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Detroit Specialist Discovers Something Entirely New For The Cure of Men's Diseases in Their Own Homes.

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Expect 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 colleges and medical boards, has perfected a startling method of curing the diseases of men in their own homes, and so that there may be no doubt in the mind of any man that he has both the method and the ability to do so, he sends Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method entirely free to all men who send him their names and



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The possessor of 14 diplomas and certificates, who wants no money that he does not earn.

address. He wants to hear from men who have stricken that they have been unable to get cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicocele, test manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, emaciation of parts, impotency, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but likewise all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney trouble, heart disease, etc.

The doctor realizes that it is one to make claims and another thing to back them up, so he has made 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 would seem, therefore, that it is to the best interests of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor before him. He sends the method as well as many booklets on the subject, including the one that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him simply Dr. S. Goldberg, 298 Woodward Avenue, Room P, Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

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Any irregularity on the part of The Planet's carrier boys will be immediately remedied by calling at the office or phoning 532.

MORE WHISTLERISMS.

His Vitrolle Qualities and His Satanic Laugh—Tooted His Own Horn—Tooted by His Own Pictures.

James A. McNeill Whistler, the American artist, who died in London recently, gave himself the credit of being "an adept at the gentle art of making enemies." He was almost always in hot water with somebody, and was as fond as an old-fashioned Scotchman of getting into a lively lawsuit, enjoying litigation almost equally well whether he won or lost.

Whistler was not particularly proud of being a native American, resembling in that respect William Waldorf Astor. A Frenchman once sized him up as being "an American in his origin, an Englishman in his manners and a Frenchman in his spirit." The critic added that about the man there constantly floats an indefinable fragrance of sulphur. Others have described the artist's laugh as satanic in its cynicism; and yet he felt disappointed and hurt if his companions failed to join in his mirth. He had the habit of buttonholing those to whom he talked, not figuratively merely, but actually, that they might not escape him until he had his say. It was all worth while though, to listen to him for his wit was irresistible. The mere repetition of his mirth did them injustice, for it was not the remarks themselves but the way in which they were made that made them funny. His personality was enriched by all sorts of mannerisms and stereotyped words and phrases.

Artist-like, he spent a great deal of pains with his hair, which curled beautifully. But the remarkable feature of this part of his toilet was that, while he dyed nearly all of his hair a rich, glossy black, he left one full tale lock with the whiteness of age.

Tooted His Own Horn.

Whistler had no false modesty about praising his own work. When struggling for recognition early in his career, he made it a point to laud his pictures so loudly and persistently that other folk finally began to take him at his own valuation, because no critic thought it worth while to say anything against the obscure young artist. This self-esteem served him all his life.

"Come now, this is all nonsense, you trying to do this," he said once to a fellow-painter who thought he had lit upon a promising bit of landscape to paint. "It is much too good a subject to be wasted upon you. You better let me see what I can do with it."

In his struggling days he lived in the top of an old palace in Venice, starving on a diet of macaroni and polenta, unable to sell any of his pictures except at starvation prices. He was only paid by dint of industriously crying up his own wares that he finally induced some to believe in him.

Dealing With Creditors.

Even in his days of prosperity, Whistler was perpetually in debt. He had no head for money matters. Here is the way he once tamed a London bailiff who had a bill against him to collect.

When the officer first appeared he wore his hat in the drawing-room and smoked and spat all over the house. Mr. Whistler soon settled that. He went out into the hall, armed himself with a cane and jauntily whisked his visitor's hat off. The man was so surprised that he forgot to be angry. One morning, when Whistler was shaving, a message was brought to him that the bailiff wished to speak with him.

"Very well; send him up," said Whistler, but he kept on shaving. "Now, then, what do you want?" he continued, as the man appeared.

"I want my money, sir," was the reply.

"What money?"

"My possession money, sir."

"What, haven't they given it to you?"

"No, sir, it's you that has to give it to me."

"Oh, the deuce I have!" this with one of his fustian laughs.

"Well, I think it's very hard, sir," snarled the man. "I have my own family to keep and my own rent to pay."

"I'll tell you what I advise you to do," returned Whistler, as he pushed his caller out of the room; "you should do as I do, and have a man in yourself."

Tits in the Courts.

Some of Whistler's lawsuits became famous. One in particular he enjoyed as a sweet morsel, although he lost it and was taxed heavily for the luxury.

He received a commission from Sir William Eden to paint a portrait, and when the picture was about finished, but before it was delivered, Whistler received a "valentine" from Sir William enclosing a cheque for 100 guineas for the work.

So this angered the artist, who placed a much higher valuation on the canvas, that he painted out the face and retained both picture and money. He even cashed the cheque in a great hurry rather than return it and accept a larger one, which his patron offered.

Eden began suit, which Whistler fought viciously, but the plaintiff won, getting judgment not only for his 100 guineas, but heavy damages besides.

But Whistler sometimes was plaintiff himself. He sued Ruskin for libel for calling him a cockney in a severe art criticism, and got damages of one farthing (half a cent). He also quarrelled with DuMaurier, for caricaturing him, as he thought, in the character of "Joe Sibley" in the novel "Trilby." He carried the controversy into the newspapers, until the novelist (who was also an artist) cut the objectionable character out of his book.

While Carlyle was still alive, Whistler painted his portrait as a labor of love, and when the great essayist died he set a price upon it of only 400 guineas, a subscription having been circulated to buy the portrait.

But when he learned that the paper ungraciously disclaimed approval of himself, his art or his theories, he promptly raised the price to 1,000 guineas. The picture remains unsold to this day.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

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

INDIAN SUMMER.

A soft veil dims the turquoise skies, And half conceals from peering eyes The bronzing tokens of the Fall; A calmness broods upon the hills, And Summer's parting dream discloses A charm of silence over all.

The stacks of corn in brown array, Stand waiting through the placid day, Like tattered wharves on the plain, The tribes that find a sadder fate, Are phantom peoples, forms of air, And ghosts of vanished joy and pain.

At evening, when the blood-red crest Of sunset passes through the West, I hear the whispering host returning: On far-off fields, by elm and oak, I see the light, I smell the smoke— The camp-fires of the past are burning.

Tertius and Henry Van Dyke.

CANALS OF CANADA.

New York Tribune to the Enterprise of the Dominion.

In referring to canal construction as one of the most striking features of the commercial policy of France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy and Belgium, we mentioned the fact that Canada has for years been actively following the example of Continental Europe, says The New York Tribune. There has been expended for construction alone on Canadian canals, not including work planned but still unexecuted, a total of more than \$81,000,000. For the construction and enlargement of the water route from Lake Erie through the Welland Canal, Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River more than \$56,000,000 has been spent, a sum which, according to the Green Commission pointed out, bears about the same ratio to the wealth of Canada that \$100,000,000 would bear to the wealth of New York.

"There is no question that the people of the Dominion heartily sustain the policy which requires this heavy outlay, and that the practical results justify their contentment. During the three months of May, June and July of this year there were exported from Montreal 18,040,214 bushels of grain, and from New York 10,841,519 bushels. At other Atlantic ports observers are drawing the conclusion from this comparison that the metropolis is destined to lose its supremacy, but they may derive less pleasure from when they have considered that, according to the latest Government statistics, the total exports from Atlantic ports for the fiscal year 1903 show a decline of \$98,000,000 from the total for 1901. Some of their loss is the gain of the Gulf ports, but no small part of it has accrued to our Northern neighbor.

"The Government's summary of commerce and finance appears a significant statement of lake commerce through the United States canal at Sault Ste. Marie, and the Canadian canal for the month and the season ending July 31, 1901, 1902 and 1903. For the month of July in the three years there are some of the figures. Bushels of wheat, east-bound through the United States canal, 3,695,791; 2,876,802; 1,684,272. Through the Canadian canal, 518,161; 1,662,454; 2,879,010. For the last month of the wheat figures are: Through the United States canal, 10,722,780; 19,588,064; 10,865,627. Through the Canadian canal, 2,872,516; 9,849,820; 14,710,659. Other grain, flour and general merchandise shipments tell a similar and in some particulars, a still more striking story.

"We hear no contradiction of the general conclusion, to which an array of evidence points, that the export trade of Canada is gaining rapidly and that the development of the Canadian canals is an important factor in its growth."

Lace Curtains and delicate fabrics are best washed with Sunlight Soap. No injury from scrubbing or impurities.

Minard's Liniment for sale Every where.

MRS. DANIEL'S WAY

By Esop W. Sargent

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Carlsile said something about trains that could not possibly be construed as praise for the L. and G. The baggage master regarded him with sleepy amusement.

"You can't say anything that ain't been said before," he advised. "The train is five hours late and won't be in till 8 o'clock. Yesterday it was 9:23, and Monday it got in two hours after the local noon train left. Better go to sleep. I'll wake you when I hear the whistle."

Then the blue-jumped figure turned over on the counter and presently his gentle snores were added to the monotonous ticking of the clock.

Carlsile was too nervous to heed the advice and sleep. He had driven seven miles across country to meet the over-

land that was to pass the junction at 3 o'clock in the morning. Now he was told that he might have had five hours more of the comfortable bed he had been forced to leave at midnight.

Presently there was the noise of sleigh bells, and a cutter drew up alongside of the platform. Carlsile glanced with interest at the slight figure that stepped out, and then, as the driver showed no disposition to aid her with a heavy satchel, he went out with a courteous offer of assistance.

"Has the overland gone through yet?" she inquired eagerly.

Carlsile gave a short laugh. "At last reports," he said easily, "the overland will pass through here about 8 o'clock, but my informant, with a nod in the direction of the angrier baggage master, 'did not state whether it was last night or tonight' that was expected."

By this time she had removed her heavy wraps and veil, and Carlsile could see the look of disappointment that clouded her pretty face. "The junction train was snowed in, and I hired a farmer to drive me over in his cutter."

"The junction train," said Carlsile, "suffers from the same complaint as those on the main line. Since we are here until morning may I invite you to sup with me?"

He drew from his satchel two sandwiches and solemnly offered her one. "I can assure you," he said, "that one is eminently satisfying. They are a last tribute from the hotel keeper."

She laughed as she accepted the huge structure of bread and meat, and they were soon chatting like old friends.

She was going to Denver, she told him, to spend some weeks. He looked up with interest. "Do you know," he said, "that I am going to Denver—to be married?"

She gave a little laugh. "Do you know," she retorted, "that I may be married before I leave Denver?"

His face fell. She was a singularly pretty girl. "I hope not," he said savagely. "Unless—"

"Unless?" she repeated questioningly.

"Never mind—now," he said. "Let's talk of my troubles. I am to be married because I am told that I must. I have a friend who married and moved to Denver. His wife insisted that I should visit them, and assured me that she would marry me off before I came away."

"That does not necessarily indicate that you must be married, does it?" she asked.

He smiled faintly. "It is plain to be seen," he answered, "that you don't know Maude Daniels."

She was blushing very curiously, but her voice was even as she remarked: "Possibly the fate may not appear to be so appalling when you have met your—shall I say fiancée? Do you know anything about her?"

He shook his head. "Very little. Mrs. Daniels says she is a very lovely girl, amiable, cultured and all that sort of thing. She's a cousin of Mrs. Daniels, named Standish—Helen Standish, I think, and they say she's as pretty as her name. It's not that I'm afraid of her, but a fellow does hate to have it all cut and dried, don't you know?"

She nodded a grave assent. "I am very much in the same position," she began, but just then a whistle broke in on the conversation, and the sleepy baggage master rolled over. The train whistle was the one thing that would wake him.

"I forgot to tell you," he said to Car-

lsile, "that there was a Denver train through here about now. It's yesterday's train, but it will get in ahead of the other."

Twenty minutes later, Carlsile, lulled by the easy motion of the train, dropped off to sleep, his mind filled with visions of a petite figure crowned by a pretty oval face wreathed in golden hair. He had forgotten to ask her name, but he determined that her last name should be Carlsile in spite of Mrs. Daniels and Helen Standish.

The next morning his berth had been made up long before she made her appearance.

"I want to ask you something," he said as he dropped into the seat beside her, in answer to the invitation in her eyes. "Last night I was willing to go to Denver and be married, but now I am not. I want you to help me save myself from the fate that awaits me."

"There is a girl I love desperately," he hurried on, and he noted with joy that her face clouded. "I am not a person of impulse, but I love her devotedly and always shall."

"I want you to marry me, and then I can face Mrs. Daniels. My old friend, Bishop Dayton, is on the train. He can vouch for me and will perform the service. Will you?"

"But how will my marrying you help you to win the girl you love?" she interposed.

"Because," he said impulsively, "you are the woman I love and shall love till death, God helping me." Then, somehow, he was holding her hand and looking very foolish, while in her eyes the love light glowed through a merry twinkle.

The marriage was not difficult to arrange. The bishop occupied the state-room, and there they were married with the Pullman conductor and the train conductor for witnesses. Then the good old bishop got out his portfolio and prepared to fill out the marriage certificate.

"My child," he said kindly, "it is strange, but I do not know your last name. What name shall I fill in here?"

A tiny smile flitted over her face. "Helen Standish," she said simply, and turned to her husband.

Carlsile looked aghast for a moment, then he broke into a hearty laugh. "I told you," he said, "that Maude Daniels always had her own way. I'm glad of it." And he kissed her.

An Accidental Translation. One day an American called on George Brandes, the Danish author, and informed him he had translated one of his books. Brandes thanked him and said that, as he himself spoke but indifferent English, although he could read it easily, he would prefer talking Danish.

"I don't understand Danish," was the unexpected reply.

"How strange when you read it so well!"

"I can't read it either," the American rejoined.

"I thought you told me that you had translated my book," said the amazed author.

"So I have, as you see," replied the American and produced the volume. "The fact is we were passing through Copenhagen, and my wife broke her leg, which necessitated our staying here for a couple of months; so I went to a bookseller's and, asking for the most popular book in Danish, received yours. I took it home, and through the simplicity of the language to German and English and with the help of a dictionary I translated it, but I didn't know a word of your language when I began."

"This book," Brandes added, "has gone through several editions in America, although it has mistakes and meanings I never intended."

No wonder so many authors prefer not to be read at all to being read in translations.

The Weight of the Children. With regard to the standard of weight for growing children, that usually given by authorities in the matter is that at five years of age a child should weigh about as many pounds as it is inches high. As a rule, this will not be much over or under forty pounds.

Children who come of large families should weigh something more than that. The rate of increase should be about two pounds for every inch of growth, with a tendency for the weight to exceed this standard proportionately rather than to fall below it. When a child is rather heavier in proportion to its height than this standard it is a sign of good health. If the child is growing rapidly it should not be allowed to fall much below it without being made to rest more than has been the custom before. A deficiency of weight in proportion to height is always an unfavorable sign. Any interruption in the progress of increase of weight, especially during the continuance of growth, must be a danger signal that should not be neglected by those interested in the patient.—Westminster Review.

Just Like Papa. Little Willie Postlewaite, aged three, brought an avalanche of ridicule on the head of the house recently. A colored man was selected to whitewash the cellar ceiling and walls and did the job well. A few days after its completion, while the family was at dinner, the doorman rang. Willie raced to open the door, and the colored man stepped in with his bill.

Willie walked backward till he stood in the dining room entrance.

"Who is it, Willie?" inquired his mother.

"It's a man," answered the child. "What kind of a man?"

"Well, it's a man; just like papa, only he's black."—New York Press.

Fills the Requirement. Moldy Mike—Dis year paper says the secret of aristocratic appearance is the repose of manner.

Wearis William—Dat's me.—New York Weekly.



Mrs. L. C. Glover, Vice Pres. Milwaukee, Wis., Business Woman's Association, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I was married for several years and no children blessed my home. The doctor said I had a complication of female troubles and I could not have any children for several months. My husband became disgusted, and one night when we noticed a testimonial of a woman who had been cured of similar trouble through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, he went out and bought a bottle for me. I used your medicine for three and one half months, improving steadily in health, and in twenty-two months a child came. I cannot fully express the joy and thankfulness that is in my heart. Our home is a different place now, as we have something to live for, and all the credit is due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Yours very sincerely, Mrs. L. C. GLOVER, 614 Grove St., Milwaukee, Wis." Vice President, Milwaukee Business Woman's Ass'n.

Women should not fail to profit by the experience of these two women; just as surely as they were cured of the troubles enumerated in their letters, just so certainly will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure others who suffer from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, and nervous prostration; remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

An Indiana Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: It is a pleasure for me to write and tell what your wonderful medicine has done for me. I was sick for three years with change of life, and my physician thought a cancerous condition of the womb. During these three years I suffered untold agony.

"I cannot find words in which to express my bad feelings. I did not expect to ever see another well day. I read some of the testimonials recommending your medicine and decided to write to you and give your treatment a trial.

"Before I had taken half a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began to sleep. I have taken now six bottles and am so well I can do all kinds of work."—MRS. LIZZIE HINKLE, Salem, Ind.

If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She can surely help you, for no person in America can speak from a wider experience in treating female ills. Address is Lynn, Mass.; her advice is free and always helpful.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

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