Is what every one needs especially those employed in stuffy offices and others of sedentary habits, in order to get the system in shape for the warm-weather to come.

To be strong the blood

Pike's Extract Sarsavarilla

MAKES GOOD RICH BLOOD. IT RESTORES STRENGTH, RENEWS VITALITY. FOR SALE BY

Central C. H. Gunn Drug

Cor. King and 5th

202222222 Choice

Store

Especially selected for our

EASTER TRADE Nice, Mild Cured Beaver

Brand Hams Nice, Mild Cured Beaver Brand Shoulders Nice, Mild Cured Beaver

> Bacon, lean Bologna Sausage and Cooked Lunch Ham always in stock

Brand Breakfast

GROVER Phone ?

An Every Day's Sale

Grocery

Gran. Sugar, per lb. 5c, 21 lbs...... Yellow Sugar, per lb. 4½c, 22 lbs..... Dried Peaches, per lb..... Prunes, 4 lbs. Evaporated Apples, 3 lbs. Lemon Biscuits, per lb. 9c, 3 lbs...... Ginger Snaps, per lb.....

 Salmon, per can
 10d

 Sardines, per can
 4c

 Rolled Oats, 12 lbs
 25c

 Yellow Corn Meal, 18 lbs.
 25c

 Trailet Scap, per legs
 2c

 Coilet Soap, per Ivory, Cameo, Tiger Soap, 6 bars..... 250

The above goods are standard quality and guaranteed.

ALL OTHER GOODS AT EQUALLY LOW PRICES

These prices are for

J. P. TAYLOR

PARK STREET.

Ice Cream and Cream Soda

Wm. Somerville



of Mrs Harold's devout attitude toof Mrs Harold's devout attitude wards glous subjects had attracted her with the promise of a peace which no worldly considerations might shake. She had expressed a wish to become a She had expressed a wish to become a member of St. Stephen's Church. She had talked with Mr. Steele, and was following the course of reading he indicated. But the theological doctrines seemed incomprehensible in her distress, and her wearled brain turned from this rigorous meditation with pained opposition, "I don't know whether I believe or not," she propugged aloud turning over the pages

nounced aloud, turning over the pages of the "Imitations of Christ" and glancing listlessly up and down their con-tents. "I don't understand what all tents. "I don't inderstand what are these books mean. I am seeking for something, and they address me as if I had it already, when I am hunting in the dark, hunting blindly for the help I need."

help I need."

There came a knock at the front door, then a heavy step along the hall, and her heart stood still with premonition. The squeaky voice of the little servant inviting some one to walk in roused her, and she rose to her feet to meet Dr. Egerton. The next instant she was sensible of being taken possession of, as his hands clasped hers and their eyes met in a conjunction of spirit which questioned not how or by what means they had come together again.

Sarah disappeared to inform Mrs. White of the unusual event of a visitor,

and they were alone.

The fresh country air had lent the The fresh country air had lent the rosy hue of health to her pale cheek, and the joy that then illuminated her countenance, would have deceived a keener observer even than he.

"You are changed," he said, smiling; "you are happy—happier now."
She looked down, for the intense gaze

he fixed upon her was more penetrating than he was aware—the gaze of a jaded, thirsting spirit, burning upon the object of its yearning reached at last. She stood, her breath almost suspended, till the sound of his voice suspended, till the sound of his voice broke the charm; then she rallied. If she was changed it had been effected in that short second, and she glanced up rapidly, prompted in turn to ques-tion if he had remained unaltered. "And you are changed also," she said, extricating her hand from his

old and drawing away shyly. hold and drawing away shyly.

"No," he said, shaking his head warningly; "I am not changed—except when with you. I am not good, as I told you; I am the same celd, hardened, bitter, suspicious man of the world, one with its selfishness and artificialwhile condemning and despising em, but it is the craving to be better,



She Kneels There in Ecstacy.

the longing to get away from its false shams and degrading influences, that has led me back to you, my little teacher. The memory of those few hours together on the train has been to me as an oasis in the desert."

She trembled at the recognition that their former conversation had been cherished as sacredly by him as by herself; but Mrs. White at this moment entered, putting an end to the

ment entered, putting an end to the privacy of their interview. Edith was almost alarmed by the instantaneous change in the manner of her companion. With an assumption of indifference, as though they had been conversing upon some commonplace topic, he advanced to mee

his hostess, a conventional smile upon his lips. The good lady was regarding him through her glasses, struggling for recognition.
"Have you forgotten me?" the doctor inquired, still undaunted. "Will the name of Egerton assist your memory?"
For a moment longer Mrs. White suffered from embarrassment; then her face lit with intelligence.
"Dr. Egerton," she exclaimed with a fervor not altogether from pure devotion to the medical science. Mrs.

"Dr. Egerton," she exclaimed with a fervor not altogether from pure devotion to the medical science. Mrs. White was famous for making acquaintances with the faculty, but her meeting with this physician had been under specially agreeable circumstances at a hotel in Augusta, the year before. He had treated a persistent throat affection for her, at the same time lending to her loquacity a patient auditor. Her benevolent faith in the goodness of human nature had sometimes provoked him to argument on these occasions, and suspecting a covert missionary intent towards himself he had mischievously paraded all his opinions, cynical and agnostic, for her inspection. She had been shocked, but still at cynical and agnostic, for her inspection.

She had been shocked, but still attracted, as the appetite is whetted by the sight of forbidden fruit. She had parted from her gracious antagonist with an invitation to visit them if ever he came into the neighborhood of Dayton, an invitation which Egerton had no remote intention of accepting at that time.

that time.

"You see, I have found you out at last," he said, speaking warmly to conceal his insincerity. "I am ruralizing in this lovely retreat, seeking rest and amusement, while letting the profession suffer for lack of my valuable assistance." There was a sneer implied both towards himself and the profession as he proceeded.

"I am in a contemplative mood, Mrs. White, released from active duty. I am studying the aborigines of these regions. Did you ever read Georgia Scenes?" he added with nointed siz-

Led by a mad infatuation, he had stopped at Dayton on his return from Florida and lingered in the vicinity of Edith's home, hoping for a chance to

every member of Mrs. Haroid's household. The name of White struck a chord in his memory which vibratel till he traced its origin. His plan was quickly executed, and proved successful beyond his expectations. Still he did not feel satisfied with himself as he recalled the underhand means, the flattery employed to gain his object, and yet the temptation had been too great.

"I have had nothing all my life," he muttered savagely; "why should I not indulge this fancy?" nificance. 'Had T the pen of Long-street now, there are a few additions

street now, there are a few additions that could be made to his graphic sketches, for during my short stay in the backwoods, with limited observation, I find the subject is by no means or hand at the subject is by no means exhausted."
Mrs. White smiled, but she did not intend to encourage his abuse of hu-manity from a spirit of mischief any

more than when it was prompted by genuine malevolence.

"And where is your residence now, doctor?" she questioned, to change the

"At Boonville. Kentucky is my State." It was now Egerton's turn to avoid personal queries which might prove embarrassing, and he did so, launching into a stream of language which carried Mrs. White along unresisting gossin about the people they sisting—gossip about the people they all the current news of the day.

Edith meanwhile sat apart, rarely

venturing to put in a word, spell-bou as it wee, by the cadence of his richly gifted voice and the smooth flow of his choice language. It was like poetry, like music—but a poetry, a music, which perplexed and pained, demanding interpretation; for the simple, straight-forward girl was unequal to deciphering this greatest paradox, a man of the world.

Was this the same being who had reasoned with her upon the sadness prevalent in human life with such apparent earnestness? Was this her Dr. Egerton, whose image she had cher ished, whose voice, in its tones of fal tering tenderness, had lingered in her memory too faithfully to be recon-ciled with its present laughing sneer; Why, the hollow ring beneath that laugh made her shudder.

It was near sunset when the doctor at last rose to go and for the first time allowed his eyes to wander less covert ly in her direction. For that brief parting moment he was again as she had pictured him, for he took full ad vantage of the instant accorded by etiquette, while he held her hand in own, by another lightning glance impress her features indelibly upon his mental vision. This time she trem-bled under the sudden reaction, and as soon as he had left the room sauk back in her chair, Her heart throbbing tumultuously with joy. Across the dark, threatening clouds of her lot had burst a rainbow of transcendant

splendor.
Mrs. White had trotted after her guest into the hall, the utilitarian spirit in the old lady battling with a sense of propriety, and Egerton lingered willingly, humoring her in her foible. One might as well indulge the hobby of ill health as any other in his opinion; but his heroic patience would have undergone a severe test had not the lengthening shadows cut short even

her loquacity.
"It is almost dark, "It is almost dark, and you have such a long walk before you," she exclaimed, for she had obtained the in-formation that he was boarding with a neighbor two miles distant. "How inconsiderate I have been in detain-

"Not at all, not at all." he interposed. "It is one of the pleasures of my idle, luxurious life at present to stroll in the woods. A long walk is no imposition at all, especially by moonlight."
With Mrs. White's cordial invitation
to repeat his visit at an early date and her regrets that Mrs. Harold had missed this one called after him, he passed out of the gate, falling immediately when out of sight into a medita-

SPRING BACKACHE

Thousands of People Complain of Persistent Backache in the Spring Months.

Sometimes it's a pain Often extending to the shoulders, Accompanied by headache and con-

Sometimes it's just a dull ache or You can't sit easy, cannot rest,
Back all the time calling for support,

These are some of nature's kidney danger signals that the track of health is not clear. These symptoms are the forerunners of serious kidney trouble, and you need the "Great Kidney Medicine." Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets—because it deals directly with

icine," Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets—because it deals directly with and removes the cause, faulty kidney action, and its results.

Chatham evidence is the kind you can believe because so easy to prove, and among the many who speak of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablet merit is Harry M. Church, Fifth street, who says: "Some time ago I had a sharp attack of backache and kidney trouble, the pain and soreness getting around into the sides and front as well. I went into Al. I. McCall & Co.'s drug store and got a bottle of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets and they broke up the attack easily and rapidly. I am very well satisfied with them'in consequece. I lay the attack to exposure to cold. I shall know what to use another time."

another time."

If you have the slightest symptom of kidney or bladder trouble you can test this great medicine free. Arrangements have been made whereby every reader of this paper can obtain a trial package of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets absolutely free by enclosing two cent stamp for postage to The Pitcher Tablet Co., Toronto, Ont. When giving address mention this paper.

paper.

If you are convinced Pitcher's Tablets are what you want, you can obtain regular size bottle for 50c per bottle. If not obtainable at druggists, mailed free of postage on receipt of price.

her.
y cautious inquiries he obtained
u the family with whom he boardvoluble information concerning
y member of Mrs. Harold's house-

The moon broke from behind a veiling cloud at that moment, but a shadow still seemed to rest upon Egerton; or was it at some unwelcome ghost from the past that his face grew dark?

And as the man saunters slowly through the wood, revelling in the present enjoyment of a selfish desire, he dreams not of the consequences of he dreams not of the consequences of that self-gratification, consequences that may extend even to the girl her-self. He does not imagine that his eager glance has penetrated a human soul; that alone in her chamber Edith is pouring out of the abundance of her thanks to the great Giver of all good for the strange gift that has come to her. She does not know why it is herself that she kneels there in ecstacy, only she feels that her soul needs to be unburdened of its great load of

joy. What has happened? In what has she changed since morning that she should feel this tumultuous throbbing in her breast, that the whole world should seem to have been born anew Ah, those first moments in the spring time of life when the young heart is first awakened at the mysterious touch of love! With what lingering tender ness are they recalled in after years! Whether they were the source whence sprung the deepest, lasting happiness, or from which was reaped life-long regret and misery—those sweet early moments were full of pur-

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL. It was a bright, sunshiny day, in the early part of July. The wheat harvest was over, as a large heap of straw in the barrayard attested. The cotton was beginning to biossom, while a luxuriant growth of grass or weeds was notifying the prudent farmer that the "hoeing" season was at hand.
"Edith!" Juliet exclaimed at breakfast, "let's go on a blackberrying ex-cursion!"

"I think it is rather too soon" said Mr. White, looking up from his plate. "An excuse for a ramble, Juliet?" asked Mrs. Harold archly.

"Well, I'll own it is," replied the girl. "It is perfectly glorious out of doors," and after the meal was over,

and the sun considerably advanced in the heavens, long after Edith had forgotten the proposition, Juliet came skipping into her room.
"Always over Wordsworth, I de

clare," she cried, casting her eye across the page of her cousin's book. "Come, then, and show your appre-ciation of him by taking his advice Put by all books and come forth and feel the sun. "It is a blessing to be alive such a

day as this," she continued, when they were out of doors, throwing back her head and sniffing the air like a spirited

Edith smiled quietly at this excitement in which she could not participate. To her the beauty of the day brought a joy whose essence was tran-quility itself. Besides, a new influence was at work within her breast. . It was only a week since she had met Dr. Egerton again and read in his eyes that peculiar interest in herself which brought a change over her whole existence. A consciousness of his presence haunted her every thought and feeling, and extended its control over every action. With the new gift her nature had deepened and matured, and the dissatisfaction in her face was now replaced by a look of pensive content-

"Edith," Juliet exclaimed, breaking the silence which oppressed her, "you are just what I need to sober me. It will take so long to make me calm down, you must help me with your deeper nature."

"In the meanwhile, Jule," her cousin said, slipping her arm around her with unusual demonstration of affection, "are we to skidy the clouds, or are we o return home with empty pails?" "Oh, Edith, you are always for work.

Now I am in a real holiday humor, and mean to indulge it. I only wish I had brought Sarah and Mary to pick the berries for me. All the same, sit down here on the grass beside me. Edith, I'm going to tell you a secret. Arthur is coming home."
"But I knew that already."

"No, you did not; not so soon, not so very soon as I expect him. In this 'etter," and she rustled it in her pocket lovingly, "he says he will take his valovingly, "he says he will take his va-cation this month. Edie, for all I rattle on and talk nonsense, oh, you don't know how I do love him! When I think about seeing him again in so short a time I just get wild with ex-citement. Oh, coz, coz, if you did but know how many fathoms deep in love I am," she broke forth, and then laugh-ed at heiself.

ed at heiself.

"I think the best place for you is lunatic asylum for the next few days."

"Oh, no, it isn't; it's the straw pile." I mean to go have a roll to work off steam. There is no use hunting berries to-day, for 1 can't, positively I can't, see any. So let us make the circuit of the field and come round by the back way to the barnyard, for I am determined to have a play in the straw and you must countenance it or straw, and you must countenance it or

straw, and you must countenance it or mamma will be shocked."

Edith allowed her cousin to lead her wherever she pleased, while in a happy dream her spirit drank in the beauty of the Southern scenery, the vivid coloring of the sky, the rich tints of the grass and forest trees. When they reached the straw pile she stood leoking wistfully up the road, while Juliet mounted to the top and slid down with ated to the top and slid down with

"What a perfect child she is," Edith ought, and with genuine curiosity she quired: "Do you really take pleasure

"I am going to whoop up Sarah and Mary and have a romp." Juliet retorted. "I can get no sympathy out of you," and she sent her voice ringing across the field in hopes that it would be audible at the kitchen.

"Stop a moment, Juliet," cried Edith excitedly. "Here comes a buggy. Do be outer till it masses."

excitedly. "Here comes a buggy. Do be quiet till it nasses."

Both were still a few seconds, weren ing the approaching vehicle. It did not pass, however, but stopped direct-ly opposite the barnyard. A young gentleman sprang down, vaulted light-ly over the low fence and advanced with a quick step towards them. With with a quick step towards them. With a stiffed cry of "Arthur," Juliet darted forward, and the next instant was

forward, and the next instant was wrapped in a close embrace.

"My precious girl," he exclaimed, repeatedly kissing the fair face upturned to his, till she stopped him, blushing crimson, while Edith accomplished her descent in as dignified a manner as the situation permitted.

"Where are your manners?" Juliet continued, extricating herself from her over's hold. "Here is my cousin waiting for a formal introduction. Allow me, Miss Norton, Mr. Rutledge."
"So this is Cousin Edith?" said the youth easily, and there was such evident admiration written on every feature of his expressive countenance that ture of his expressive countenance that Edith's glance fell in maiden modesty

before it. "And this Cousin Arthur?" she re sponded archly to his familiar greet-

ing.
"That is just as it should be," he said, pleased by her acceptance of the relationship. "We are boys and girls now in the country, and shall call each

other by the first name." He was a handsome man, as Edith commented to herself, with a noble forehead, and thick, dark eyebrows nearly meeting above a pair of very fine eyes, which had an eager rest ine eyes, which had an eager rest-essness about them. His tall, elegant figure was set off to the best advantage by a perfectly fitting suit, his move ments were graceful, and he possessed a slim white hand, the true artist's hand revealed in its long, tapering

fingers.

"Well," he said, tapping his cane against the dry stubble, "I would not write word what day to expect me disappointment; hesides for fear of a disappointment; I wanted to surprise you—as I think I did," looking significantly at Juliet. "I? Oh, not at all. It was Edith who was holding forth upon these childish raptures that are forever fled, and



straw pile. I had been during her to a roll all the merning, and was just about to succeed when your arrival put everything else out of my mind." "Just as it should have done," draw ing himself up with mock dignity. "Why, you have not complimented me

upon my moustache yet." "No, I was expecting you to ask me to feel for it, as you did not so very

"What! still saucy? And does consider it so long ago either? Well, I am injured. I wonder how mother will receive me? If she does not think it a long time since I was home last I shall take the next train back to Washington. By the way, how is mother?" he inquired more seriously. "She has been suffering with one of

her bad headaches, and has been lying down all the morning, but she must be awake by now."
"I will go see," Edith said, seizing

the opportunity to slip away and give the lovers a chance alone. "By Jove, she's a beauty," were the first words her absence brought to Mr.

Rutledge's lips; "a perfect Madonna. I must get her down on paper." "I thought you would say so," re-turned his betrothed; "but hush; she'll

"I can't help it: my artistic soul is struck," he answered, watching with flashing eyes the light figure of the girl till she disappeared within doors.

Unaware of the admiration she excited, Edith hurried on, her mind full of the coming meeting, picturing how her aunt's pale face would light up with pleasure.

But there was a depth of emotion in Mrs. Harold's welcome to her boy which moved Edith's sympathetic nature almost poinfully. "Arthur, my dear son" was all she could say for some time after the tall, manly youth had clasped her in his

> To be Continued. THE DOMINIE.

It is announced in Boston that Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts is to give a new dormitory to Harvard.

Bishop Charles Edward Cheney of Christ Reformed Episcopal church of Chicago recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate. The Rev. Dr. Edward P. Goodwin, for 83 years pastor of the First Congrega-tional church of Chicago, has resigned on account of advancing age and ill health.

Dr. Goodwin is the dean of the clergy of Chicago for continuous service with one The Rev. Henry J. Callis, the pastor of the African Zion church of Syracuse, was born a slave. He is a Hampton graduate, has studied law, once declined a nomination for member of the Virgina legislature and since his entrance to the printer has stumped the Pacific

the ministry has stumped the Pacific coast as a McKinley campaign orator.

A black bishop of the Anglican church A black bishop of the Anglican church was recently consecrated at Lambeth. The Right Rev. James Johnson, assistant bishop of western equatorial Africa, is a Sierra Leone negro whose parents were rescued slaves from the Yoruba country. His station will be Benin. Durham university has made him an honorary A. M.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our keeper,—Burke.

Many are saved by the deficiency f their memory from being spoiled by

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-The Mother's Friend.

children. Mothers have repeatedly told me that I recommend it as superior to any preof its good effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

*Castoria is an excellent medicine for "Castoria is so well adapted to children H. A. ARCHER, M. D. Brooklyn, N. 1

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF



PUBLIC NOTICE.

The Kent Mills Co., Ltd., find since remodelling the Kent Mill and adopting the ful. Gyrator Bolting System, that their Flour makes two loaves Bread more to the Barrel of Flour, and makes a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf than under any other Bolting Systems, and has caused such a demand for their Flour both at home and abroad, that they are now remodelling their Blenheim Mill with the full Gyrator System, so that in future both Mills will turn out this High Grade Flour. They are also largely increasing the capacity of the Blenheim Mill. Use Kent Mills Flour. The best is the cheapest.

The Kent Mills Co.,

KKAKKAK KAK KAK KAK KAK K

NERVOUS DEBILIT

Are you a victim? Have you lost hope?
marriage? Has your blood been diseased
ness? Our New Method Treatment will
ree. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest
harges reasonable. Books Free.—"The Golden Monitor" [i]

Did You Ever Taste A Sweet, Mild Ham?

KAK K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K



have the sweet, mi'd flavor which makes them a favorite with every one who enjoys good things.

Ask Your Grocer For It

Subscribe Now