

McConnell

Park Street

—WILL SELL—

Evaporated Apples..... 6c per lb.
Figs..... 5c per lb., 6 lbs. for 25c
Prunes..... 7c per lb., 4 for 25c
7 lbs. Rolled Wheat..... 25c
Ginger Snaps..... 6c per lb.
Salmon..... 10c per can
Sardines..... 5c a can
Baking Powder..... 10c per lb.
Our 25c Black, Green and Japan Tea are good quality.

We will clear out a quantity of Fine China, also a number of Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Chamber Sets, Glass Water Sets, a lot of Cups and Saucers, Plates, Bowls, Etc. at reduced prices.

John McConnell
Park Street East Phone 190



Dr. Spinney & Co
Detroit's Old Reliable Specialists.

Ripe in Age, Rich in Honor, and the Experience of a Third of a Century, Whose Successes are Parallel to the Sufferer's Friend; the People's Specialist.

WOMEN weak, pale, tired, nervous, despondent, no ambition, losing flesh, fretful, overworked, given to worry and solitude, headache and dizziness, nerves unsteady, sleepless nights, limbs tremble, faint feelings, Leucorrhoea, painful periods, or any Female Diseases, quickly cured by our FAMOUS PRESCRIPTION.

YOUNG MEN led into evil habits, not knowing the harm, and who are suffering from the vices and errors of youth, and troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Bashfulness, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Eruptions on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil-fortunings, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad Temper, Mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, Deposits in the Urine, Frequent Urination, sometimes accompanied with slight burning, Kidney Troubles, or Diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, especially to the poor. CURES GUARANTEED.

VARICOLE and PILES, and KNOTTED VEINS of the Leg cured at once without operation. Doctors will deny this. But we are proving our claims every day. The method is simple, the cure is certain and permanent.

\$1,000 for Failure.
RUPTURE AND FISTULA CURED.
The SIGNS of SYMPHILIS are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loss, pimples on the back and positively bring back Lost Power for life without injurious drugs.

Have you the seeds of any past disease working in your system? **IMPOYENCY or Loss of Sexual Power**, and do you contemplate **MARRIAGE**? Do you feel safe in taking this step? You can't afford to take any risk. Like father, like son. We have a never failing remedy that will purify the Blood and warily growth. We cure these.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.—There are many troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits aropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen, and color of a thin milkish hue, again changing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The doctors will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

BOOK FREE.—Those unable to call should write for question list and book for home treatment. Thousands cured at home by correspondence. Our honest opinion always given, and good, honest, careful treatment given to every patient.

Office Hours—9 to 8 p.m.: Sundays, 9 to 11 a.m., also 2 to 4 p.m. Consultation free.

Dr. Spinney & Co
290 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Private entrance, 12 E. Elizabeth St.

Princess Tablets
Are what you want for all forms of female troubles; an infallible remedy discovered by a foremost female specialist; guaranteed as a positive cure; will positively establish the normal functions; used monthly by over the world; for sale at drug stores, or sent on receipt of price \$1.00.

Dr. Spinney & Co, Windsor, Ont., Can.

—Perfectly healthy people have pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and enriches the blood and makes people healthy.

Jess and Johnny.

A LOVE STORY.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.
Copyright, 1900.
By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

been. The girl stood about, wringing her hands hysterically. "He wasn't worth it—such a little humphacked thing," somebody said shrilly.

"Sh. can't you? Do you want Jess to hear?" cried some one else. But there was no danger. Jess was wiping the blood from Johnny's face. She had only heard Tim Bradley. With a sudden movement she stood before him.

"Carry Johnny to my house, Tim," she said quietly. "He belongs to me. I'm going to marry him."

The girl's voice rang out distinctly. There was no quiver of doubt or of shame in it. She faced them all splendidly. One of the girls uttered a nervous sound that might have been a sob or a laugh. Jess caught the look on her face.

"I am going to marry Johnny," she repeated sharply. "Oh, you needn't look that way, Moll Dixey! Johnny ain't dead. He belongs to me, and I tell you I'm going to marry him. Won't somebody carry him to my house? Has anybody gone for a doctor?"

"Yes, yes, two of the boys," volunteered many voices. "He'd ought to be here inside of the 'art' our. Stiddy, boys—easy!"

If Johnny had been a baby instead of a brawny, crushed giant, they could not have carried him more tenderly down the straight road outlined in crimson and gold. Relays followed, and the poor, unconscious load was shifted occasionally with the gentleness of mothers handling their babies.

Jess and the little un went on ahead. The child was sobbing still under his breath, and his little teeth clothes trailed, unnoticed, behind him. The horror of the terrible minute before Johnny sprang to his rescue was over for his unbalanced little mind.

"I'm killed! I'm killed!" he moaned with patient reiteration. "You'd just as lieves I'd be killed, Jess; yes, you would too! You ain't sorry."

And Jess was not even thinking of the little un. She had forgotten him for once.

When Johnny woke out of his stupor, he thought he had gone to heaven and one of the angels was bending over him. She was very sweet and gentle. Why, it is Jess! Then Jess had gone to heaven too? Johnny experienced a sense of relief at the thought. It wouldn't be real heaven without Jess.

"Jess, little girl," he whispered, "when'd you come?"

"Sh! Johnny, don't talk. Yes, it's me. It's Jess. I'm taking care of you. You've had a kind of a sickness. Sh!"

And Johnny closed his eyes again, with a great joy mastering his pain. Slowly, very slowly, his awful bruises yielded to the gentle ministry of nature—and Jess. Very slowly Johnny lumbered back to life. The little settlement of Liberty had been under snow a month or more before he saw it again.

At first Jess had staid away from the works to nurse him; then she had gradually trusted him more and more to granny. She could not lose the money she earned at the looms.

One day Johnny sat up in bed and demanded a looking glass. Jess was at the factory. The little un sat on the foot of the bed playing with a bit of bright string.

"Say, little un, you know what a lookin' glass is, hey? Well, you run and fetch me one," said Johnny.

"I know!" the little un cried delightedly. "I've got one myself. It came out of a window, and you can look through it and see the trees and the snow."

"No, not Ask granny. Granny'll know, the sick man said fretfully. Granny came in with the looking glass, as a last resort, behind her, for Jess had said no. She looked frightened.

"There, there, Johnny! There, there! You go right to sleep and get rested up, or, if you'd rather, I'll fetch you in some beautiful porridge. Jess made it," she added anxiously.

"Fetch me a lookin' glass!" roared Johnny. "I've been feelin' over my face—there's somethin' wrong with it."

Poor Johnny! It was all wrong. He had hazarded and lost all his rough manly beauty. The thin face on the pillow was wasted and marred.

"Granny, I'll get out of bed if you don't fetch it," he persisted, and grumpy yielded weakly. The little un peered over Johnny's shoulder as he looked.

"Ain't you homely, Johnny?" he piped shrilly. "My, your face is all cross-ways!"

public avowal before the men and girls the day of Johnny's sacrifice. Every word of it stood out like clear handwriting on the wall. They had all heard—all but Johnny. What would he think when he heard of it, too, outside, as he would be sure to do? He was getting stronger all the time. Soon he would be out again, and some of the boys would let the secret out.

But that trouble settled itself while Jess stood and looked down at Johnny's hidden face. The pity and the love in her soul crowded out everything else. She kept soothing the big white hands with her fingers over and over, and then she leaned down and blessed them. Johnny quivered from head to foot. "Johnny!" Jess cried. "Johnny, look up, look up! Please, dear!"

She forced away his hands with gentle firmness. She was looking down at him, laughing a little, shyly. A wave of crimson crept up across her sweet face. "What I've got to say is that I—love you, Johnny. The Lord Almighty knows I do. I want you to let me marry you. Johnny, you've got to! I said I was going to. I told them all I was that day you saved the little un."

The rest she whispered with her face in his. "What was she knelt beside the bed. "Johnny, answer me straight out," she breathed. "Haven't I got a right to be answered same as other women?"

She was laughing softly under her breath, but he could feel the hot blood in her face.

"I'm going to marry you, Johnny," whispered Jess. "I love you, dear."

The little un stooped stealthily out to granny. His unsteady, strange child's face was full of awe, and he prodded granny's arm excitedly with a little sharp forefinger.

"My, Jess is kissin' Johnny!" he shrilled. "An Johnny's kissin' Jess!"

His Exhausting Pose.
"Henry had to go to bed after that visitin' clergyman went away."

"He prostrated himself trying to give the clergyman the impression that he was a pillar in our church."—Chicago Record.

THE VERDICT.

A pugilist died recently in London as the result of a blow received in a match fight. America can easily spare a substitute to take his place.—Omaha Bee.

Chile isn't very big, measured by world standards, but in South America she seems big enough to present a pretty fair imitation of an international bulldozer.—San Francisco Bulletin.

There are but 42 cities in the state of New York and but two of them have over 250,000 population. New York is somewhat of a rural state after all.—Washington Post.

The aggregation that is now holding the boards in China is different from the Chinese in the main performance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Hoboken Schuetzenbund believed that the elegant and musical funeral it gave deceased members led to suicide, and it has stopped its premium on post mortem vanity.—New York World.

The United States now has three cities with over a million inhabitants each, at least two more than any other civilized nation has. Of all nations in the world China alone is able to compare with this one on a basis of populous municipalities.—Providence Journal.

The brave advocate who fought and bled for Dreyfus, Maurice Labori, is again considering the advisability of coming to this sympathetic nation on a lecture tour. But, alas for Labori, that Dreyfus affair happened ages ago! M. Labori has waited too long.

THE DOMINIE.

A native priest says of the Chinese articles of religion: "The men believe that; the women don't. There is no religion in China."

Australia's biggest offertory was taken up at the consecration of the bishop of Carpentaria in Sydney cathedral. It amounted to \$42,500 and is perhaps the largest on record.

The bishop of London is an ardent admirer of the classics. He is credited with a remark that the happiest years of his life were the ten during which he kept to a resolution that he would read no book written later than 1600.

The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity church, New York city, will deliver the Bodell lectures in Kenyon college, Gambier, O., on Nov. 8 and 9, his subject being "The Supernatural Character of the Christian Religion and Its Three Witnesses in the Bible, the Church and Our Lord Jesus Christ."

In 1890 there were 103 incumbents of church livings in England who had occupied the same living for 50 years or more, and of these 12 had held their places for 60 years. Their average income amounted to \$1,250 a year, and in 16 cases the income after 50 years' continuous service was between the limits of \$380 and \$710 a year.

AMERICAN COAL ABROAD.

If our commercial organizations are alive to their opportunities, the recent 100,000 ton contract for coal to be shipped abroad will surely be the first of many similar and even greater sales of coal for export from this port.—Philadelphia Times.

Inasmuch as the coal supply of this continent, though great, is not inexhaustible, it is likely that the demand from abroad for American coal will serve as an incentive to invention to devise, if possible, means to utilize other sources of heat and power than those which are utilized at present.—Boston Globe.

British North America and Mexico are the largest outside purchasers of our coal, only 278,572 tons having so far this year been shipped to Europe. But there is a prospect of a largely increased demand upon the part of the European consumers. The present scarcity of coal carrying vessels, however, is operating to temporarily limit the extension of the trade.

JUST TO THINK,

there's not a pound of Japan Tea grown but is colored or doctored in some form or other.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Green tea is as far ahead of Japan tea as "SALADA" black is ahead of all other black teas. Send us a card mentioning what kind of tea you use, black, mixed or green, and we will mail you a free sample.

PAY WHEN CURED

Is the precedent established by Dr. Goldberg, consequently you take no risk, as you need pay nothing until a permanent and complete cure has been established. Each time you call you see Dr. Goldberg personally, who has 18 DIPLOMAS, certificates and licenses received from the various colleges, hospitals and states, which is sufficient guarantee to his standing and abilities.

YOUNG, OLD, MIDDLE AGED MEN

There are thousands of you troubled as a result of early indiscretions or contracted Blood Poison; if you are not the man you should be; if you feel tired in the morning or troubled with exhaustion, nervousness, despondency, loss of energy, weak, aching back and limbs, frequent painful urination, or sediment in urine, impotency, weakness, or kidneys, frequent nervous debility and premature decay, we will guarantee you a complete and permanent cure by our Latest Method Treatment, which is recognized a most positive cure for these conditions, and you pay when cured.

Read what our patients say and be convinced. The original sworn affidavits and testimonials can be seen at our offices. \$500 for any we cannot show; at request of patients we publish only initials.

To Whom It May Concern,
This is to certify that I had been a sufferer from Nervous Debility, night losses and seminal weakness for a long time, had been doctoring both in Canada and Detroit without receiving any benefit and placed myself under Dr. Goldberg's care Dec. 28, 1898; I noticed an improvement in my condition in less than one week; was discharged entirely cured April 23, 1900, and have had no return of said trouble. Signed, A. E. L. C. Wm. A. Smith, Notary Public, Wayne Co., Mich.

Our Latest Method Guaranteed to Cure

Blood Poison, also Chronic, Private, Nervous, Impotency, Varicose Stricture, Kidney, Bladder, Liver, Stomach, Female and Rectal Troubles. Consultation free. Call or write for question blank for home treatment. Books on diseases of men free. Hours 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sundays 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

DR. GOLDBERG, 291 WOODWARD AVE., DETROIT, MICH.

Men's Felt Boots

Sizes from six to eleven, closing them out at a sacrifice.....

\$1.50 per pair

A. A. Jordan, Sign of The Big Clock

Wanted Immediately

The Canadian Flour Mills Co.

SUCCESSORS to the Kent Mills Co., Limited, Large Quantities of Wheat, Barley and Beans.
USE KENT MILLS FLOUR THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST
Flour made by the new bolting and dust extracting System takes more water, and gives you a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more loaves to the barrel than any other flour.
Seven's Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand. Farmers' Feed ground on quick notice by three reduction roller process, much ahead of the old system of chopping.

Advertise Now and Reap a Harvest!

The Woolen Mills

Are offering **LADIES' DRESS GOODS**

Homespun, Friezes, Flannels, etc., in the latest designs, shades and effects; also Mantings, Blanket Goods, etc. SEE THEM before purchasing. We are offering Blankets, Sheetings, Shirtings and Yarns, all new goods of this clip.

For Gentlemen

We have the Latest and Nobbiest Suitings, Trimmings, etc., from the finest Woaded to the cheapest Canadian Full Cloths. Prices to suit the times.
Beaver Flour THE CHEAPEST because it is THE BEST on the market. Bran, Shorts, Crushed Oats, Corn or Barley.
FARMERS try our new chopping device. It grinds your grain RIGHT and STOCK do better on this chop.

The T. H. Taylor Co. Limited

You Buy Furniture

Most everybody requires Furniture. We are headquarters for all kinds; we have Furniture to suit the rich, the middle class and the poor. The most exacting taste cannot fail to find what they want in our show rooms. When you are looking around for any of the following lines, just pay our store a visit:—

Parlor Furniture, Dining Room Furniture, Bedroom Furniture, Office Furniture, Carpets and Rugs

Hugh McDonald, THE COMPLETE HOUSEFURNISER

OPPOSITE GARNER HOUSE

THIS IS A MAN'S METHOD.

His Way of Making a Carpet Bargain While His Wife Was Away.
"I want both my upper and lower halls recarpeted," was the remark Charles J. Jones of East Walnut Hills made to a well known carpet man. "And I'm going to move out of the house until you finish the work! I'll leave the choice and color to you! My wife is out of town, you see, and I want to surprise her upon her return. There is only one condition to this bargain—I must ask you, as we are old friends, to give me a small figure in the carpet."

"All right!" said the carpet man. And Charles Jones staid away from home for two days, while the carpet man's hirelings banged away with their hammers, and he hugged himself as he thought of the surprise that was in store for his wife when she returned. Last Thursday the carpet man called Jones up by telephone and announced that the carpet was laid.

"It's a dark green!" said the carpet man. "I'm glad of that!" answered Jones. "And as small a figure as is consistent with the carpet!" roared the carpet man.

"I'm gladder than ever!" said Jones. "That evening he visited his home and was satisfied that the carpet was a peach. The next morning he met the carpet man.

"How much do I owe you?" inquired Jones.

"It is \$98.65," said the carpet dealer.

"What?" yelled Jones. "There's the small figure you and I agreed on?"

"Why, on the border of the carpet?" said the amazed dealer. "It's a morning glory vine with pink and white flowers! You've got a bargain at that figure!"

HOME LIFE ON THE WANE.

English Hostesses Accused of Being Perpetual Goodbodies.

Slowly, but surely, the pride the English hostesses took in their home, in their reputation for hospitality and in their ability to plan pleasant little entertainments for their friends is passing away. The smart young hostess no longer cares to welcome her guests among her Lanes and Penates; it is no longer her earnest desire to display her housewifely genius; no longer her ambition to shine as a "clever little woman who so thoroughly understands just what every one likes."

There are too many irons in society's fire to look after nowadays for her to fritter away time in this fashion. Moreover, people want incessant novelty; they are bored with even good menus, they tire of certain surroundings, they must have everything a little in advance, and as little as possible like any thing that obtained a decade ago. Thus it is we rush with our friends in unhome-like fashion from restaurant to restaurant, like bona fide travelers; thus it is we inhospitably, one might almost venture to say meanly, ask our friends to share expenses with us in the little pleasures we should once have offered them. The commercial spirit is indeed rampant in us in this advanced age. One almost dreads to think what next must be sacrificed to it and what will be the home life and the English house-mother of the next generation.

A LITTLE LETTER IN RHYME.

Dear Friend—
The world is wide
In time and tide
(And—God is guide.
Then do not hurry.
That man is blest
Who does his best
And—leaves the rest.
Then do not worry.
—Dr. C. F. Deems.

E. W. Linn
This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day