Mother and Son.

Two Lives Freed From Suffering and the Hospital Avoided.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

The ramarkable adaptability of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets to all forms of kidney and bladder trou-Me is shown in the experience of Mrs. J. C. Paisley, Monro St., Toronto. A great feature of this medicine is its ction is so gentle that women and children can use it without experienc-ing the ill-effects of other kidney either the bowels or Mrs. Paisley says: "I had reat sufferer from rheuma fism, and had been treated for it by physicians. Afterwards my kidneys seemed affected. I know that e. My back caused me much I had dreadful headaches. I ous and could pot rest at kidney secretions caused nings made me feel more than when I retired at night used Dr. Pitcher's Backache Backache Tablets and I can say that y my;backache has gone,, but ther afflictions that I have debave disappeared. I can vouch being a prompt and positive

for relieving the kidneys. his kidneys being inactive. I actuded to send him to the hoser treatment, but when Dr. Pit-Backache Kidney Tablets perfor me what other reme in doing, I gave them to him, Any reader of this paper can test be merits of Dr. Pitcher's Backache

Kidney Tablets free by enclosing two cents postage for trail package to The Pitcher Tablet Co., Toronto. Regular

John McConnell

SATURDAY. JULY 21, 1900.

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

CUT RATE 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, 5c per 1b,

Sardines, 5c. per can. Salmon, 10c. per can.

Lemon biscuits; 9c. per 1b.

Coffee, 14c. per 1b.

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

Phone 190 Park St., Bast Goods Dalivered

> GERHARD HEINTZMAN

B. J. WALKER

TIME

is a large part of a

Busy Man's Capital

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

while the other man waits in slower methods Have you a Long Distance

Ice Cream and Cream Soda

Wm. Somerville

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

-32500

BY MARY J. HOLMES, Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning,"

out a shadder, and so he

in silence, choosing rather to tell of his

journey across the mountains, where so

nany friendly hands had been stretch

in opportunity to show his gratitude in

some tangible form. Especially was he

Vere. Of her Rose thought so often,

wishing she could see her, and resolv-

Mountains of Tennessee to find her.

"Poor Tom!" she often sighed.

rite at once or go all the way to the

could only fall into some friendly

But everything pertaining to Tom was

shrouded in gloom. The last they heard

he was in Columbia, while Jimmie still

pined in Andersonville, if indeed he had

not died amid its horrors. Exchanged

prisoners were constantly arriving at Annapolis, where both Mrs. Simms and

Annie were, and every letter from the

atter was eagerly torn open by Rose,

n hopes that it might contain some

one, and the mourning garments which,

with her husband's return were ex-

changed for lighter, cirier ones, seemed

only laid aside for a few weeks until

word should come that one or both of

her brothers were with the dead whose

graves were far away beneath a South-

CHAPTER XXIX.

Of the three captives, Will Mather,

Jimmie and Tom, the latter had suffered the least as a prisoner of war. A

strong Freemason, he had found friends

in Columbia, where chance threw in his

way a near relation of his dead wife

and a former classmate. Though firm-

Hrskell from the first befriended Cap-

far as he was able, directions where to

imprisonment had been of short dura-

ion, and thus it was, with vigor un-

see. But that "Refuge of Safety" was

favor health and strength, together

with a knack of passing himself off as

a Southerner whenever an opportunity

was presented, and so for a week or

death or recapture stared him in the

face, either from the close proximity of

his pursuers, or the pertinacity of the

track. Escape at times seemed im-

possible, and Tom's courage and

strength were beginning to give way,

when one night toward the last of June, he found himself in a negro cabin, and an occupant of a bed whose covering,

though impregnated with the peculiar

oder of the sable-hued faces around

him, seemed the very embodiment of

sweetness and cleanliness to the tired and footsore man, who nearly all his

life had slept in the finest linen, with

lace or silken hangings about his bed.

For linen now there was a ragged quilt,

and the bed was festooned with cob-webs, while from the blackened raft-

ers hung bundles of herbs and strings

of peppers, alternated here and there

grimy articles of

which old Hetty had washed that day

for her own "boys," and in consequence of the rain had hung in her cabin to

dry. Coarse, heavy shirts they were

but Tom, as he watched them drying on

the pole, fell to coveting the uncouth

things, and thought how soft and nice

they would feel on his rough flesh

look in upon him in that negro hut,

with all those stalwart boys sitting by,

while Hetty, their mother, cooked the

corn-cake, and fried the slice of bacon

for supper. Two sat just where Tom could see them, while the third was

near the door, keeping a constant watch on the circuitous path leading from the cabin to a large dwelling on the knoll, —"Marsr's house,"—where to-night a

number of young people where assembl-

ed in honor of the return of the son and

meny battdes, and had a taste of pri-

Though bitterly opposed to the Union

ists, Arthur was truthful, almost to a

fault, as some of his auditors thought

to whom he was recounting the inci-

with plenty of pure air and water, he

had received from the hands of his

Beresford Cigar

MANUFACTURED BY STIRTON & DYER,

Bennett's Cigar Store

son life at the North.

clothing

news of her brothers. But there wa

ed out to help him. He had every hame

"Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

The light was behind her, and Will, aw her distinctly, as he went up the avenue, and he stopped a moment to look at her. She was very pale, and uch thinner than when he saw her ast, but never, even on her bridal day, and she seemed so beautiful to him as then, when leaning from her window and apparently listening for something. It was the sound of his footsteps as he came up the walk which had atracted her attention, and when it censed so suddenly as he stopped under the trees, she felt a momentary pang of fear for burglars had been very com-

ly this was one of the robbers, and se was thinking of alarming the house, when the figure emerged from inder the shadow of the trees, and me directly up beneath the window, which made Rose's blood curdle in her veins, called softly:

mon in the town that summer. Possi;

Had the dead come back to life? Was that her husband's voice and that his step in the lower hall? Rose had supposed the front door bolted. She had not heard it open, and now, when the steps sounded upon the stairs, her heart gave one throb of fear, as all the old superstitions stories of New England lore rushed to her mind. Perhaps on this anniversary of his death he had come back to see her. And perhaps-Rose did not finish the sentence, for the opening of her own door disclosed

the wasted figure of a man wearing the army blue, his face very pale, but light ed up with perfect joy as he stretched his arms toward the shrinking woman by the window, and said:

"Come to me, darling; I am no ghost." Then she went to him, but uttered no sound. Her heart was too full for that, and seemed bursting from her throat as she laid her head upon the besom of her husband, and felt his arms around her waist and neck. Her

like her, and, lifting her from the floor, he took her in his lap, and said to "Speak to me, Rose. Let me hear your voice once more. You thought I

stillness frightened him, it was so un-

was dead, and you've been so sorry." "Yes; killed at Gettysburg," came gaspingly at last; and then a storm of ears and kisses fell upon Will's face, and Rose's arms were thrown about his neck, as she tried to tell him how great

was her joy to have him back again "I have been so lonely," she said, "for everybody is gone. Jimmie and Annie, and poor Tom, too, is a prisoner at last, so mother and I are all alone,

"How shall I tell him," she thought, and her eyes went from his face to the basket and chair where baby's clothes

The little white dress, with its shoulder knot of blue; the flannels and the soft wool socks were all there in plain sight, and Will saw them, too, as his

eyes followed Rose's. "Rose tell me, what is that? What does it mean?" he asked, and then, without a word, Rose led him into the djoining room, where in his crib slumbered her beautiful boy,-their beauti ful boy, rather. He was hers alone no orger, for the father was there now, and the happiest moment he had ever known was that when he knelt by his baby's cradle, and felt how much he had for which to thank his Maker. He could not wait till morning before he heard the sound of his first-born's voice. and he took him at once in his arms. every pulse thrilling with pride and exuisite delight, as he felt the soft baby hands in his own, and looked into the beautiful dark eyes which met his so wonderingly, as baby awoke and gazed up into his face. It was not afraid of him, and Rose almost danced with joy as she saw it smile in its father's face,

and then turn slyly away.
"It was so terrible till baby came last Christmas," she said, beginning to ex-plain how they believed him dead, and how much she had suffered. "Even baby did not make me as glad as it ought," she continued, "for I could not forget how happy you would have been to come home and find him here, and now you've come. God is very, very good; I love Him now, Will, better, I hope, than I love you, or baby, or any-thing. I've given baby to Him, and given myself, too, but He had to punish me so hard before I would do it." Then together the reunited couple

knelt and thanked the Father who had beir, Lieut Arthur, who had been in so remembered them so mercifully, and asked that henceforth their lives might be dedicated to His service, and all they had be subject to His will. There was no more sleep in the Mather mansion that night, for by the time Mrs. Carleton and the servants had recovdents of his prison life. Comfortable beds, decent bread, well-cooked meat, ered from their surprise and joy, the early morning was red in the east, and the sun was just beginning to show the returned soldier how pleasant and beau-tiful his home was looking. enemies; and once, when for a few days he was sick, he had been fed with

The people of Rockland had not in-tended to have much of a celebration on that Fourth of July. The churchyard was too full of soldiers' graves, and the war clouds were still too dark over the land, while the battle of the Wilderness, where so many had perish-ed, was too fresh in their minds to admit of much festivity; but when it was known that Will Mather had come home the town was all on fire with excitement. Every bell was rung, and the cannon of Bill Baker memory bellowed forth its welcome, while in the evening impromptu fireworks attested to the people's delight. Then followed many days of delicious quiet, in which Will told his wife and mother the story of his wanderings, but said very little of his life in Salisbury. That was something he could not mention with-

cast and jelly, and tea quite as good is flicity could make, he said. And this he talked more than one present thought of the Southern prisons, where so many men were dying from starvatien and neglect; and one young girl's eyes flashed angrily, and her nostrils quivered with passion as she burst out. with the exclamation: "That's the story most of our primers tell when the come back to us.

Think you a like report will be carried North, if the poor wretches ever live to get there? I think it a shame to allow such suffering in our midst." This speech, which had in it the ring Unionism, did not startle the hear ers as much as might be expected. They were accustomed to Maude de. Vere's tspoken way, and they knew that when she first came among them she was on the Federal side, and had opposed the secession movement with all the force of her girl nature. As yet o harm had been threatened her, for apon paper, and was only waiting for Maude was one to whom all paid de-ference, and her clear arguments touchgrateful to Paul Haverill, whose name ing the right of secession had done became a household word, together with that of Charlie and Maude de auch toward keeping alive a feeling of hymanity for our prisoners in the fami-ly where for months she had been a ng when the war was over to either

Squire Tunbridge-or Judge, as he was frequently called—was her near relative, and as his only daughter had ed only two years before, and he was lonely in his great house, he had vited Maude to visit him, and insistupon her staying as long as possible. first he had laughed at her Yankee eferences, but when the deaths at alisbury and Andersonville increased o fast, he shook his head sadly and rofested against the cruelty and noget of the Government. "He did no pelieve in killing men by inches," he aid; "better shoot them at once." And till he would not willingly have harored a runaway on his premises, for fear of the odium which would attach o him if the fact were known.

And so, when late that night, when Tom lay sleeping in Hetty's cabin, and lietty, up at the big house, was waitng upon the guests and making secret signs to Maude de Vere, there came a band of men into the yard in pursuit of an escaped Yankee, the Squire rose at once, saying that no one could possibly be hidden on his plantation unless the blacks had secreted him. The ne gro houses were close by, they could look for themselves. He had supposed his servants leval, but there was no telling in these perilons times; and the old man's face flushed as his Southern

ly believing in the Southern cause, Joe blood fired his zeal for the Southern In her evening dress of white, with tain Carleton, whom he finally helped r bends of glossy black hair bound to escape, giving him money, and, so like a coronet around her regal brow, Maude de Vere stood leaning upon the go and whom to ask for aid. Tom's piano, her eyes shining like burning oals, and her lips slightly parted as she listened to the conversation, and then nipaired and spirits unbroken, that he darted an anxious glance toward the found himself free on that very night spot where Hetty had been standing a moment before. But Hetty had disapwhen Will Mather lay sleeping in the cave among the mountains of Tennespeared, and under cover of the dark-ness was running and rolling and slipneany, many miles away, and Tom's route to the land of freedom was a longging down the steep wet path, which er and far more dangerous one than Will's had been. Still Tom had in his ed to her cabin door.

Arrived there, she seized the sleeping Tom by the arm, and exclaimed: "Wake up, mars'r, for de dear Lord's sake! De Seshioners is come, and will

be here in a minute! I'm mighty 'fraid more he proceeded with comparatively little trouble; but at the end of that even Miss Maude can't save you!" Tom was awake in a moment and fully alive to the danger of his conditime dangers and difficulties beset him tion. From the house on the knoll, he could hear the excited voices of his purat every step, while more than once suers, and the sound made every pulse throb with fear. "Tell me what to do," he said, and blood-hounds which were set upon his

"Kin you bar smotherin' for a spell? If you kin, got under de of straw tick, and lie right still and flat, and you, Hal, buckle into mars'r's place, as if 'twas you who've been lyin' here all de

Tom did not hesitate a moment, and had just straightened himself under the straw bed, and drawn a long breath as he felt Harry's body settling down above him, when steps were heard coming down the path, and a young man's voice asked of Hetty if she had any strangers there-"any Yankees, you know; because if you have-" the young nan paused a moment and peered out into the night to make sure that no one was listening, then, in a whisper, he added. "Keep them safe, and remember, Fleetfoot knows all the passes of the mountains between here and Tennes-

A suppressed "Thank God!" might almost have been heard beneath the straw bed, while old Hetty exclaimed: "The Lord bless Mars'r Arthur and Miss Maude, too. I know it is her Then he thought of home and Rose, and wendered what she would say could she

And Hetty was right, for Tom Carleton owed his escape from that great peril to Maude de Vere rather than to Lieut, Arthur. When the order was given to search the negro quarters, Arthur had seen that in Maude's face which constrained him to follow her when she beckoned to him to come out upon the piazza,

"Arthur," she said, putting her lim to his ear, "remember the kind treat ment you received from your enemies, and be merciful. Don't let them find him, for there is a Yankee soldier down in Hetty's cabin. She told me to-night. Search her house yourself. Throw them off the track. Anything to mislead them. Be merciful. Do it, Arthur, for

my sake." Always beautiful, Maude de Vere was dazzling so now, as she stood before the young officer pleading for Tom Carleton, and Arthur Tunbridge was more irfluenced by her beauty than by any party feelings. Assuming a fierce, determined manner, he went back to the rsuers and said:

"It's perfectly preposterous that one of those Unionists should come here for protection, when it is well known what we are. Still it may be. There's no piece of effrontery they are not capable of. I know them well, just as I know every nook and corner of the negro cabins. Stay here, gentlemen, and take some refreshment while I search the

quarters myself."

Arthur Tunbridge wore a lieutenant's uniform. He had been in the army from the very first; he had fought in the lieutenant's had been a prisoner for the lieutenant's had been a prisoner for the lieutenant bettle had been a prisoner for the lieutenant lieut nuny a battle; had been a prisoner for four months, while his father was known to be a staunch Sece

was ready to sacrifice all he had for the so just and righteous. There could b no cheating in such a family as this; and so, while Mande de Vere wore her most winning smile, and with her own hands served cake and coffee to the soldiers, Lieut. Arthur went on his tour of investigation, and brought back word that no trace of a runaway had he found, notwithstanding that every cabin on the premises had been visited. A savage oath was the answer to this report, but something in Maude's eyes kept the soldiers in check and made them tolerably civil, as they mounted their horses, and, with a respectful good

night, rode off in an opposite direction

With a feeling of security after hearing from Hetty of Maude de Vere. Ton came out from his hiding-place and ventured to the open door of the cabin where he stood looking at the "big house" on the hill, from which the guests were just departing. He could hear their voices as they said good night, and fancied he could detect the clear, well-bred tones of Maude de Vere, in whom he began to feel so deeply interested. He could see the flutter of her white dress as she stood against a pillar of the piazza, with Arthur at her side, but her back was toward him, and he could only see her well-shaped head, which sat so erect and proudly upon her shoulders. She was very tall, Tom thought, comparing her with Mary Annie and petite Rose, as she walked across the piazza with Arthur, who, from comparison, seemed the shorter of the two. Profoundly grateful to her as his probable deliverer, Tom went back the cabin and began to question Hetty with negard to the young lady. Who was she, and where did she live, and how came she so strong a Union-

"She's Miss Maude de Vere, bred and orn in the old North State, somewhars near Tar Run," Aunt Hetty said. Her father was killed at first Bull Run, and then her mother died, and she went to live with her uncle off toward Tennessee in de hills. She's got an awful sight of money, and heaps of niggers,-lazy, no 'count critters,-who jest do nothin' from morn till night. She and Miss Nettie, Mars'r Tunbridge's gal, was great friends at school, and Miss Maude was here when she died, and has been here by spells ever since. Young mars'r think she mighty nice, but dis chile don't 'zactly know what Miss Maude do think of him. Reckon he's to) short or too secessionary to suit

This was Hetty's account of the young lady, who at that very moment was listening with a defiant look upon her face to Arthur Tunbridge's remonstrances against what he termed her trensonable principles.
"They will get you into trouble yet.

The war is not over, as some would have you think. The North is greatly divided. Be warned of me, Maude, and do not run such risks as you do by openly avowing your Union sentiments. Think what it would be to me if harm should befall you, Maude."

Arthur spoke very gently now, while a deep flush mounted to his beardless cheek, but met with no reflection from Maude de Vere's face. Only her eyes kindled and grew blacker, if possible, as she listened to him, first with scorn, when he spoke of treason, and then with pity when he spoke of himself, and the pain it would cause him if harm should come to her.

Maude knew very well the nature of the feelings with which her kinsman, young Arthur Tunbridge, regarded her, At first she had been disposed to laugh at him, and his preference for an Amaon, as she styled herself; but Artuhr had proved by actual measurement that in point of height he excelled her by half an inch, while the register showed that in point of age he had the advantage of her by more than four years, though Maude seemed the older of the

"Don't be foolish, Arthur, nor enter tain fears for me," she said. "I am not afraid of General Lee's entire army, nor Grant's either, for that matter, My home at Uncle Paul's has been beset alternately by either party, and I have held a loaded pistol at the heads of both Federal and Confederate, when one was for leading away Charlie's faverite horse, and the other for coaxing off old Lois to cook the company's rations. No, I am not afraid, and, if ne cessary, I will guide that poor wretch dewn in Hetty's cabin safely to Tennes-

Arthur's face grew dark at once, and he said, half angrily:

"Maude, let that man alone; let them Il alone, It is not womanly for you evince so much interest in such people. For your sake, I'll help this get away, but that must be the lust; nd remember, 't is done for your sake, with the expectation of rewerd. Do you

onsent to the terms?" Maude's nostrils quivered as she drew her tall figure to its full height, and an-

To be Continued.

THE LARK.

Bird of the wilderness, Blithesome and cumberless, weet be thy matin o'er moorland and

Sweet be thy mathin of lea!

Emblem of happiness,
Blest be thy dwelling-place—
O to abids in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy—love gave
birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing—

Where, on thy dewy wing— Where art thou journeying? Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is o O'er fell and fountain sheen,

O'er moore and mountain green, O'er the red streamer that heralds the Over the cloudlet dim, Over the rainbow's rim,

Over the rainbow's rim,

Musical cherub, soar, singing away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of
love be!

Emblem of happiness,
Blest be thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

James Hogg.

Love and esteem are the first principles of friendship; it is always imperfect if either of these is wanting.

900 DROPS AVegetable Preparation for As-similating the Food and Regula-ting the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Oprum, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

People of Old Dr SAMUEL PITT BER

Aperfect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverish ness and Loss of SLEER

> Tac Simile Signature of Chatt Fletcher. NEW YORK. Atb months old

35 Doses - 35 CENTS EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER

SEE THAT THE

FAC-SIMILE

SIGNATURE

IS ON THE

WRAPPER

OF EVERY BOTTLE OF

Oastoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It s not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell on anything else on the plea or promise that it just as good" and "will answer every pur " As See that you get C-A-S-T-O-B-I-A.

Would you like to know what a good thing for Breakfast is



This is easy to do as any good grocer or dealerr will sell it to you.

Threshers and Mill Supplies

GO TO GEO. STEPHENS & CO.

Lardine Oil in 5 gal. lots, per gal.

Cylinder Oil. per gal.

Black Oil by the barrel or gallon.

Tallow, Rivets, Babbit Metal, Pullys all sizes, Lacing, Belting, both leather and rubber, all sizes. Lowest prices in the city.

WE KEEP OPEN UNTIL NINE O'CLOCK EVERY EVENING.

Stephens

See For a SUMMER CRUISE take the See SPEED, COMFORT

To DETROIT, MACKINAC, GEORGIAN BAY, PETOSKEY, CHICAGO

Toledo, Detroit and Mackinac PETOSKEY, "THE SOO," MARQUETTE

DETROIT AND CLEVELAND

Fare, \$1,50 Bash Direction,
Berths, \$1.00, \$1.25 Stateroon, \$8.05
Connections are made at Cleveland with