1830, died August 22nd, 1903—the gift of his devoted admirer, a benefactor of this church."

The Eye on the Chinese Junk.

Few people know why Chinese junks have an eye painted on the port side of the bow. A Cantonese legend explains the origin of that singular custom in a way that is suggestive of Anglo-Saxon humor.

A great Chinese mandarin who lived centuries before the Christian era, finding himself in need of a navy, sent for the royal boat builder and ordered him to build a certain number of ships. So the builder drew up plans and presented them to the mandarin. But the plans evidently did not suit his majesty, for he flew into a violent rage and ordered the boat builder from his presence.

"Then how shall I build them, your celestial highness?" he pleaded.

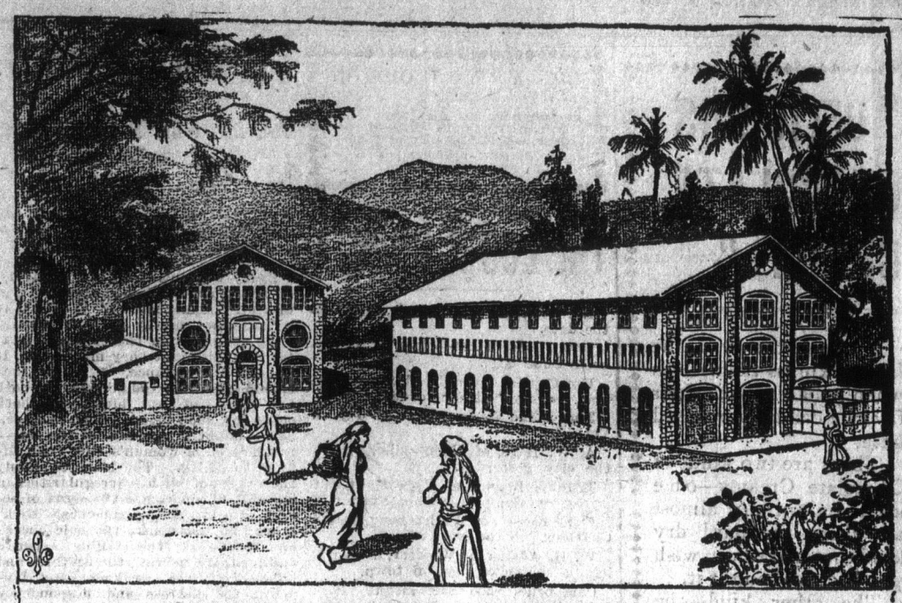
Thereupon the mandarin drew off one of his slippers and threw it at the boat builder, who fled from the room. At the door he turned for a moment just in time to catch the mandarin winking at his prime minister.

The boat builder picked up the royal slipper and used it as a model and then painted one eye on its bow to represent the royal master's wink.

Already Had Experience.

Stories about the late Lord Salisbury not knowing some of his Parliamentary supporters recall the fact that Lord John Russell, when British Prime Minister many years ago, made the acquaintance of the late Earl of Stair, then Lord Dalrymple, at a country house, and was immensely taken with his amiable manners. "I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance," he said, shaking him warmly by the hand. "You must come into the House of Commons and support me there."

"I have been doing that for the last ten years," was the quiet rejoinder.—M.A.P.



The temperature of the climate has a lot to do in growing tea. Where it is hot and moist, as in the lowlands of Ceylon, the tea grows rankly and coarsely. There is much woody fibre in the leaves and consequently much tannin. On the hill tops it is different. The air is cool there—the nature of the land keeps it well drained, and although there is plenty of rain it is never retained—never moist and steamy.

In the Blue Ribbon Tea estates is grown the finest "hill" tea in Ceylon. The leaves are tender and small—no woody fibres to speak of—consequently no tannin.

Blue Ribbon is selected from this superior tea growth. It is the most odorous and richly creamy-tasting tea grown. Just pure tea.

Black Mixed Ceylon Green

BlueRibbon Ceylon Tea

Ask for the Red Label

40c. and worth it

312

Sandy's Reasoning.

A lady meeting her gardener in the grounds said to him: "Sandy, I am surprised that you do not marry. You have got a free house, coals and gas, also a weekly wage of 30 shillings, so I think all you want to complete your happiness is a wife."

And to lend weight to her argument she added, "Adam, who was the first gardener, was given a wife."

"True for ye, ma'am," replied Sandy, "but he hadn't her long till he lost his job."—London Tit-Bits.

Civilized and Enlightened.

Teacher—Can you tell me the difference between civilized and enlightened nations? Pupil—My dad says civilized nations manage to get along all right if they are let alone, but that enlightened nations know enough not to let the civilized nations alone.

His Other Cheek.

"When an enemy smites me," said the pious looking hypocrite, "I always turn the other cheek."

"Why," asked the man who knew him, "do you want your enemy to go around with both hands disabled?"

As Far as He Knew.

"One of the component parts of sugar," said the professor, "is an essential in the composition of the human body. What is it?"

"I know!" shouted the grocer's boy. "Sand!"—Exchange.

The child that cries for the moon may grow up to want the earth.

SUFFERED FOR THREE YEARS.

HEADACHES AND RUSHING OF BLOOD TO THE HEAD.

APPETITE WAS GONE.

TRIED MANY DIFFERENT REMEDIES BUT

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

CURED

MRS. WALTER MANTHORNE, BROOKLYN, N.S.

She says: "I suffered for three years with terrible headaches and rushing of blood to my head. I lost my appetite and became very thin and weak. I tried many different remedies and consulted doctors, but all in vain until I started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I had not taken more than two bottles when I began to feel better, my appetite improved wonderfully and I increased rapidly in weight. I took altogether four bottles and am now as well as can be, for which I owe my thanks to Burdock Blood Bitters. I can recommend it to all those suffering as I did."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Milled to model mill. For model Canadian housewives

For all kinds of Family Baking

BEAVER FLOUR

has no equal. It is the only flour blended especially for household use and this blending Manitoba Spring Wheat Ontario Fall Wheat enables the housewife to get the best results. Fall Wheat gives flavor Spring Wheat gives strength.

The best costs no more than the next best. Your grocer should have it for you.

BARGAINS.

For one week, commencing

FEBRUARY 20th,

we will sell the following at cost;

Horse Blankets, Fur Robes and Lamb Coats

If you are in need of any of the above, it will pay you to buy, as you can get them for nearly one-half what you would pay for them next fall. We have also a large assortment of axes, worth $1.25 and $1.00, for **59c.**

A. H. PATTERSON

Phone 61. 3 Doors East of Market.

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ESTABLISHED 1817.

Capital (all paid up) $14,000,000
Rest 10,000,000

Drafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank Department, or on deposit receipts.

DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager Chatham Branch.

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