

THANKFUL MOTHERS.

Hundreds of Letters Received From Grateful Mothers Whose Children are Cured of a Common Weakness.

Many children are troubled, with weak kidneys in the form of nocturnal urinating, which is very hard to treat. It debilitates them, it embarrasses them, and gives the mothers more than ordinary work. A remedy that is harmless but positive in checking this will greatly interest mothers.

Mrs. Robert Thompson, 93 McGee street, Toronto, says this of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets: "I gave them to my children that had always been afflicted with weak kidneys. It was a case of the greatest discouragement, yet the result is most satisfactory. I used Dr. Pitcher's Tablets for my own back. I suffered from pain and lameness, dull headaches, annoyance from the kidney secretions, and an exhausting feeling of weariness mornings. The Tablets removed the whole difficulty and encouraged me to give them to my child. With this evidence I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

Mrs. E. Baxter, No. 170 Bolton Ave., Toronto, says: "I have a child that suffered from a weakness of the kidneys that I have found impossible to relieve. Beyond the embarrassment caused, there was much languor and depression, particularly mornings, requiring the greatest effort on the part of the child to resist. It caused me much anxiety. As other remedies had failed, I decided to try Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets, from what I read of them I thought them adapted for the case. The result has been a positive cure. I am grateful, and a depressing burden has been lifted from the child. My husband has been afflicted with lameness and aching in the back. The satisfactory result of using Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets has induced him to use them with beneficial results. When others made no impression. We have a very high opinion of these Tablets."

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

John McConnell
GOLDENSTAR

SATURDAY,
JULY 21, 1900.

The McConnell's Special Sale, 7 a. m. till 11.30 p. m.

OUT-DATE PRICE.

Fruit jars for the day at low prices considering the great rise.

A cut of five per cent on all teas for the day.

Ginger Snaps, 50c per lb.

Sardines, 50c per can.

Salmon, 10c per can.

Lemon biscuits, 90c per lb.

Coffee, 14c per lb.

1 lb. can B. Powder, 12c each.

We have a special price for dishes for the day. It will pay anyone looking for a dinner set, tea set, chamber set, china or glassware, to get our prices before buying. Remember, money saved is money gained.

Phone 190, Park St., East
Goods Delivered

TIME

is a large part of a

Busy Man's Capital

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

SAVES TIME

FACILITATES BUSINESS

SECURES TRADE

while the other man waits in slower methods.

Have you a Long Distance

equipment in your Office?

Maple City Brewery

Beer for Hotel and Home

Consumption

PROMPTLY DELIVERED IN ANY PART OF THE CITY.

12 quart bottles.....\$1.00

24 pint bottles.....\$1.10

4 gal. of 4 gallons.....\$1.00

An order will convince you that we are able to make a beer that will ensure a continuance of your order.

Brewery--Head Street

Telephone 247 North Chatham

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

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

He turned abruptly to his guest, who had listened with so breathless interest to the story of poor Seth that he did not see Maude de Vere, her eyes shining and her cheeks flushed, as if she were under some strong excitement.

Between herself and Arthur there had been a long conversation concerning Captain Tom Carleton, and other matters of greater interest to Maude. The "John Camp" ruse had succeeded well, and Maude had a fancy for making it do still more, by taking her patient in safety as far as her Uncle Haverill's. She had received several letters from her uncle, urging her to come home, and in a week at most she was going.

As one who had been expressly sent as her escort, Mr. Carleton would of course go with her, and in order to make the journey with perfect safety she would have Arthur go, too, and it was of this that she had spoken to him that morning when she found him in a little summer-house at the rear of the long garden. There was a dark shadow on Arthur's face as he listened to Maude's proposition, and when she had finished speaking, he replied:

"I intend to go with you, provided I am not ordered back to the army, but Maude, I will not have that Yankee soldier hanging on to us. We have done that for him which imperils our lives, and now that he is able to go on, let him take his chance alone. If he is one-half as keen as Yankee think themselves to be, he will get through unhurt. No, I won't have him in our way."

"But think of the dangers to be encountered, the hordes of guerrillas which infest the mountains," Maude pleaded, and in her earnestness she laid both her hands on Arthur's shoulder and stood leaning over him.

"Maude de Vere," Arthur spoke very decidedly, "why are you so much interested in this man? Tell me, and tell me truly, too—have you learned to care for him more than you would for a common soldier, had such a one come to you as a runaway Yankee? If you have, Maude," and Arthur's face was white with determination, "if you have, by the heavens above us, I'll put a bullet through him myself, or worse than that, send him back to where he came from."

"That would be an act unworthy of a Turnbridge and a Southern gentleman," Maude said, bitterly, and something in her tone warned Arthur that he had gone too far, so changing his tactics, he said more gently:

"Sit here beside me, Maude, and listen to what I have to say. You know that I have loved you ever since I knew the meaning of the word, and it is not in my nature to give up what my heart is set upon. You have refused me, but that does not matter. I want you for my wife; I must have you for my wife. I know you are my superior, and I am willing it should be so. You can fashion me into anything you like. I have screwed, and hidden, and lied for that Yankee Carleton; just to justify you. And when I first consented to act the traitor's part, I supposed he was most likely some coarse, ignorant boor, but he is not. Returning health shows him to be a well-bred gentleman, and decidedly good-looking, so much so that I have been jealous of him, Maude, not knowing to what your strange opinions might lead you."

"You know of course he has a wife," Maude scornfully from Maude's lips, and Arthur started quickly.

"No, Maude, I did not know it. How came you by the knowledge? Did he tell you so?"

"Not directly, but when he was out of his head, or asleep, he talked of Rose, and Annie, and Mary, and he called the latter his wife. That is the way I know," Maude said, and Arthur's face cleared at once.

"Forgive me, Maude, I was a fool to be jealous of him. And now let us come to a final understanding. You have laughed at, and brow-beaten, and queered it over me for years, but I have never despaired of winning you at the last. Once for all, then, will you be my wife? I must have you. I cannot be denied."

Arthur was in earnest now, and his pleadings were eloquent with the love he felt for the girl, who listened in silence, and then said to him:

"Arthur, it cannot be. I should make you very unhappy. We do not agree in any one point."

"But we will agree, I promise to conform to your opinions in everything. I'll guide this man to Tennessee, and give myself in future to the work of saving and helping the entire Yankee army. I'll be a second Dan Ellis, if you like. I'll do anything but take the oath to the Union. I've sworn to stand by the other side. I cannot break my word even for you, Maude."

Maude did not like him less for that. There was Southern blood in her heart as well as his, and Southern blood in her veins, and though she clung to the old flag, there were moments when she felt a flush of pride in her misguided brothers, who fought so like heroes, and believed so heartily in their cause.

"Say, Maude," Arthur continued, "will you be my wife if I will do all this. Think how many lives I might save, and how much suffering relieve; there are so many chances where I could do good, for no one would suspect me. Give me some hope, Maude. Speak to me."

She was waiting with her face buried in her hands, as many another maiden has sat, "counting the cost." All her life long Arthur Turnbridge had followed her with his love, till she was tired of the contest. Nothing she had ever said

disheartened him. No rebuff, however severe, had availed to keep him quiet. She knew he loved her, and perhaps she might in time love him. It would make the old Judge and his wife so happy, while Charlie liked Arthur so much. Other people liked him, too. He was very popular, and she well knew that she was envied by many a proud maiden for the attentions of the agreeable Lieut. Turnbridge. Besides, if Arthur pledged himself to help the escape of prisoners, he would keep his word, and she could rely on his word. Others had willingly sacrificed their lives for their country, and why should she shrink from sacrificing her happiness, if by it so many lives could be saved? What was her duty to cast self aside, and think only of the suffering she could relieve with Arthur as her ally. Maude was selling herself for her country, and with one great throb of bitter pain, she said at last:

"I will deal frankly with you, Arthur. As I always have you, are not disagreeable to me. I like you very much as a friend. I miss you when you are away, and am glad when you come back; still, you are not just what I have imagined my future husband to be. I like you for the good I know there is in you, and I may learn to love you. I shall lead you a hard life if I do not, for it is not in my nature to affect what I do not feel. If I cannot love you, I shall learn to hate you, and that will be terrible."

She was looking at him now, and though he winced a little beneath the blazing eyes, she looked so grand, so beautiful, that foolish youth as he was, he fancied her hate would be preferable to losing her, and so he said:

"Go on, Maude. I am not afraid of the hatred if you always look as you do now."

Something like contempt leaped to her eyes then, but she put it aside, and continued:

"I will promise only on conditions. You will see this Mr. Carleton safe to my Uncle Paul's. You shall befriend and help every runaway you chance to find. You shall relieve every suffering Union soldier when an opportunity offers. You shall use your influence to free prisoners, and seek to ameliorate their wretched condition. If you do this, Arthur, and do it faithfully, when the war is over I will try to answer yes. Are you satisfied?"

It was a very one-sided affair, and Arthur knew it, but love for Maude de Vere was the strongest passion of which he was capable, and he answered:

"I am satisfied," and kissed the cold hand which Maude placed in his, and thought what a regal creature he had won, and how, how implicitly he would keep the contract, even if it involved a giving up of Jefferson Davis himself into the enemy's hands.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was then that Maude left him and went back to the house, where, standing in the door, she scanned the face and person of the man for whose safety in part she had pledged her heart and hand.

Tom's tout ensemble was good, and there was about him a certain air of grace and culture which showed itself in every movement. A stranger would have trusted him in a moment, and recognized the true nobility in his expressive face. And Maude recognized it, as she never had before, and the contrast between him and Arthur struck her painfully.

"If Arthur were more like him, I could love him better," she thought, just as the Judge asked the abrupt question:

"You have a wife, hey?"

"Of course he has," Maude thought, and still she listened for the answer, which she thought she would hear, before the war broke out. She was a Mary Williams, a near relative of the Mary Williams, of Charleston. Perhaps you know them?"

"Know 'em! I'll bet I do!—the finest family in the state. And you married one of 'em," the old Judge said, his manner indicating an increased respect for the man who had married a Williams, of Charleston.

Maude knew the family, too, or rather knew of them, and remembered how, some years before, when she was at St. Mary's, she had heard a Charles-

Cures Weak Men Free

A most successful remedy has been found for sexual weakness, such as impotency, varicocele, shrinkage of the testicles, nervous debility, loss of 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 as all the reader need do is to send his name and address to L. W. Knapp, M. D., 1710, Hull Bldg., 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.

ton young lady speaking of Mrs. Carleton, from Boston, who had recently died, and whose husband had been so kind and patient and tender, and was "the most perfectly splendid looking man she ever saw."

Maude remembered this last distinctly, because it had called forth a reproof from the teacher, who had overheard it, and who asked what kind of a man "the most perfectly splendid looking" one could be. Maude had not thought of that incident in years, but it came back to her now as she stood close to the man who had been so kind and tender to his sick, dying wife. He would be so quiet and grave and gentle, and then a great throb of pain swept over Maude de Vere as she thought of Arthur and the pledge she had given at once, and the smile, which made him so handsome, breaking out about his mouth and showing his fine teeth.

"Ah, Miss de Vere, take this seat," said with that well-bred politeness which was a part of his family, he arose and offered her his chair.

But Maude declined it, and took a seat instead upon a little camp-stool near to the vine-wreathed columns of the piazza.

It was very pleasant there that morning, and Maude, sitting against that background of green leaves, made a very pretty picture in her pink combi wrapper, trimmed with white, white pendants in her ears, and a bunch of the sweet-scented heliotrope in her hair, and at her throat where the smooth linen collar came together. And Tom enjoyed the picture very much, from the crown of satin hair to the high-heeled slipper, with its bright ribbon rosette. It was not a little slipper, like those which used to be in Tom's dressing-room in Boston, when Mary was alive, nor yet like the fairy things which Rose Mother wore. Nothing about Maude de Vere was small, but everything was admirably proportioned. She wore a seven glove and she wore a four boot. She measured just twenty-five inches around the waist, and five feet six from her head to her feet, and weighed one hundred and forty. A perfect Amazon, she called herself; but Tom Carleton did not think so. He knew she was a large type of womanhood, but she was perfect in form and feature, and he would not have had her one whit smaller than she was, neither did he contrast her with any one he had ever known. She was so wholly unlike Mary and Rose and Annie that comparison between them was impossible.

She was Miss de Vere—Maude he called her to himself, and the name was beginning to sound sweetly to him, as he daily grew more and more intimate with the queenly creature who bore it. He had buried his pale, proud-faced, but loving, Mary; he had given up the gentle Annie, and surely he might think of Maude de Vere if he chose; and the sight of her sitting there before him with the rich color in her cheek, and the Southern fire in her eyes, stirred strange feelings in his heart, and made him so forgetful of what the Judge was saying to him, that the old man at last arose and walked away, leaving the two young people alone together.

Tom had never talked much to Maude except upon sick-room topics, and he felt anxious to know if her mind corresponded with her face and form. Here was a good opportunity for testing her mental powers, and in the long, earnest conversation which ensued concerning men, and books, and politics, Tom sifted her thoroughly, experiencing that pleasure which men of cultivation always experience when thrown in contact with a woman whose intelligence and endowments are equal to their own. Maude's education had not been a superficial one, and she was not without a store of knowledge which she had acquired at home, there was a school library of choice books, which she read and studied each day together with her brother Charlie, whose education she superintended. Few persons North or South were better acquainted with the incidents and progress of the war than she was. She had watched it from its beginning, and with her father, from whom she had inherited her superior mind, she had had many earnest argumentative discussions concerning the right and wrong of secession. Maude had opposed it from the first, but her father had thought differently, and, carrying out his principles, had lost his life in the first battle of Bull Run. Maude spoke of him to Tom, and her fine eyes were full of tears as she told of the dark, terrible days which preceded and followed the news of his death.

"The ball which struck him down went farther than that; it killed mother, too, and made us orphans," Maude said, and something in the tone of her voice, and the expression of her face, puzzled Tom just as it had many times before, and carried him back to Bull Run, where it seemed to him he had seen a face like Maude de Vere's.

"Was your father killed in battle?" Tom asked, and Maude replied:

"No, sir; that is he did not die on the battlefield. He was wounded, and crawled away into the woods, where they found him dead sitting against a tree, with a little Union drummer-boy lying right beside him, and father's bleeding stump, for the little hands were both shot away. I've thought of that boy so often," Maude said, and cried for him so much. I know father was kind to him, for the little fellow was nestled close to him. Arthur said: 'He was there and found my father, though he did not at first recognize him, as it was a number of years since he had seen him.'"

Is he continued.

Adam was the only man who ever held an undisputed claim to the title of "oldest inhabitant."

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 Diarrhoea 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.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

DR. C. C. OGDON, Lowell, Mass.

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

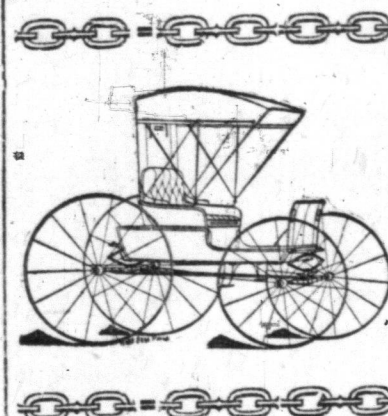
THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 37 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Don't Take Any Chances



The Wm. Gray & Sons Co., Limited.

ON an inferior vehicle, your life and that of your family depends upon their reliability and quality. You can't tell very much about the quality of a vehicle by simply looking at it. The paint and varnish effectually hides the quality of material. Vehicles must be bought largely faith—faith in the bone of the manufacturer. have been selling them about fifty years and a now among the largest manufacturers. These facts speak volumes for the quality of our goods. You take no chances.

The Kent Mills Co., Limited

Have now completed the rebuilding of the Kent Mills at Chatham and Blenheim Mills at with their new Rolling System and Dred Extra-fine Flour so pure and even Blend that you will get two loaves of bread more to the Barrel, and a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf than from Flour made by any other system.

Use the Kent Mills Flour and Stevens' Breakfast Food.

The Best is the Cheapest

Wanted at Kent Mills, Chatham, first class Wheat, Beans, Oats, Corn and Barley.

For a SUMMER CRUISE take the COAST LINE TO MACKINAC

NEW STEEL PASSENGER STEAMERS. SPEED, COMFORT AND SAFETY.

To DETROIT, MACKINAC, GEORGIAN BAY, PETOSKEY, CHICAGO

No other line offers a panorama of 400 miles of equal variety and interest.

Four Trips per Week Between

Toledo, Detroit and Mackinac

PETOSKEY, "THE BOAT," MARQUETTE AND BULLET.

LOW RATES to Picturedance Mackinac and return, including meals and berths. Approximate cost from Cleveland, \$20.50. From Toledo, \$17.25. From Detroit, \$14.75.

Read for Illustrated Pamphlet. Address: A. A. SCHMIDT, c/o P. A. DETROIT, MICH. Detroit & Cleveland Nov. Co. D.C.

SWELL ENGLISH SUITINGS

JUST NOW YOU CAN PICK FROM AN ASSEMBLY OF THE NICEST SUITINGS IT HAS EVER BEEN OUR PRIVILEGE TO SHOW, AND DO IT, TOO, WITHOUT GOING BEYOND A MODERATE FIGURE. FOR OUR GOODS WERE BOUGHT FOR SPOT CASH and BEFORE the ADVANCE IN PRICE.

ALBERT SHELDRICK

MERCHANT TAILOR & IMPORTER