



Dr. Spinney & Co

Detroit's Old Reliable Rheumatologists

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, despondent, 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 Diseases, 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, Rashness, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil-fortunings, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad taste in the Mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, Deposits 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.

VARICELE 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. SUFFRAGE and PISTOLA CURED. THE SIGNS OF SYPHILIS are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loss, pimples on the back and parietal growths. We cure these for life without injurious drugs.

"Have you the seeds of any past disease working in your system? IMPOTENCY or Loss of Sexual Power, and do you contemplate MARRIAGE? Do you 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 troubled 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 deposits 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 men who die of this difficulty.

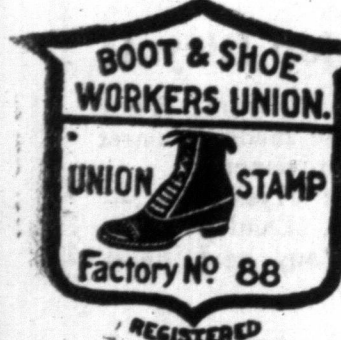
Important of the cause, which is the second stage of genuine weakness. The doctors will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases and healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs. BOOK FREE—Those unable to call should write for question list and book for home treatment. Thousands cured at home by correspondence. Our honest opinion always given, and good, honest, careful treatment given to every patient.

Dr. Spinney & Co

Office Hours—9 to 5 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 11 a. m. also 2 to 4 p. m. Consultation free. 290 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. (Private entrance, 12 E. Elizabeth St.)

Buy Only Union-Made Shoes

UNION LABEL



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

Important to Breeders and Horsemen



Eureka Veterinary Caustic Balsam

A reliable and speedy remedy for Cuts, Sprains, Sweney, Sore-throat, etc., in Horses, and LUMP JAW in Cattle. See pamphlet which accompanies every bottle giving scientific treatment in the various diseases. It can be successfully used in every case of veterinary practice where stimulating applications, and blisters are prescribed. It has no superior. Every bottle sold is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Prepared by the Eureka Veterinary Medicine Co., London, Ont.

Minard's Liniment — Lumberman's Friend.

MISPAH.

Go thou thy way, and I go mine;
Apart, yet not afar;
Only a thin veil hangs between
The pathways where we are,
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me!"

This is my prayer,
He looks thy way, He looks mine,
And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie,
Or which way mine will be;
If mine will lead through parching sands
And thine beside the sea;
Yet God keeps watch 'tween thee and me.

He holds thy hand, He clasps mine,
And keeps us near.

I sigh sometimes to see thy face,
But since this may not be,
I'll leave thee to the care of Him,
Who cares for thee and me.

"I'll keep you both beneath my wings."

This comforts, dear,
One wing of thee and one of me;
So we are near.

—F. R. Havergal.

A Little Bit of Braid.

She turned her head very slightly, so that the man behind her caught the narrowing of her eyes with sudden anger, and the tilting of her rounded chin.

"Clumsy!" she said in a voice ringing with scorn. She caught up her skirt, just raising it from the ground, and hastened on. But she threw a few more or less acceptable home thrusts over her shoulder as she went on.

"I can't think what you have been doing with yourself lately. Not improving, anyway. And you won't get on in the direction you are taking, I can assure you. It makes me very doubtful as to the truth of all your yarns of conquest—they are just what I took them for—fair tales, every one! For no girl would be tame enough to be trampled on, if that is your habit. You could not be so blind as that."

She gave the offending skirt, with the loop of braid dangling uncomfortably, a further hitch. She had the faintest inkling that she was making her altogether—and the man following her made no objection.

It was, indeed, his continued silence she seized on next to misconstrue.

"At least," she said, with sisterly straightforwardness, "you might apologize."

They had reached the landing stage where the boat was moored. The girl proceeded to take her place in the calmness and ease which only comes to her sex through practice and long suffering. She was seated with the ropes in her hands before she had looked up at the man who had followed her—into the boat by this time.

"Now let me see the stroke which takes captive your best girls," she was saying, and then her eyes met his.

Though it would have seemed more appropriate that he should be the one to blush, it was to her cheeks the color mounted. She actually hesitated before she spoke.

So he was given the opportunity of speaking, and by this time he availed himself, willingly.

"I do apologize," he said, "very humbly." His manner and the laughter in his eyes did not, however, accord wholly with such an attitude.

"Well—really!" she began, but he interrupted her.

"I will go further—you will grant it is a long way further—I will explain."

"There seems room for it."

He was a genius at seizing his chances. He took her words as a concession and dipped his sculls into the water at the same time.

"I shall be able to talk so much better when we are moving," he said artfully. "I fancy my stroke may prove as worthy of comment as your brother's," he added. He was still smiling, and he noted, with growing satisfaction, that so was she.

"Well, of all the—"

"And you do not even know who I am! Check! Oh, don't be hard. Luck—if you like. I am proverbially lucky. I am not to blame for that, am I? Your brother told you he was expecting his college chum, Charles Dean? I was just coming along—neither of you saw me. I heard you send him back for your cape," he paused, with sudden compunction.

"You are not cold?" he questioned, anxiously. "I forgot, and have nothing in the way of a wrap to offer you."

"No, I am not cold," she said, as stiffly as she could.

"You walked on, you know, and then temptation seized me. An evil spirit disguised, most charmingly disguised, as a piece of braid! And I could not resist it. I was only afraid you would think I had been suspiciously quick—for a brother."

"I wasn't thinking," she admitted, dimpling.

The mood for confession grew on him. "Or that you might look around!" said he.

"No, don't say it! Hear me out first, honestly. I was not entirely actuated by motives of mere selfishness, as might at first appear. I put it to myself like this: Here is a charming girl going to spend a most perfectly delightful summer afternoon on the river, with no more exciting companion than the brother she has known from her earliest days; whose thoughts are as open to her as her own; who hasn't a peculiarity, or a virtue, left undiscovered. I argued with myself about it. Should I let such a paltry pretext as the lack of an introduction prevent me from giving this girl a treat?"

"Oh," she cried, "you really are!"

"Yes," he said. "It stands to reason even as a study, a sort of unexplored continent, so to speak, a strange young man, in such a case, must present himself in the light of an acquisition."

Her eyes were dancing. "Why don't you say such an exceedingly nice young man, while you are about it?" she asked, mockingly.

"I will go one better," said he, "with your permission. Such an exceptionally nice pair!" And he bowed.

"Oh, you are dreadful—dreadful!" But she did not say it as a fact to be deplored. She looked away from the soft summer landscape, down to the edge of the serge skirt with its trimmings of braid and the tassel loop.

"They do sew those so insecurely," she said. "Haven't you a pin to spare?"

"It seems almost a pity," said he, while she busied herself over it; "but I suppose it will be just as well now."

The afternoon was, as he had said, delightful, and his swift stroke left nothing to be desired. It was not cold, after all, and she never gave another thought to the cape until she saw it, when at last they got back, heading deserted on the bathhouse door, where her brother had left it when he arrived there to find her vanished.

The brother and sister were very alike in disposition and took things lightly and as they came. So he never openly resented her desertion—perhaps, as her new friend pointed out, too, had his more than adequate compensation.

She called it, in her kindest moods, an anticipation, but he maintained that he gave the incidents its most appropriate title when he named it a "forerunner." And this it was.

The weather favored them, and his visit lengthened from a week's end to a week and more. Ample time for a man of such ready methods to win for himself a girl not indisposed to be won. Thus his visit to the brother ended in his marriage with the sister—an old tale, but often a very pleasant one.

It was later in the season, and boating interests had given way to the necessity of stock taking in fashionable wearing apparel and discussions on the relative merits of new and antique furniture.

"I could almost wish," she said sweetly, "that it was possible to trim a white satin wedding dress with braid in a sort of squiggly pattern of loops and turns."

"If you contemplate having one loop pendant to trip me up during the ceremony," he said laughing, "I am off!"

"Then perhaps it is just as well to reserve braid for a trimming for serge and cloth," she said.

Wiles of the Fox.

A fox is entitled to all that is said for its wisdom and sagacity. Not long ago the Washington hunt of Valley Forge started a young fox in the North Valley hills, and the hounds were running it across the open field, when the hunters were surprised to see a much larger fox come from the woods and run diagonally across the track of the young fox ahead of the hounds, and when they struck the stronger track of the bigger fox they took it up, and Reynard thereby being saved from being run down and killed by the hounds.

Old hunters say they have frequently witnessed this trick when young foxes were being closely pursued and in danger of being run down and killed by the hounds. Another and even sharper trick was played by an old fox some weeks ago while being hotly chased by hounds. The fox had run some twenty miles, and, while crossing an open stretch of country, was in danger of being run down and killed in a field through which the fox was running. The hounds were close to its heels was the cellar of an old house, with a portion of the walls still standing.

The fox made straight for the old cellar, and, when he was close to the entrance, he made it escape through a narrow opening in the walls. The hounds, supposing the fox was trapped, dashed into the cellar pell mell to find Reynard gone and themselves in a hole as the hole in the wall through which the fox had escaped was too small to permit them to get through.

When the hunters rode up they found the pack in a trap, and one of the hounds wedged fast in the hole through which the fox had made its escape. By the time the hounds were got out, the fox was safe in its hole.—Philadelphia Times.

Revival of Honiton Lace.

Philanthropic women have been interesting themselves recently in the revival of Honiton lace and in organizing regular bands of workers in and around Honiton. It is becoming a common thing to see the women sitting in their cottages doors in the evening busy with their cushions and bobbins, or, as they call them in untechnical parlance, "sticks." A great deal of the work they do is effective enough, even if coarse in pattern, but being moderate in price it finds a ready market, though by no means of the delicate workmanship for which Honiton lace was once famous.

Some of the women, on the contrary, have attained a high degree of excellence and produce some lovely sprays. As a rule the cottagers themselves do not make up the flowers, etc., into collars, cuffs or ties, but sell them direct to a woman who mounts them and sends them to London and elsewhere for sale. Most of the women seem only to work at their pillows at odd times, in the same way as cottagers do elsewhere at knitting or crochet.

The people of Devon, who prided themselves upon the beautiful lace once produced there, are rejoiced at its revival. Many of them look back with regret to the days when the queen's wedding veil was made at Beer, and when no bride would have thought her trousseau complete without some costly examples of Honiton lace.

Couldn't Fool Nettie.

Little Nettie was learning to read, and part of her lesson ran thus: "The cat has a rat, the rat has a cat."

"Huh!" she exclaimed, "the man who wrote this book didn't know much. Cats don't have rats; they have kittens."—Kansas City Star.

Sure Proof.

Mrs. Askit—What made you think he'd had a few drinks? He didn't show it.

Mrs. Proxy—Not until he went out of his way to prove that he hadn't.—Philadelphia Press.

A Golf Insult.

Ida—Elmore received a terrible insult this morning.

May—What was it?

Ida—Why, an old lady saw the handle of his golf clubs peering from the bag and asked him how much he would charge to mend an umbrella.—Boston Post.

Feminine Failing.

A Missouri country woman recently had her husband arrested for cruelty. He had beaten her severely, and the judge sentenced her to be hampered for the benefit of the county.

When he went to work on the next morning his wife was on hand with an umbrella to keep the sun off him while he chopped up big stones into little ones with a hammer.—Exchange.

NO ARGUMENT NEEDED.



Every Sufferer From Catarrh Knows That Salves, Lotions, Washes, Sprays and Douches do Not Cure.

Powders, lotions, salves, sprays and inhalers cannot really cure Catarrh, because this disease is a blood disease, and local applications, if they accomplish anything at all, simply give transient relief.

The catarrhal poison is in the blood and the mucous membrane of the nose, throat and trachea tries to remove the system by secreting large quantities of mucus, the discharge sometimes closing up the nostrils, dropping into the throat, causing deafness by closing the Eustachian tubes, and after a time causing catarrh of stomach or serious throat and lung troubles.

A remedy to really cure catarrh must be an internal remedy which will cleanse the blood from catarrhal poison and remove the fever and congestion from the mucous membrane.

The best and most modern remedies for this purpose are antiseptics scientifically known as Eucalyptol, Guaiacol, Sanguinaria and Hydrastin, and while each of these have been successfully used separately, yet it has been difficult to get them all combined in one palatable, convenient and efficient form.

The manufacturers of the new catarrh cure, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets have succeeded admirably in accomplishing this result. They are large, pleasant tasting lozenges, to be

dissolved in the mouth, thus reaching every part of the mucous membrane of the throat and finally the stomach.

Unlike many catarrh remedies, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets contain no cocaine, opiate or any injurious drug, whatever, and are equally beneficial for little children and adults.

Mr. C. R. Rembrandt of Rochester, N. Y., says: "I know of few people who have suffered as much as I from Catarrh of the head, throat and stomach. I used sprays, inhalers and powders for months at a time with only slight relief and had no hope of cure. I had not the means to make a change of climate, which seemed my only chance of cure."

Last spring I read an account of some remarkable cures made by Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and promptly bought a 50-cent box from my druggist and obtained such positive benefit from that one package that I continued to use them daily until I now consider myself entirely free from the disgusting annoyance of catarrh; my head is clear, my digestion all I could ask and my hearing which had begun to fail as a result of the catarrh, has greatly improved until I feel I can hear as well as ever. They are a household necessity in my family."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold by druggists at 50 cents for complete treatment and for convenience, safety and prompt results they are undoubtedly the long looked for catarrh cure.

The Deer's Eyes.

A Canadian hunter tells this incident of how he once came face to face with his quarry and hadn't the heart to fire: "It wasn't a case of 'buck fever' such as a novice might experience, for I had been a hunter for many years, and had killed a good many deer. This was a particularly fine buck that I had followed for three days. A strong man can run any deer to earth in time, and at last I had my prey tired out. From the top of a hill I sighted him a few miles away. He had given up the fight, and had stretched himself out on the snow. As I stalked him, he changed his position and took shelter behind a bowlder, and, using the same bowlder for a shelter, I came suddenly face to face with him. He didn't attempt to run away, but stood there looking at me with the most pitiful pair of eyes I ever saw."

"Shoot?" I could have no more shot him than I could have shot a child. Had the chance come from a distance of 100 yards, I would have shot him down and carried his antlers home in triumph, but once having looked into those eyes it would have been nothing less than murder. I have hunted deer since then, but I find the sport affords me little pleasure. Whenever I draw a bead, the picture of those mute, appealing eyes comes before me, and though it has not prevented me from pulling the trigger, I have always felt glad somehow when my bullet failed to find its mark."

For Those Who Smoke.

The great point in pipe smoking is to learn to smoke slowly. When this habit is acquired, the full flavor of the tobacco will always be enjoyed, every smoke will be a cool one, and tongue burning will be unknown. It is, however, very hard for nervous people to smoke slowly. We know of cases where smokers have tried for a score of years to check their smoking speed without success. They probably did not begin to make the effort early enough in their smoking careers. With good tobacco and a root pipe the slow smoker attains a degree of pleasurable enjoyment in smoking of which the rapid smoker has not an inkling.

Perhaps all smokers do not know that it makes no difference in the flavor of pipe tobacco how many times a pipe goes out. A cigar which is allowed to go out once has its flavor ruined and is most appreciably termed a butt. A pipe, however, tastes, if anything, better for going out.

Pastidious smokers always have at least two pipes at hand and never fill one until it has entirely cooled off. This is a help toward cool smoking and reasonable life in a pipe. A good test by which to tell if you are smoking too fast is to hold the bowl in your hand. If it is too hot to do so, then you may know your speed is too great.—Exchange.

Ceylon and India Tea GREEN OR BLACK A Quantity of Quality

Is what all drinkers of Machine-Made Tea get. No tea as pure, wholesome or economical. Superlative in actual merit. To suit all varieties of tastes.

SALADA

Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

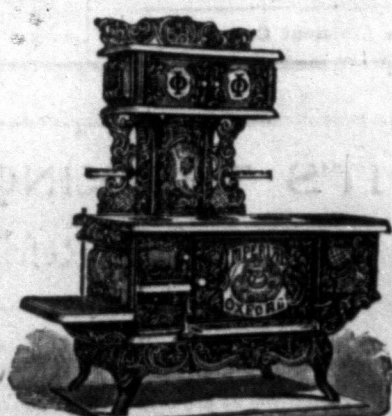
Chatham's Millinery Store Just Received

A nice supply of Sailors, the Knox, the shirt waist and the empire sailor, in white and colors. Also some great values in baby's and children's bonnets, ranging from 25c to \$1.50.

C. A. COOKSLEY - Opp. Market

Easy Cooking all Summer and Money Saved

IF YOU BUY AN OXFORD GAS RANGE



Their special patented burners are so constructed that an intense heat is furnished with very little gas. They're a guaranteed economical success—made in many sizes and styles—all low priced. SOLD BY

Chatham Gas Co.,

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.