

## 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 2½ 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 180



**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 Without Parallel; the Sufferer's Friend; the People's Specialist.

**WOMEN** weak, pale, tired, nervous, despondent, no ambition, losing flesh, fretful, overworked, given to worry and anxiety, backache and headache, nerves unstrung, sleepless nights, limbs tremble, faint feelings, Leucorrhoea, painful periods, or any Female Disease, 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, Rashfulness, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil-Forebodings, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad Taste in the 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.

**VARIICOLE AND PILES**, and KNOTTED VEINS of the Leg cured at once without operation. Doctors will deny every day. The method is simple, the cure is certain and permanent.

**\$1,000 for Failure.** RUPTURE AND FISTULA CURED. The SIGNS of STYPTILIS 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? IMPOTENCY 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 warry 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**  
200 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 100,000 ladies; for sale at drug stores, or sent on receipt of price \$1.00.

Aetna Drug 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.

"Miss it? Johnny? That he will! He's too likely a whap-goin to be foreman, certain to be wastin' himself like that. B'gosh, man, it'd be the ruinatin' o' Johnny!"

"You quit comin' down on Jess, Tim Bradlee! There ain't no other girl tendin' looms to these works!"

"Oh, Jess is good enough; she's all right. I wouldn't look furter n' myself if I didn't have my little old woman a'ready. Jess is all right, but there's the little un and the granny. That's where Johnny'd miss it."

"Yes, sure; there's the little un and the granny."

The second voice had dubious notes in it. There seemed no room for further argument.

Noonings, at the Liberty woolen mills, the men stood round in little groups of three or four, clinking their dinner pails as a needless whet to their appetites. It was a breach of etiquette in the unwritten code of Liberty woolen mills' law to open the dinner pails too soon. The girl operatives collected in the open windows or by themselves out in the yard—all but Jess. Jess went home at noon, though it was a long walk back and forth. She shot past the two speakers now, her little, beautiful figure balanced straight ahead. Of course she had heard. The little shabby man who had taken her part fidgeted nervously.

"You'd ought to watch out, Tim," he muttered.

"Watch out!" retorted the other. "You can't watch out for comets scootin' across your tracks. Jess is a reg'lar comet."

The barren road, thick with white dust and scorching with stored up sun rays, stretched away from the great looming bulks of the "works" as if making a bee line to escape from them. Dimly, at its terminus, one could distinguish the rows upon rows of little houses flanked by two big boarding houses that made up Liberty. Liberty! The name was such a misfit. It was the one thing wanting in the little settlement—Liberty.

Jessie Binney—or just Jess, as every one called her—sped down the hot roadway. She was going home to the little un and granny, and trying to outrun Johnny. Both spurs urged her on with equal incentives. She knew Johnny was behind—she could hear the pound of his big feet on the road, muffled by the carpet of white dust. She was so familiar with the sound. Ahead—way ahead—three red letters waiting. Jess was familiar with that too. The tiny, stooped figure always waited.

"Jess, Jess!" Johnny called, pleadingly. A little flavor of injury was in the sound of his voice. It was most a pity, after braving the men's jeers, to be treated this way. Johnny cherished the sweet memory of three red letters noonings when Jess, like the little un, had waited. He made the most of them—it seemed so likely they would have to suffice for him.

"Jess! I say, Jess!" The girl forged ahead steadily. "But there's the little un and the granny—that's where Johnny'd miss it," sounded in her ears. She had known it before—yes, yes, certainly—but the men's voices made it distinctly clear to her now. The reiteration in her brain—"There's the little un and the granny—the little un and the granny"—only un derlined it.

"I've found it out in plenty o' time," Jess congratulated herself grimly. Her thin, handsome face was set in lines of pain. The pounding steps behind changed their time abruptly. With a spurt of speed Johnny shot by her, and faced her in the dusty road.

"Jess, little girl," he said humbly. His good, brown face was wistful in its pleading. "You'll let me speak to you a minute, Jess? A minute ain't much to ask, now, is it?"

"No, no; let me go past, Johnny. I've got to. Granny's waiting for her tea, and the little un!"

"Must wait too. I'll make it up to the little un, Jess. What I've got to say is that I—love you, Jess. I do it as honest and hearty as a man ever loved a woman ever. The Lord Almighty knows I do. I want you to let me marry you, Jess. I want to have a right to take care o' you, Jess. Jess!"

He had hurried over the little speech as if time were precious, but the cry at the end came from his soul. He had his hard brown hands out to her.

"Let me go past, Johnny; let me go past!" cried Jess fiercely. She could not trust herself to look at him. It was her only safeguard.

"Answer me straight out, Jess Binney!" demanded Johnny, with stern despair. "Ain't I got the right to be answered same as other men? Ain't I? Ain't I waited long enough for an answer? No, no; not that, Jess! Don't say you don't love me! I—I know that. But I want you anyway! I'll be that good to you, little girl! I'll take that care o' you!"

Jess stared down the white roadway unseeing. Even the little un's bowed figure, waiting, did not come within her vision. She began to speak in a harsh, strained voice.

"You want me to answer straight out—ain't that what you said, Johnny? Well, it won't take long. It's so short."

For one instant Jess let her eyes meet Johnny's. She towered, straight and pitiless, between him and the sun.

"No," she said quietly. "Now let me go past, Johnny."

The little un was whimpering softly to himself. Jess held out her hand to

aim with gentle conclusion. She was always gentle with the little un, and for her sake every one else was gentle too. He was tiny and weird, and his little childish face peered out through a tangle of yellow hair. It was not a misfit, this name. He would always be a little un in body and in mind.

"I'm hungry-y," he wailed. "You'd just as leaves I'd be hungry-y—yes, you would too! You—you want me to be hungry-y!"

"Why, little un! Why, little un!" crooned Jess soothingly, the mother sound in her voice. The little un could not remember any other mother but Jess. For six of his seven years she had mothered his mishapen, stunted little body tenderly.

"Why, little un, and sister was goin to give you such a nice puddin' today! With!"

She bent over and whispered something in his ear.

"Plums!" shrieked the little un.

"Plums in it—plums!"

"Five o' 'em, little un—all in your piece," Jess said, smiling in her pain. For her heart was like a stone in her breast. She could look back and see Johnny slouching back along the white, glaring road. She had sent him away from her. How could she mind the looms day after day without Johnny's tender words in her ears and Johnny to wait outside and walk home with her? How could she bear the unending grind of her young life without Johnny?

The vista of years that opened before her and reached into the dim perspective of old age—old age like granny's—stiffed her and killed her courage. Her feet stumbled heavily along beside the little un's.

Granny was waiting too. There was scarcely time to get the plain little meal and hurry back at the clang of the factory bell. There was no time for Jess to eat, but it did not matter to her.

Weeks crept by until they were months, and it was crisp, late fall. Since that hot, white day when Johnny overtook her and the little un waited, whimpering, Johnny had never walked home with her. He had taken his answer stolidly and gone about among his looms with the plodding step of an old man. Jess had missed his sweet, shrill whistle above the muffled thunder of machines. Johnny had always whistled loudly for Jess to hear. She had told him once that it shortened the hours. Now he never whistled at all. When he met Jess, it was just a grave nod of his head he gave her.

On one of the autumn days Jess took the little un to the works with her because granny was ailing and his noise fretted her sadly. He had never been among the looms times enough to get used to their whirling, ceaseless activity. The novelty of it amused him, and for a long time he crouched contentedly by Jess. He was so still she forgot at last that he was there, and when he crept away on a little trip of discovery she did not notice. She was minding her loom in a daze of broken dreams and only the mechanical training of her eyes to detect imperfections and the prompt response of her fingers to correct them prevented trouble. Her well drilled sight and muscles stood guard while she dreamed.

In the middle of the afternoon a commotion arose at the farther end of the great room. People ran about, and there were excited shouts and one shrill, clear, frightened cry like a child's. Jess' eyes and ears were untrained to such sounds. They failed to reach her. She worked on dreamily. Some one beside her shook her arm and shrieked at her brain.

"Quick, Jess! Somebody's caught in the shaftin. Let's go—oh, bear 'em shoutin! Hurry, can't you?" But Jess woke slowly from her dreams. She was the last one to mix in the excited little crowd. The girls and men were waiting for her with solemn faces. They made a straight path for her to the motionless form on the floor. The little un, with torn clothes, stumbled out of somebody's arms and met her half way.

"I'm killed! Oh, Jess, I'm killed!" he sobbed tumultuously. His poor little

twisted body was quivering like a little shriveled leaf in the wind. "I'm killed all to pieces—it kept goin' round and round. It wouldn't stop—Jess, Jess, listen!"

But the girl had thrust him aside and darted ahead to Johnny, on the floor. He lay in a crushed heap, and even the men covered their eyes. One or two were sobbing like the little un.

"Where we goin to carry him to?" muttered Tim Bradlee huskily. "Johnny didn't have no home nor no folks."

He used the past tense unconsciously. This was not Johnny now—it had

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Besides the reefs which have been discovered, there exists in Rhodesia an enormous quality of "old working" mines which were worked since ancient times, but have long since been abandoned, says the London Telegraph. By whom these mines were worked is a mystery. From old pottery and tools which have been found it is evident that these old workings were excavated by or for the direction of men of knowledge and intelligence superior to those possessed by the present inhabitants of the country. Gold was extracted from these mines by smelting, many furnaces having been found and alongside of them ancient molds in which ingots were cast. Several ruins have also been discovered in Rhodesia, the magnitude and workmanship of which proves that men of superior civilization either inhabited or else occupied this part of the world a few thousand years before us. To them are probably due the ancient workings which have been found. With the primitive instruments at their command these miners of a past age were only able to scrape the surface of the gold-bearing reefs, so that the quantity of gold which has been taken from the mines hardly effects their value, while they are a precious indication to the prospector and enable him to test the reef below the surface, and as a rule, the site of most of these old workings seems to have been selected by competent men, who choose the richest reefs.

"Robt" and the Little Girl.

Lord Roberts is the greatest British soldier to-day. Long before he took command in South Africa he had won the Victoria Cross and many other honors for personal bravery in action. But not only for his bravery and wise strategy is he called "the idol of the British army," but many stories of him prove again that "the bravest are the tenderest." A London correspondent at the front tells this incident of the surrender of Johannesburg.

"A march past, subsequent to the march through the town, closed the ceremony. Lord Roberts' headquarters were at a small inn in an orange grove. There was a characteristic scene there at the close of his victorious day. One of the staff officers approached in order to discuss a matter of importance, and found the Field Marshal with the imbecile's little daughter on his knee trying to teach her to write. When the officer interrupted, Lord Roberts looked up with a smile and said, 'Don't come now. Can't you see I am busy?'"

No Need to Cross.

Booker T. Washington told the following story of a member of the "po' white trash" who endeavored to cross a stream by means of a ferry owned by a black man.

"Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross, but I hain't got no money."

Uncle Mose scratched his head. "Doan' you got no money 't all?" he queried.

"No," said the wayfaring stranger, "I haven't a cent."

"But it done cost you but three cents," insisted Uncle Mose, "ter cross de ferry."

"I know," said the white man, "but I haven't got the three cents."

Uncle Mose was in a quandary. "Boss," he said, "I done told you what. 'Er man what's got no three cents am jes' ez well off ez dis side er der river as on de oder."

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

A visitor vowed he knew nothing of golf.

And as we were proudly explaining what caddies and cleecks were, when he straight off.

Our proffered assistance disdaining, Asked: "Where is the tee?" just as though he well knew.

The game of the "braw Highland laddies."

But he didn't—he went on the theory that

You'll always find teas where there's laddies!

Sold by J. W. McLaren, Chatham.

Should your little boy or girl get a heavy cold and become feverish and croupy, you should use Powley's Liquified Ozone. Don't be afraid to give a lot of it. A bottleful would not injure the most delicate stomach—and it will cure a cold. "A stitch in time saves nine," and you may save a life by having a bottle always in the house for emergencies. Condensed oxygen and antiseptic.

**Powley's Liquified Ozone.**

81.00 large size bottle, 50c small size. At all druggists, or from the laboratories of the Ozone Co. of Toronto, Limited, 48 Colborne St., Toronto. Write or call.

## 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

## Eddy's Matches

PRODUCE A QUICK, SURE LIGHT EVERYTIME.

By All First Class Dealers

For packing BUTTER, LARD, HONEY, etc., use

## Eddy Antiseptic Packages

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. Stevens' 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.

## The Woolen Mills

Are Offering LADIES' DRESS GOODS

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

## For Gentlemen

We have the Latest and Nobbiest Suitings, Trimmings, etc., from the finest Worsted 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