

CAN MAKE MEN SOUND AND STRONG

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

You Pay Only if Cured

Requires 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 may be no doubt in the mind of any man that he has



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

Both the method and the ability to do as he says, Dr. Goldberg, 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 erections that they have been unable to get, caused, possibly, by sexual weakness, varicocele, test manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, inflammation of parts, impotency. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but like wise all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous debility, etc.

The doctor 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 would seem, 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. 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 at once.

Dr. S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward Ave., Room P
St. Paul, Minn., and it will be immediately sent you free.

This is something entirely new and well worth knowing about. Write at once.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

Ladies' Favorite. Is the only safe, reliable regulator on which woman can depend "in the hour and time of need."

Prepared in two degrees of strength, No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1—For ordinary cases. No. 2—For special cases—10 degrees of strength.

Send your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other on all pills, mixtures and imitations are common. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold and recommended by all druggists in the Dominion of Canada. Mailed to any address on receipt of five and four cent postage stamps. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chatham by all Druggists.

HIS

Young wife was almost distracted for he would not stay a night at home. He had his LAUNDRY done by us, and now he ceases any more to come.

Parisian Steam Laundry Co.

TELEPHONE 20.

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U. S. and Great Britain. Drafts issued and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department (which may be withdrawn without delay) received and interest allowed thereon at the highest current rates.

G. F. SCHOLFIELD, Manager Chatham Branch.

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817. Capital (all paid up) \$13,379,240. Reserves 9,000,000. Drafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank Department, on deposit receipts.

DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager Chatham Branch.

Divers Reasons

For washing your washing to us could be given. All can be summed up, however, in these words—"IT IS DONE RIGHT."

No question about that. We have perfect facilities, competent help and the desire to please. There are all put to good use on every bundle of work that comes into the

Chatham Steam Laundry,

and the result is seen in the spotless condition and fine finish of each piece.

CHATHAM STEAM LAUNDRY
South St. near Fire Hall, Phone 198

The people who are unable to make a living are most expert at making garments.

CASE II3

By...
Emile Gaboriau

This answer seemed to disconcert M. Verduret. So many precautions taken in sending the letter disturbed him and disarranged his plans.

"Do you think you would recognize the porter again?"

"Yes, monsieur, if I saw him."

"How much do you gain a day as a porter?"

"I don't exactly know, but I have a good stand. I suppose I make from 8 to 10 francs a day."

"Very well, I will give you 10 francs a day if you will go about and look for the porter who brought this letter. Every evening at 8 o'clock come to the Archangel, on the Quai St. Michel, give me a report of your search and receive your pay. Ask for M. Verduret. If you find our man, I will give you 50 francs. Will you do it?"

"I think I will, monsieur."

"Then don't lose a minute. Go on."

Although ignorant of M. Verduret's plans, Prosper began to comprehend the sense of his investigations. His fate depended upon their success, and yet he almost forgot this in his admiration of this singular man.

"Monsieur," said Prosper when the porter had left the room, "do you still think you see in this affair the hand of a woman?"

"More than ever, and a pious woman, too, and a woman who has two prayer books, since she could mutilate one to write to you."

"And you hope to find the cut book?"

"A great deal of hope, thanks to the opportunity I have of making an immediate search, which I will set about at once."

Saying this, he sat down and rapidly scratched off a few lines on a slip of paper, which he folded up and put in his vest pocket.

"Are you ready to go to M. Fauvel's? Yes? Come on, then. We have certainly earned our breakfast today."

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Raoul de Lagors spoke of M. Fauvel's extraordinary dejection, he had not exaggerated. Since the fatal day when, upon his denunciation, his cashier had been arrested the banker had been a prey to the most gloomy melancholy and absolutely refused to take any interest in business affairs. He who had always been so domestic did not mingle with his family except at meals, when he would swallow a few mouthfuls and hastily leave the room. Shut up in his study, he would see no one.

The day of Prosper's release, about 3 o'clock, M. Fauvel was, as usual, seated in his study, with his elbows resting on the table and his face buried in his hands, when his office boy rushed in with a frightened look.

"Monsieur, the former cashier, M. Bertomy, is here with a friend. He says he must see you on business."

The banker started.

"Prosper!" he cried in a voice choked by anger. "How does he dare?"

Then remembering that he ought to control himself before his servant, he waited a few moments and said in a tone of forced calmness:

"Ask them to wait in."

If M. Verduret had counted upon witnessing a strange and affecting sight, he was not disappointed. Nothing could be more terrible than the attitude of these two men as they stood confronting each other. The banker's face was almost purple with suppressed anger, as if about to be struck by apoplexy. Prosper was pale and motionless. They stood glaring at each other. M. Verduret curiously watched them with the indifference and cool-

ness of a philosopher who in the most violent outbursts of human passion merely sees subjects for study. Finally, the silence becoming more and more threatening, he decided to break it by speaking to the banker.

"I suppose, monsieur, you know that my young friend has just been released from prison."

"Yes," replied M. Fauvel, making an effort to control himself—"yes, for want of sufficient proof."

"Precisely, monsieur, and this want of proof, as stated in the decision of 'not proved,' ruins his prospects and compels him to leave here at once for America."

At this information M. Fauvel's features relaxed as if relieved.

"Ah, he is going away," he said.

There was no mistaking the resentful, almost insulting intonation of the words "going away."

"It appears to me," continued M. Verduret, "that Prosper's determination is a wise one. I merely wished him before leaving Paris to come and pay his respects to his former chief."

The banker smiled bitterly.

"M. Bertomy," he replied, "might have spared us both this painful meeting. I have nothing to say to him, and of course he can have nothing to say to me."

This was a formal dismissal, and M. Verduret, understanding it thus, bowed to M. Fauvel, accompanied by Prosper, who had not spoken a word.

When they reached the street, Prosper recovered the use of his tongue.

"I hope you are satisfied, monsieur," he said in a gloomy tone. "You exacted this painful step, and I could only acquiesce. Have I gained anything by adding this humiliation to the others?"

"I have," replied M. Verduret. "I could find no way of gaining access to M. Fauvel save through you, and now I have found out what I wanted to know. I am convinced that M. Fauvel had nothing to do with the robbery."

"Oh, monsieur," objected Prosper, "innocence can be feigned."

"Certainly, but not to this extent. And this is not all. I wished to find out if M. Fauvel would be accessible to certain suspicions. Now I can say 'Yes.'"

Prosper and his companion had stopped to talk more at their ease near the corner of LaFite street. In the middle of a large space which had lately been cleared by pulling down an old house, M. Verduret seemed to be anxious and was constantly looking around as if he expected some one. He soon uttered an exclamation of satisfaction. At the other end of the vacant space he saw Cavallion, who was running bareheaded and so excited that he did not even stop to shake hands with Prosper, but said to M. Verduret:

"They have gone, monsieur."

"How long since?"

"About a quarter of an hour ago."

"The denuce they did! Then we have not a minute to lose."

He handed Cavallion the note he had written some hours before at Prosper's house.

"Here, send him this and then return at once to your desk. You might be missed. It was very imprudent in you to come out without your hat."

Little Cavallion ran off as quickly as he had come. Prosper was stupefied.

"What?" said he. "You know Cavallion?"

"So it seems," answered M. Verduret, with a smile. "But we have no time to talk. Make haste."

M. Verduret suddenly stopped before a door bearing the number 81. He led the way up the steps and stopped on the second floor before a door over which was a large sign—"Dressmaker."

A handsome bellhop hung on the wall, but M. Verduret did not touch it. He tapped with the ends of his fingers in a peculiar way, and the door instantly opened as if some one had been watching for his signal on the other side—a woman of about forty. She quietly ushered M. Verduret and Prosper into a neat dining room with several doors opening into it.

"Well?" he said by a look. She bowed affirmatively.

"Yes."

"In there?" asked M. Verduret in a low tone, pointing to one of the doors.

"No," said the woman in the same tone; "over there in the little parlor."

M. Verduret opened the door pointed out and pushed Prosper into the little parlor, whispering as he did so:

"Go in and keep steady."

But this injunction was useless. The instant he cast his eyes around the room into which he had been pushed without any warning Prosper exclaimed:

"Madeleine!"

It was indeed M. Fauvel's niece, looking more beautiful than ever. Standing in the middle of the room near a table covered with silks and satins, she was arranging a skirt of red velvet embroidered in gold—the dress she was to wear as maid of honor to Catherine de Medici. At sight of Prosper the blood rushed to her face, and her beautiful eyes half closed, as if she were about to faint. She supported herself by the table to keep from falling. Her weakness lasted but a moment, and the soft expression of her eyes changed to one of haughty resentment. In an offended tone she



We celebrate our diamond wedding we will always feel twenty years of age, thanks to

Vin St Michel

which maintains vigor, strength, health and youth.

No more headache,

No more disordered stomach,

No more pain.

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The Best Flour

is none too good for home baking.

Beaver Flour

is as near perfection as flour ever gets. It contains all that is best in the wheat.

No matter how capable the cook, the best bread or pastry cannot be made without Beaver Flour. It is for sale at your grocer's. Ask him for it.

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said:

"What has induced you to be watching my movements? Who gave you permission to follow me, to enter this house?"

Prosper would have given worlds to explain what had just happened, but he was powerless and could only remain silent.

"You promised me upon your honor," continued Madeleine, "that you would never again seek my presence. Is this the way you keep your word?"

"I did promise, but—"

"He stopped."

"Oh, speak!"

"So many things have happened since that terrible day that I think I am excusable in forgetting for one hour an oath torn from me in a moment of blind weakness. It is to chance—at least to another will than my own—that I am indebted for the happiness of once more finding myself near you. Alas, the instant I saw you my heart bounded with joy. I did not think—no, I could not think—that you would prove more pitiless than strangers have been; that you would cast me off when I am so miserable and heartbroken."

Had not Prosper been so agitated he could have read in the eyes of Madeleine—those beautiful eyes which had so long been the arbiters of his destiny—the signs of a great inward struggle.

It was, however, in a firm voice that she replied:

To Be Continued.

Had to Give up and go to Bed.

Several Doctors Attended But Did No Good.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

CURED.

Read what Miss L. L. Hanson, Water-

side, N.B., says: "I feel it my duty to express the benefit I have received from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. A year ago last spring I began to have heart failure. At first I would have to stop working and lie down for a while. Then I got so bad I had to give up altogether and go to bed. I had several doctors attend me but they did me no good. I could get no relief until urged by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Before I had used three quarters of a box I began to feel the benefit and by the time I had taken three boxes I was completely cured."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure nervousness, sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, skip beats, and all troubles arising from the heart or nerves.

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AT THE—

GIBSON

STUDIO.

Cor. King and Fifth Sts

CHATHAM.

Strathroy girls have organized a hockey team.

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,