4 REASONS

Why the Great Kidney Remedy, Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablet, Gives Splendid Results

1st. They are gently, and can used by children and delicate per without the harsh results that usuall follow the use of all other kidney med

icines.

2nd. The immediate relief they give from backache, which is realized from almost the first dose is a surprise to people who have tried package after package of other remedies without ac

complishing equal results,

3rd. Nearly all sufferers from kidney trouble of long duration, who have used other kidney medicines, complain of their continued use upsetting the stomach. Dr. Pitcher's Tablets do not interfere with digestion but assist it.

4th Their perfect action on the
bowels is a marked feature peculiar
to them, and not known to any other

Mrs. Lucy Harvey, 97 Trinity Street Toronto, says: - Ever since childhood I have suffered more or less with the kidneys and backache. Every little cold aggravated the trouble, until late years I have had a great deal of trouble, being laid up at times. To stoop or lift anything was out of the stoop or lift anything was out of the question. I tried everything I could think of or hear of, giving each a faithful trial, but until I got a bottle of Dr. Pstcher's Backache Kidney Tablets I got no relief. They, however, made a decided effect immediately, and, strange to say, before the first bottle was gone the trouble that had existed for years was under control, and the second bottle settled it. Since then I have been in splendid shape, and shall always keep them at hand, I used them in my daughter's case, with equally good results, and I might say it was by no means an orcase, as she suffered a great We certainly will never be not the Tablets, and I am glad to

recommend them. Any reader of this paper can test the merits of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets free by enclosing two cents postage for trail package to The Pitcher Tablet Co., Toronto. Regular mize 50 cents per bottle.

John McConnell

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A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

-

BY MARY J. HOLMES,

Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning," "Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

ame was Annie Lorlse Howard before | whom he took the kindliest. married George. My aunt called me Louise. You never incuired my maid-en name, I believe. I suppose you thought I had always been a married acknowledging the kindness of the woman, but I was a girl of fourteen once, and went with my Aunt Belknap to New London, and met a boy who called himself Dick Lee, and who was so kind to the orphan girl, that she betor his coming after his school hours. waited for his promised coming till it grew dark upon the beach, and the great hotel was lighted up for the evenng festivity, and when other days and nights passed, and he neither came nor sent her any word, and she heard at last from one of his comrades that he had gone home to Boston,-I say when all this came about, she began to think that she had loved the boy who had deceived her so, for he did deceive her in more points than one, as she afterward learned. His name was not Dick

"But Annie," Jimmie began, and An-

nie stopped him, saying:/ "Wait, Jimmie, till I am through-This is my hour now. I have delayed telling you all this, for various reasons. Your mother knew who I was before I went to Washington, and she excus ed you as far as was possible. That I have promised to be your wife is proof that I have forgiven the pangs of disappointment I endured, for, Jimmie, I did suffer for a time. There was so little in the world to make me happy, and you had been so kind, that I fully believed in and trusted you; and when I found I was deceived, my heart ached as hard, perhaps, as the heart of a gir! of fourteen can ache from such a

"Poor Annie! poor little Lulu!" Jimmie said, as he clasped one of Anuie's hands in his own, and his voice expressed all the sorrow and tenderness he felt for Annie, who continued:

"Such childish loves are usually shortlived, you know, but mine was the first pleasant dream I had known since my parents died, and I went to my Aunt Belknap, in New Haven. She meant to be kind, I suppose, and in a certain way she was. She gave me a good education, and every advantage within her means. She took me to Newport and Saratoga and the New York hotels, and she turned her back on George Gra-ham, whom we met at Long Branch, where he was making some repairs. upon an engine. A mechanic was not her idea of a husband for her niece. She preferred that I should marry a men of sixty, who had already the portraits of three wives in nouse at Meriden; but then, for each portrait, he counted over two hundred thousand dollars, and half a million covers a multitude of defects and a great many wives. I would not marry that man, and as the result of my persistent refusal, my life with my aunt be came so unbearable that, when Providence again threw George in my way, and he asked me to be his wife, I consented, and I never regretted the step. He was very kind to me, and I loved him so much that, when he died, I thought my heart died too, for he was

Annie was very beautiful in her extement, as she paid this tribute to her deceased husband, and Jimmie saw that she was beautiful, but felt relieved when she left George Graham and spoke of Rose, who had come to her

like an angel of light, and made the ourden easier to bear. "I had no suspicion that she was the soi-disant Dick Lee's sister, or that my boy-hero was not Dick Lee, until just before you came home for the first time, and then I thought I must go away. for I did not care to meet you. But Rose prevented me, and I am glad now that she did."

"And I am glad, too," Jimmie said. Your staying has been the means of untold good to me, darling,-it was the memory of your sweet, holy life and character which led me, a wretch at Andersonville, to seek the Saviour, whom you have loved so long. God has led us both in strange paths. We have suffered a great deal,—you mentally, I physically, and only what I deserved; bur let us hope that the night is passed, and the morning of our happy future dawning upon us. We are both young yet,-you twenty-three, and I only twenty-six. We have a long life to look forward to, and I thank God for it; but, most of all, I thank Him for giving me my darling Annie, smy dear little Lu-Does Rose know that you are Lu-

Mrs. Carleton had thought it better to add to Rose's excitement by tellng her who Annie was, while Jimmie's fate was shrouded in so much gloom then, after his return, she decided that Annie should have the satisfaction of telling herself, and thus Rose was still in ignorance with regard to Annie's identity with the Pequot. But Annie told her that night, and Rose's jeyes were like stars, as she smothered An-nie with kisses, and declared it was all like some strange story she had read.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Charlie did not improve as his sister and uncle hoped he might; and as the cold weather increased they began to talk of taking him to a warmer climate, but Charlie said;

"I am as well here as I could be anywhere. I don't want to be moved about. Let me stay here in quiet."

So they made him as comfortable as possible at the hotel, and Rose and Annie came every day to see him, and he Andrew Control of the Control of the

just how to nurse him, and as she cared for the Southern boy, who, while acknowledging the kindness of the Northern people, was still as thorough a Secessionist as he had ever been, Anxiously he waited for daily news of

the progress of Grant's army, refusin to believe that Lee was so closely shut up in Richmond that escape was impos sible. Blindly, like many of his older He was a saucy, teasing boy, but Lu- brethren, he clung to the hope that unlu liked him, and when one day she derlying the whole was some hidden mo tive which would in time appear and work good to his cause. Maude never opposed or disputed with him now, but read him every little item of good for the South. But when, in the spring. the fighting at Petersburg commenced there were no such items to read, and Charlie asked no longer for news. Then there came a never-to-be-forgotten day, when through the length and breadth of the land, the glad tidings ran that Richmond had fallen; that Lee with his army was flying from the city, with Grant in hot pursuit. The war was virtually over; and from Maine to Oregon the air was filled with the jubilant notes of victory. For three long hours the bells of Rockland rang out their merry peals, and at night they kindled bonfires in the streets; and on the grass plot by the wall in Widow Simms's yard, they barned the box, which, four

years before poor Isaac had put away for just such an occasion as this-All the morning of that memorable Monday, while the bells were ringing, and the crowds were shouting in the streets, Charlie de Vere had lain with his white face to the wall, and his lips quivering with the grief and mortifica tion he felt, that it should have anded thus. Occasionally, as the shouts grew louder, he stopped his ears, so as to shut out what seemed to him like exultations over the death of so many hopes; but when Annie came in, and told Maude of the bonfire they were to have that night in Mrs. Simms's yard, and asked her to come for the sake of the boy whose box was to be burned, Charlie began to listen. And, as he listened, he grew interested in Isanc Simms and the grass-plot by the well, and the box hidden in the barn, and he expressed a wish to be present when it was burned. Maude, too, had heard of Isaac Simms before. She knew that he had been captured by Arthur Tunbridge, but she did not know the particulars of his prison life, or how gen-ercusly Tom had sacrificed his chance of liberty for the sake of the poor, sick boy, until Annie told the story, to which she listened with swimming eyes and a heart throbbing with love and respect for her lover, who had been so noble and unselfish. She would go to the bonfire on the grass-plot, she said; and Charlie should go, too. He had wept passionately at the recital of Isaac's sufferings in Libby, but still found some excuse for the South generally.

"It was not the better class of peohe said, "who did these things; it was the lower, ignorant ones, whose instincts were naturally brutal." And neither Maude nor Annie contradicted him, though the eyes of the formflashed indignantly, and her nostrils quivered as they always did when the

sufferings of our prisoners were mentioned in her presence That night, when the stars came out over Rockland, a party of twelve or nore were congregated at the house of the Widow Simms, where, but for the sad memory of Isaac, whose soldiercoat hung on the wall, with the knapsack carried into battle, all would have been joy and hilarity at the prospect of certain peace. But death had been in the household, just as it had crept across many and many another threshold; and mingled with the rejoicings were tears and sad regrets for the dead or our land, whose graves were everywhere, from the shadowy forests of Maine, and the vast prairies of the West, to the sunny plains of the South, where they fought and died. There were twenty-five buried in the Rockland graveyard; and others than the party assembled at Mrs. Simms's thought of the vacant chairs at home, and the sleeping dead whose ears were deaf to the notes of peace floating so musically over the land. Charlie's face was very

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white, and there were tears in his eyes

ently upon the box. examining its mean

as he laid his thin, white hands rever-

A most successful remedy has been found for sexual weakness, such as impotency, varicocele, shrunken organs, nervous debility, lost manhood, night emissions, premature discharge and all other results of self-abuse or excesses. It cures any case of the difficulty, never fails to restore the organs to full natural strength and vigor. The Doctor who made this wonderful discovery wants to let every man know about it. He will therefore send the receipt giving the various ingredients to be used so that all men at a trifling expense can cure themselves. He sends the receipt free, end all the reader need do is to send his name and address to L. W. Knapp, M. D., 1710, Hull Bidg., Detroit, Mich., requesting the free receipt as reported in this paper. It is a generous offer and all men ought to be glad to have such an opportunity. found for sexual weakness, such as such an opportunity.

and words cut upon it,—"Isaac Simns, Rockland, April 25th, 1861. This box to be burned—" There was a blank which the boy, who had cut the words with his jack-knife, could not supply. He did not know when the box would be burned. Then it was April, 1861; now it was April, 1865. Four years of strife and bloodshed, thousands and broken hearts, and lifeless forms both North and South, and the end had come at last. But the boy Isaac was no there to see it. It was not for him to fill up that blank; but for the Southern boy, Charlie de Vere, who took his pen cil from his pocket and wrote, "April 3rd. 1865, to celebrate the fall of Richmond, and the end of the Confederacy Charles de Vere."

"Who shall light the pile?" Tom ask ed, when all was ready. And Charlie answered. "Let me, please. Surely I

And he did light it, and then, with the rest, looked on while the smole and the flames curled up toward the starry heavens where the boy Isaac had gone. and where Charlie in his dream that night saw him so distinctly, and grasped his friendly hand.

After that night, Charlie failed rapidly, and often in his sleep he talked to ome one who seemed to be Arthur, and said it was "a mistake, a dreadful mistake" At last, as Maude sat by him one day, the fifth after the bonfire co the grass-plot, he said to her suddenly "Maude, if a man kills another, and didn't mean to, is it murder?"

"No, it is manslaughter. Why do you ask?" Maude said; and Chartie con-

"Don't hate me, Maude, nor tell any body, for I killed Arthur myself. Shot him right through the head, and-"Oh! Charlie! Charlie!" and Maude hricked aloud as she bent over ber

brother, who continued: "Not when he died, but at first, when be lay there on the grass, mouning and looking at you so sorry and grieved like, don't you remember?"
"Yes!" Maude gasped; and Charlie

went on: "You know that one of the rufflam fired at Captain Carleton and hit you, and then I could not help paying him back. He was taller than Arthur, who stood behind him, and knocked him down in time to take the ball himself. He knew you had a revolver, and he thought it was you, though an accident, of course, and it made him so sore ry that you should be the one to kilfhim. But I told him different; when I whispered to him, you know. I said it was I, and his eyes put on such a happy look. I know he forgave me, for he said so; but my heart has ached ever since with thinking about it. I could not forget it; and I've asked God to forgive me so many times. I think He has: and that when I die, I shall go where Isaac Simpis has gone. I like him, Maude, if he was a Yankee and fought against us; and I like Mrs. Graso much; and Mr. James Carleton and Matherses, and Mrs. Simms some but I can't like that dreadful Bill Ba-ker, with his slang words and vulgar ways; he makes me so sick, and I feel so ashamed that we should be beaten by such as he."

"You were not beaten by such as he! You are mistaken, Charlie! The Northern army was composed of many of the noblest men in the world. There are Bill Bakers everywhere, as many South North. It is foolish to think other-

Maude was growing hot and eloquent in her defence of the Northern army, but Charlie's gentle, low-spoken reply stopped her: To be Continued.

JUST IN FUN

"I could save more money," young man admitted, "but I find it so hard to break away from my friends. A fellow can't be a boor and cut all his acquaintances without reason, you "I will tell you what to do," said the

man with the brindle moustache. "Buy a dog."
"And then what?" "Then, when you meet your friends,

you will find yourself telling them stories of his wonderful intelligence. You just can't help it. In this manner you may soon be alone."-Indianapolis

The Layman-Candidly, do you expect your prayer in behalf of the Boers to be answered?

The Pastor—I flatter myself it is un-answerable, sir. Three or four cranks have tried to answer it, through the cress, but it seems to me they have failed egregiously.-Detroit Journal.

Collector-I'm sorry, M. Slowpay, but your tailor has put his account Mr. Slowpay-He has, eh? Do you

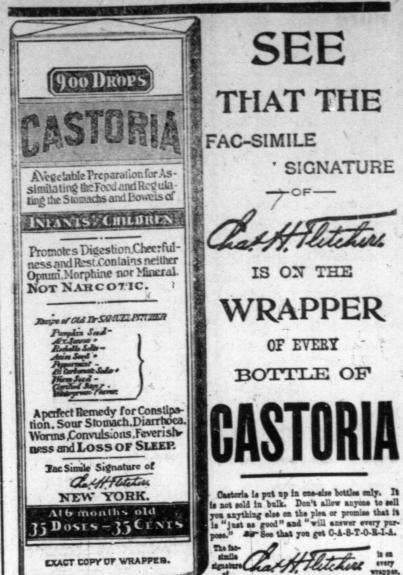
work on a commission basis? Collector-Yes, sir. Mr. Slowpay-Then I'm sorry for you -Chicago News.

Cachelor-I am told that a married man can live on half the income that a single man requires. Married Man-Yes. He has to .- Tit-

"Your lawyer made some pretty severe charges against the other fellow, didn't he?" "Y-e-e-s; but you ought to see how he charged me."—Green Bag.

Peddler-I have a most valuable book to sell, madam. It tells one how to do anything. Lady (sarcastically)-Does it tell one how to get rid of a pestering peddler?

To Remove Egg Stains, Egg stains can easily be removed; from silver spoons by rubbing them with a little salt after they have been washed with soap and water, but there are other stains on which salt makes no impression. These will generally disappear when rubbed with mixed with ammonia; but a still more effective remedy is to be found in whiting mixed to a paste with sweet oil. After the stains have disappeared, wash in hot soapsuds and polish with a soft cloth.



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