

## EVERY MOVE CAUSED PAIN

The Intense Suffering of a Perth man Relieved and Cured by Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

The terrible pain that catches you in the back—makes stooping over or rising up, or moving about even, unbearable. In nine cases out of ten it is traceable to disordered kidneys. The pain in the back is the kidney's signal of distress. Go to their assistance with Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. They will promptly relieve the pain, cure the kidney trouble and restore your health and strength. Here is a case worth reading: Mr. Alexander Montgomery, Peter street, Perth, Ont., when interviewed, made this statement: "I was suffering acutely in my back when I began using Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets, procured from F. L. Hall, the druggist. I could lift nothing, every move caused pain. There was neither strength nor energy left in me. The constant aching over my kidneys was most depressing. I started using the Tablets and the lambs quickly began to let up. I am quite over it now. I have found them most satisfactory and can confidently recommend them for bad backs."

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are 50 cents a box at all druggists. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Is successfully used monthly by over 100,000 ladies. Safe, effective, Ladies' and young druggists for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and powders are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 25c. per box, No. 2, 50c. per box, No. 3, 75c. per box. No. 4, 1.00 per box. No. 5, 1.25 per box. No. 6, 1.50 per box. No. 7, 1.75 per box. No. 8, 2.00 per box. No. 9, 2.25 per box. No. 10, 2.50 per box. No. 11, 2.75 per box. No. 12, 3.00 per box. No. 13, 3.25 per box. No. 14, 3.50 per box. No. 15, 3.75 per box. No. 16, 4.00 per box. No. 17, 4.25 per box. No. 18, 4.50 per box. No. 19, 4.75 per box. No. 20, 5.00 per box. No. 21, 5.25 per box. No. 22, 5.50 per box. No. 23, 5.75 per box. No. 24, 6.00 per box. No. 25, 6.25 per box. No. 26, 6.50 per box. No. 27, 6.75 per box. No. 28, 7.00 per box. No. 29, 7.25 per box. No. 30, 7.50 per box. No. 31, 7.75 per box. No. 32, 8.00 per box. No. 33, 8.25 per box. No. 34, 8.50 per box. No. 35, 8.75 per box. No. 36, 9.00 per box. No. 37, 9.25 per box. No. 38, 9.50 per box. No. 39, 9.75 per box. No. 40, 10.00 per box. No. 41, 10.25 per box. No. 42, 10.50 per box. No. 43, 10.75 per box. No. 44, 11.00 per box. No. 45, 11.25 per box. No. 46, 11.50 per box. No. 47, 11.75 per box. No. 48, 12.00 per box. No. 49, 12.25 per box. No. 50, 12.50 per box. No. 51, 12.75 per box. No. 52, 13.00 per box. No. 53, 13.25 per box. No. 54, 13.50 per box. No. 55, 13.75 per box. No. 56, 14.00 per box. No. 57, 14.25 per box. No. 58, 14.50 per box. No. 59, 14.75 per box. No. 60, 15.00 per box. No. 61, 15.25 per box. No. 62, 15.50 per box. No. 63, 15.75 per box. No. 64, 16.00 per box. No. 65, 16.25 per box. No. 66, 16.50 per box. No. 67, 16.75 per box. No. 68, 17.00 per box. No. 69, 17.25 per box. No. 70, 17.50 per box. No. 71, 17.75 per box. No. 72, 18.00 per box. No. 73, 18.25 per box. No. 74, 18.50 per box. No. 75, 18.75 per box. No. 76, 19.00 per box. No. 77, 19.25 per box. No. 78, 19.50 per box. No. 79, 19.75 per box. No. 80, 20.00 per box. No. 81, 20.25 per box. No. 82, 20.50 per box. No. 83, 20.75 per box. No. 84, 21.00 per box. No. 85, 21.25 per box. No. 86, 21.50 per box. No. 87, 21.75 per box. No. 88, 22.00 per box. No. 89, 22.25 per box. No. 90, 22.50 per box. No. 91, 22.75 per box. No. 92, 23.00 per box. No. 93, 23.25 per box. No. 94, 23.50 per box. No. 95, 23.75 per box. No. 96, 24.00 per box. No. 97, 24.25 per box. No. 98, 24.50 per box. No. 99, 24.75 per box. No. 100, 25.00 per box.

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From Capt. F. L. Lyle, Police Station No. 1, Montreal: "We frequently use PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, neuralgia, sciatica, neuritis, and all affections which befall men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy to have near at hand."  
Used Internally and Externally.  
Two Sizes, 50c. and 90c. bottles.

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NOTICE that sweet, delicious taste that our baked goods always have?  
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are always fresh and tasty. Once a customer you will stay with us.  
**Wm. Somerville, Confectioner**  
Next Standard Bank, Chatham.

## THE COURIER OF THE CZAR

By Jules Verne

This pardon of the exiles of Irkutsk was indeed an act of wise justice and wise policy. Night had now come on. Across the windows of the palace shone the fires of the Tartar camp and far beyond the Angara. The river was full of floating blocks of ice, some of which were stopped by the first piles of the ancient wooden bridges. Those which the current held in the channel floated down with great rapidity. Thus it was evident, as the chief of the merchants had observed, that the Angara could scarcely freeze along the whole of its surface. Thus the defenders of Irkutsk need not fear the danger of being assailed on that side. Ten o'clock had just struck. The grand duke was about to dismiss his officers and retire to his apartments when a kind of uproar was heard outside the palace. Almost immediately the door of the room opened, an aid-de-camp appeared and advanced toward the grand duke. "Your highness," said he, "a courier from the czar!"

### CHAPTER XVIII.

**A** SIMULTANEOUS movement brought all the members of the council toward the half open door. A courier from the czar arrived at Irkutsk! If the officers had reflected for an instant on the improbability of the fact, they would have certainly considered it impossible. The grand duke had quickly moved toward his aid-de-camp. "That courier?" said he. A man entered. He had the air of one worn out by fatigue. He wore the costume of a Siberian peasant, much worn, even torn, and on which one could see bullet holes. A Russian bonnet covered his head. A scar, badly healed, crossed his face. The man had evidently followed a long and trying route. His shoes and stockings, in a bad state, even proved that he had made part of his journey on foot. "His highness the grand duke?" said he on entering. The grand duke went up to him. "Are you a courier from the czar?" he asked him. "Yes, your highness."

"You come from?" "Moscow."

"You left Moscow?" "The 15th of July."

"You are called?" "Michael Strogoff."

It was Ivan Ogareff. He had taken the name and position of the man whom he believed to be powerless. Neither the grand duke nor any other person in Irkutsk knew him. He had not even needed to disguise his features. As he had the means of proving his pretended identity, no one could doubt him. He came, then, sustained by a will of iron, to hasten by treason and assassination the conclusion of the drama of the invasion. After the answer of Ivan Ogareff the grand duke made a sign, and all his officers retired. The fictitious Michael Strogoff and he remained alone in the room.

The grand duke looked at Ivan Ogareff for some seconds and with the greatest attention. Then he asked him: "You were on the 15th of July at Moscow?" "Yes, your highness, and on the night from the 14th to the 15th I saw his majesty the czar at the New Palace."

"You have a letter from the czar?" "Here it is."

And Ivan Ogareff handed to the grand duke the imperial letter, reduced to dimensions almost microscopic. "Was that letter given to you in that state?" asked the grand duke. "No, your highness, but I was compelled to tear open the envelope in order to better conceal it from the Tartar soldiers."

"Have you, then, been a prisoner of the Tartars?" "Yes, your highness; during a few days," answered Ivan Ogareff. "It is on that account that, having set out from Moscow on the 15th of July, I only arrived at Irkutsk on the 2d of October after a journey of sixty-nine days."

The grand duke took the letter. He unfolded it and recognized the signature of the czar, preceded by the sacramental formula, written with his own hand. Hence there was no possible doubt concerning the authenticity of that letter nor indeed concerning the identity of the courier. If his fierce look at first inspired mistrust, the grand duke did not allow it to be seen, and soon the mistrust disappeared altogether.

The grand duke remained some moments without speaking. He was reading slowly the letter in order to thoroughly gather the sense of it. Taking up again the speech, he asked: "Michael Strogoff, do you know the contents of this letter?" "Yes, your highness. I might have been compelled to destroy it to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Tartars, and if that should happen I wished to bring its contents to your highness."

"Do you know that this letter enjoins

us to die at Irkutsk rather than surrender the city?" "I know it."

"Do you also know that it points out the movements of the troops who have combined to check the invasion?" "Yes, your highness. But those movements have not succeeded."

"What do you mean?" "I wish to tell you that Ichim, Omsk, Tomsk, not to speak of other important towns of the two Siberias, have been one after another occupied by the soldiers of Feofar-Khan."

"But has there been a battle? Have our Cossacks ever met the Tartars?" "Several times, your highness."

"And they were repulsed?" "They were not in sufficient strength."

"Where have the encounters taken place of which you speak?" "At Kalyvan, at Tomsk."

Up to this time Ivan Ogareff had only told the truth, but with the object of fighting the defenders of Irkutsk by exaggerating the advantages obtained by the troops of the emir, he added: "And a third time before Krasnolarsk."

"And that last engagement?" asked the grand duke, whose firmly set lips scarcely allowed the words to pass. "It was more than an engagement, your highness," answered Ivan Ogareff; "it was a battle."

"A battle?" "Twenty thousand Russians, coming from the provinces of the frontier and from the government of Tobolsk, came into collision with a force of a hundred and fifty thousand Tartars, and in spite of their courage they have been annihilated."

"You lie!" cried the grand duke, who endeavored, but in vain, to master his anger.

"I tell the truth, your highness," coolly replied Ivan Ogareff. "I was present at that battle of Krasnolarsk, and it is there where I was made prisoner!" The grand duke became calm, and by a sign he gave Ivan Ogareff to understand that he did not doubt his veracity.

"On what day did this battle of Krasnolarsk take place?" he asked.

"On the 2d of September."

"And now all the Tartar forces are concentrated around Irkutsk?"

"All."

"And you would number them at?" "Four hundred thousand men!"

A new exaggeration of Ivan Ogareff in reckoning the numbers of the Tartar army and tending always to the same end.

"And I must not expect any succor from the provinces of the west?" asked the grand duke.

"None, your highness—at least before the end of winter."

"Very well. Listen to this, Michael Strogoff: Should no relief come to me, neither from the west nor the east, and were there 600,000 Tartars, I would not give up Irkutsk!"

The wicked eye of Ivan Ogareff lightly blinked. The traitor seemed to say that the brother of the czar was reckoning without treason.

The grand duke, of a nervous temperament, had great difficulty in preserving his calmness on learning this disastrous news. He walked up and down the room under the eyes of Ivan Ogareff, who covered him as a prey reserved for his vengeance. He stopped at the windows. He looked out upon the Tartar fires. He was trying to find out the noise, the greater part of which was caused by the grating of the ice on the river.

A quarter of an hour passed without his putting another question. Then, again taking up the letter, he read a passage of it and said:

"You know, Michael Strogoff, that there is question in this letter of a traitor against whom I have to be on my guard?"

"Yes, your highness."

"He is to attempt to enter Irkutsk disguised to win my confidence; then, at the proper time, to deliver up the town to the Tartars."

"I know all that, your highness, and I also know that Ivan Ogareff has sworn personal vengeance on the brother of the czar."

"Why?"

"They say that that officer had been condemned by the grand duke to a most humiliating degradation."

"Yes, I remember. But he deserved it, that wretch, who was afterward to serve against his country and to lead there an invasion of barbarians!"

"His majesty the czar," answered Ivan Ogareff, "relied especially on the fact that you were aware of the criminal projects of Ivan Ogareff against your person."

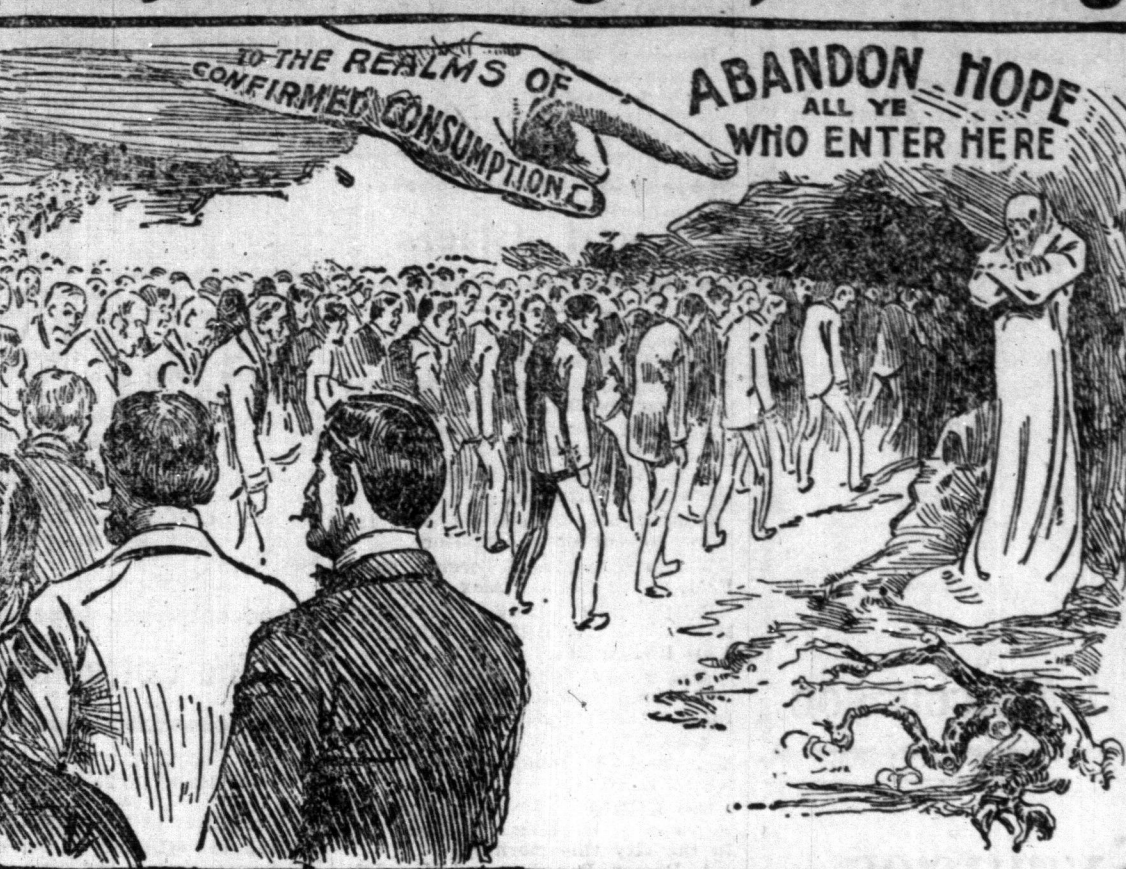
"Yes; the letter informed me of it."

"And his majesty told it to me himself, while warning me to mistrust that traitor above all during my journey across Siberia."

"Have you ever met him?" "Yes, your highness, after the battle of Krasnolarsk. Could he have suspected that I was the bearer of a letter addressed to your highness and in which all his projects were divulged? I should not now be standing before you."

"Yes, you would have been lost," answered the grand duke. "And how did you escape?" "By throwing myself into the Irtysh."

## They are Marching 300,000 Strong



### Timely Taken, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets

### Prevent Catarrhal Consumption.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the throng is marching, marching to the realms of shade, where the withering "White Plague" holds high carnival and perpetual sway.

How many of them? Over 300,000. It will take them a year to get inside the domain from which no traveler returns. When they have all passed others will take their places and the perpetual tramp, tramp, tramp, to doom, will continue.

Reliable statistics show that over 300,000 annually march through the realms of consumption, to open graves, in the United States alone.

There are three varieties of consumption, but the greater part of this large army, going down to death, are victims of what is known as "catarrhal consumption," and the bulk of those who will next year take their places in this fatal march will be filled from the ranks of the victims of chronic catarrh.

Because it is a lingering disease, and not immediately fatal people are prone to overlook its destructive tendencies and neglect catarrh. It is hard for one whose constitution holds him up for years against the progressive encroachments of catarrh to realize his danger and think of the time when, sooner or later, vital organs will be reached, or some acute cold will fan the smoldering fires of catarrh into a devastating conflagration of consumption.

"At first a little hacking cough,  
"Tis nothing but a cold;  
They say, 'Twill very soon wear off.'  
Alas, the story's old!  
The hoarse cough, the failing strength,  
The grief that cannot save,  
And life's van flame goes out at length,  
In a consumptive's grave."

Be timely wise. Cure your catarrh while yet it may be cured. Do not leave it to extend along the delicate mucous membrane and gradually get from nose to throat, then into the bronchial tubes causing cough and expectoration; from thence onward, or downward, until the lungs are reached and you join ranks in the death march of consumption.

There is a remedy that will cure all curable stages of catarrh. It is economical, convenient, reliable, and can be procured at every drug store for 50 cents a box. If you have catarrh in any form, short of actual lung involvement, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets will cure you.

The Rev. L. E. Palmer, Baptist clergyman of Ceresco, Mich., makes a statement of interest to all catarrh and grip sufferers. He says: "Stuart's Catarrh Tablets have certainly been a blessing to me. I have used them freely this fall and winter and have found them a safeguard against LaGrippe and catarrhal troubles from which I had suffered for years. I feel that I can freely and conscientiously recommend them."

Dr. J. J. Reiter, of Covington, Ky., says: "I suffered from catarrh in my head and throat every fall, with stoppage of the nose and irritation in the throat affecting my voice and often extending to the stomach, causing catarrh of the stomach. I bought a fifty cent package of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at my druggist, carried them in my pocket and used them faithfully, and the way in which they cleared my head and throat was certainly remarkable. I had no catarrh last winter and spring and consider myself entirely free from any catarrhal trouble."

Mrs. Jerome Ellison, of Wheeling, W. Va., writes: "I suffered from catarrh nearly my whole life and last winter my two children also suffered from catarrhal colds and sore throat so much they were out of school a large portion of the winter. My brother who was cured of catarrhal deafness by using Stuart's Catarrh Tablets urged me to try them so much that I did so and am truly thankful for what they have done for myself and my children. I always keep a box of the tablets in the house and at the first appearance of a cold or sore throat we nip it in the bud and catarrh is no longer a household affliction with us."

Send a postal card to F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., requesting their free book about catarrh and its cure. Write for it to-day. Delay only allows the disease to become more firmly seated.

### We Know Our Business:

You wouldn't patronize a druggist who did not make the drug business a careful study for years. Prescription work is of vital importance. With us you can depend upon skillful service.

**Frost King** Chamote Vests for Men and Boys, made of chamote lined with flannel.

**Frost Queen** Chamote Vests for Women covered with French Chamote.

Perfect protection against cold and sudden changes—against coughs, colds, pneumonia, and all chest and lung troubles. Just the thing for children going to school. Price, 25c. Children's size, 15c.

## Central Drug Store

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Hardware Merchant

WE have just received a direct importation of Razors such as Morton-King, King Cutter and many other makes, all being warranted. We have a fine variety of CUTLERY, such as **Carving Sets** in cases and without cases. Also a fine assortment of all kinds of **Butcher Knives, Table Knives and Pocket Knives**, the finest that can be had, in all styles and makes, such as the celebrated Wostenholme, Boker and many others of the best to be had. Also a full line of **Razor Straps, etc.** Call and see them.

## JNO. A. MORTON