

Gunn's Cura Cough

IS THE BEST
COUGH MEDICINE
For Young and
Old

We have many reasons to make
us think so. The people who have
used it tell us so.

Every year we have sold more
than we did the year before, twice
as many bottles last year as we did
the year previous. It is purely
vegetable, and contains nothing
that will in any way injure the
throat, soothes and heals the
irritated throat and gives prompt
relief.

Price 25 Cents

Prepared only at

Central Drug Store

C. H. Gunn & Co.

Cor. King and 5th Sts.—Phone 105

WHAT IS

GIBSON

GOING TO DO
About it?

STUDIO KING ST.

F. Marx

REAL-ESTATE EXCHANGE

For sale the superior two story frame house on
Elizabeth St., directly back of Mr. Holmes' Victoria
Ave. residence, containing Dining Room, Parlor,
Kitchen, and Summer Kitchen on ground floor, and
five good sized bedrooms upstairs—there are two lots
of ground with a large number of fruit trees such as
Apples, Peaches, Plums, Grapes and small fruits.
It is owned and occupied by Mr. Carpenter and
will be sold cheap as the owner is about to move to
the State of Illinois.

Box 11 and 12, South side of Cornhill St.—\$100
cash—easy payments.

Money on Mortgages at 4 1/2 to 5 per cent.

New Store

For...

Teas, Coffees,
Spices

Exclusively

Taft's Block

King Street East.

C. M. STILES

An
Every Day's
Sale

AT

J. P. TAYLOR'S

Grocery

Gran. Sugar, per lb. 5c, 21 lbs.	\$1
Yellow Sugar, per lb. 4c, 22 lbs.	\$1
Dried Peaches, per lb.	13c
Prunes, 4 lbs.	25c
Evaporated Apples, 3 lbs.	25c
Lemon Biscuits, per lb. 9c, 3 lbs.	25c
Ginger Snaps, per lb.	5c
Corn Starch, per package	6c
Laundry Starch, per package	3c
No. 2 Flour, 12 lbs. 18c, 24 lbs.	35c
Judd Soap, 12 bars	25c
Jan, 5 lb. per box	35c
Lemons, per doz.	10c
Salmon, per can	10c
Sardines, per can	4c
Yellow Corn Meal, 18 lbs.	25c
Toilet Soap, per bar	2c
Ivory, Canoe, Tiger Soap, 6 bars	25c

The above goods are standard
quality and guaranteed.

ALL OTHER GOODS AT
EQUALLY LOW PRICES

These prices are for
cash only.

J. P. TAYLOR

PARK STREET.

PHONE 178

Minard's Lintment — Lumberman's
Friend.

JONCE SMILEY THE BOY WHO HAD NO FRIENDS

A NEW ENGLAND TALE.
By the Author of "Sandwich."

Unlucky Jonce! Had Peltiah but
seen him at the moment while the
wheel tire was yet unspun, or while
the age of the horse was yet unresolv-
ed; or had the image of Jonce been
painted on the retina of Peltiah's eye
a moment or two later, when that work-
ing would have been delivering his en-
dorsed opinions on the wagon, and
things pertaining thereto, all might
have been well. But the hapless boy
crossed Peltiah's vision just at the one
inauspicious moment, and was seized
by the farmer, and soundly belabored
with the emigrant's whip. In vain
Jonce exclaimed that Peltiah's son
John rode the cow himself first all
around the field; and that when he had
coaxed Jonce to ride, he maliciously let
down the bars, and sent the cow home
at noon, to tell her own story, with
Jonce on her back. For every accusa-
tion against John, Jonce received a har-
der whack, as John stood by, denying
the whole proceedings. When at last
length he was released, poor Jonce
crept off, with every inch of his skin
smarting, and Peltiah Perkins, as great
bullies, when they have thrashed small
men, or weak boys, invariably do,
walked off with a most noble consi-
deration of power, and pride of victory.

CHAPTER II.

Poor little Margaret was a spectator
of unlucky Jonce's castigation; and
while Jonce did not shed a tear, she
cried as if her heart would break.
"Lord-a-massey," cried her kind mis-
tress, "if you must bewail, do cry for
something."
Whereupon she lent Margaret such a
box upon the ear as made her too re-
fractory from the street almost at the same
instant that Jonce Smiley carried away
his shoes and pants, and staggered
ed through the house to the bottom of
bell garden, where it was her usual
eastern, when she had need to cry,
which was seldom, to repair to shed
the tears which it might not have been
wise to drop before Mrs. Underwood.
There might too, have been some at-
tention to the spot in the fact that
was a knot-hole, through which our
little heroine and hero had more than
once conversed, like Pyramus and
Thisbe. And hardly had she reached
the place before her own tears were
stopped by hearing poor Jonce, who,
on the other side of the fence, was giv-
ing vent to the boo-hoosings which his
stubborn courage would not permit
to escape before taunting witnesses.

If there were any remarkable
features about this trying-spot of the
young lovers, we should feel bound to
describe them, like other annals of
love's vagaries, but the only notable
points were as follows: First, a large
apple tree sheltered this particular part
of the fence, and the garden adjacent;
second, the shade of the tree afforded
prevented cabbages from growing, and
the spot was therefore left unimproved
by garden culture; and third, and
most important, the Deacon, with a
wise economy of space about his home-
stead, had placed a large grindstone
here, thus improving the shade and the
room.

Now it so happened that Peltiah Per-
kins, who was the Deacon's next-door
neighbor, being mercilessly disposed to
improve his mood of furious daring by
some deed of high emprise, determined
after having whipped Jonce, to grind
his axe, by way of letting off the valor
which oppressed him; and he applied
to the Deacon for permission to use the
stone, the situation of which we have
already remarked upon. As the Deacon
gave permission, his wife added:
"Margaret's out there somewhere—
she'll turn for you."

Peltiah inwardly resolved that his
axe should have such a whetting, as
axe never got before; inasmuch as Mar-
garet had dared to cry when he beat
Jonce Smiley, and the extra turns at
the grindstone should be her punish-
ment.
"Here—you Margaret!" he commene-
d shouting, as soon as he reached the
place, "come and turn this here grind-
stone!"
Margaret hesitated, for she saw John
following at a distance, and she saw
no propriety in her being called upon,
while Peltiah's own son was coming.
John, however, was not perceived by
the father, and was in no haste to
flee for two reasons. He had a mortal
aversion to the grindstone at all times,
and in his father's present mood he
knew that whoever did turn the stone
would have a long task at it. And John
would have a long task at the stone,
He wished, and still feared to speak
to his father, to repeat his lying de-
nial of any agency in that transaction,
and thrust all the blame upon Jonce,
but he preferred to wait until his hon-
ored parent had put a portion of the
keenness of his anger into the edge of
the axe. Margaret at length reluct-
antly came forward, and as she very
innocently happened to turn the wrong
way, Peltiah in the most manly and
magnanimous manner struck her in the
face with his open hand.

Jonce, who had watched proceedings
through the fence, was upon the top
of it in an instant; but as Peltiah's
back was turned, he was not perceived.
The blow was not repeated, and Jonce
was just thinking about getting down
again, when he was perceived by his
old enemy John. That young gentle-
man could conceive of no other motive
for Jonce's presence there, than a de-
sire to excubate himself from the cow-
riding. He feared that young Smiley
might succeed in persuading his father
of the truth, could he once get his ear.
Desperate cases require prompt and
desperate measures, and Master John
Perkins picked up a stone.

Unluckily, however, John had not
calculated the force and direction of
projectiles. He threw with all his
strength—but the stone intended for
Jonce Smiley, knocked Peltiah flat and
insensible upon the grass. Jonce,
rightly judging that the sin would be
imputed to him, ran away for his life.



Songs of Praise

Ottawa, Jan. 20, 1899.
I have used SURPRISE SOAP since I
started house and find that it lasts longer
and is better than other soaps I have tried.
—Johnston.

Fredericton, N.B., Dec. 15th, 1899.
Having used SURPRISE SOAP for the
past ten years, I find it the best soap
that I have ever had in my house and
a far better kind of soap, and I sell every-
body why our overalls have such a good
color.
—Maudie Logan.

I have to wash for three brothers that
work on the railroad, and SURPRISE
SOAP is the only soap to use. We tried
a very other kind of soap, and I tell every-
body why our overalls have such a good
color.
—Maudie Logan.

Can't get wife to use any other soap.
Says SURPRISE is the best.
—C. C. Hughes.

SURPRISE is a pure hard SOAP.

John sneaked into the Deacon's barn,
frightened almost to death, and Mar-
garet ran screaming into the house.
"Mr. Perkins is killed! Mr. Perkins is
killed!"

The Deacon and all his loungers—the
emigrant and all his family, and, in
fact, all the neighborhood, were out
in the garden in an instant. The Deacon
looked at Peltiah, as he lay—dead
everybody else looked alternately at
the Deacon and at the corpse, as they
fully believed it was. "Bleeding," said
the blacksmith and farmer—not loud,
but low, for the Deacon had not yet
spoken. Wormwood, red, hot flannel,
new rum, and other specifics were buzz-
ed among the women—but still none
spoke above their breath—for the Deacon
still kept silence. To acknowl-
edge the whole truth, the grade was
completing. Never in his whole ex-
perience had he met before a case like
this. He felt that he was bound to say
something—and yet he knew not what
to say, a fact that it would not answer
for him to acknowledge.

A fair chance, so far, he depended
upon assistance, of going out of the
world insensible, when at last the Deacon,
sitting the action to the word,
said, "Somebody must go for the doc-
tor," and as Deacon Alvin, Under-
wood trusted off to call the physician,
all his retinue started too—men, wo-
men, and children. Before they were
out of the garden they broke into a
run, as if nothing short of a scrub race
of a life would do. Peltiah's door
could impress that functionary with a
due sense of the great importance of
the case. The emigrant remained, and
as soon as he found himself alone, he
coolly took up the grindstone-baker,
and daubing the contents in Peltiah's
face, refilled it, and dashed again. In
this discipline, Peltiah so soon re-
covered, that when the doctor, the law-
yer and the minister arrived at the
door of the Deacon's house, Peltiah, to
his wonder and admiration of the whole
village, walked forth to meet them—
a little ghastly in countenance, and
rather blue and swelled in the fore-
head, it is true, but far enough from
being a dead man.

The first subject of inquiry natural-
ly was, how all this came about. Mar-
garet was the only witness, and she
could only say that she heard the stone
strike, and saw Peltiah fall—farther
than this she could not with certainty
depose, and would cause no one. The
Deacon, who was ex-officio presiding
judge of the inquiry, at length asked,
with judicial solemnity:

"Where is Jonathan Smiley?"

"Sure enough," was the response.
Perkins, finding his father alive and
well, had come boldly out of his hiding-
place, but Jonce Smiley was nowhere
visible.

"If that boy could be found," contin-
ued the Deacon, "he might tell you
threw the stone, if he had a mind to."
"Ay—ay," said every one, "there's
no doubt of it." And Peltiah added
—"I believe he throwed it himself."

"Certainly, father," said John, "I
know he did, because you gave him
that whipping for almost killing our
brindle cow to-day."

"I know he didn't," said Margaret.
"Come, now," screamed Mrs. Under-
wood, "you'd better go in, and do us
your work, miss, if you don't want to
fetch it. We've heard quite enough
of you to-day!"

Poor Margaret did as she was bid-
den. She was sure that Jonce did not
throw the stone, and almost as certain
that Peltiah's own son did; but as she
felt afraid that she should only com-
mit her friend by speaking, she wisely
held her peace. Jonce, at any rate,

"In the Springtime
Ladies' fancies . . .
lightly turn to . . .
thoughts of . . ."

Gas

So that they may have a cool
kitchen and perfect luxury in
their work, miss, if you don't want to
fetch it. We've heard quite enough
of you to-day.

CHATHAM GAS
CO., Limited

Minard's Lintment for sale every-
where.

was in no immediate danger, for all the
boys who have been despatched as
scouts made the same unsuccessful re-
turn; and we are not to wonder, under
these circumstances, that all present
who said any thing denounced poor
Jonce as the guilty one. The Deacon
at length said:

"That boy must go to the poor-house
or the county jail. We've stood it long
enough—and to put up with his actions
any longer, would be the ruin of
him, if it wasn't the death of some
of us."

The lawyer, who, as squire, had the
ostensible disposal of the administra-
tion of the law, nodded his assent; and
everybody considered Jonce's flint as
fixed—if they could catch him. Even
his mother, though the son's disgrace
and danger awakened more maternal
pity than she had ever felt before,
could not admit the justice of the sen-
tence, while she went weeping home.

The emigrant had seated himself in
his wagon, and taken up his reins. Still
he lingered, listening to the conversa-
tion. At length the Deacon asked him:
"Well, Mister, taking it altogether,
what do you think?"

"Looking at it all round," said the
stranger, "I don't know exactly what I
do to take—but there's one thing I will
say. Judging from what I've seen and
heard, that boy Jonce, or Jonathan,
whatever his name is, don't owe many
thanks to any of you"—the Deacon
started—"and if he had a throwed
the stone—which ain't proved yet—I
won't say after that thrashing he got
for nothing that, for one should want
to hang him, if he'd killed the man!"

An earthquake could not have start-
led all Hardscrabble more than this
speech of the emigrant did. But he
waited no answer, and was soon on his
way, leaving the villagers in earnest
discussion of his daring wickedness.
The universal conclusion was, that
they did not wonder he had to move
away from folks, and go into the woods
if such were his notions. But the
stranger had watched both Jonce and
Margaret with unprejudiced eyes—he
saw that the girl knew more than she
dared to speak, and that Jonce bore
more blame than he enacted evil.
"He stopped the night at the
next inn, he was not sorry at all, after
he had taken his own children from
the wagon, to find the identical Jonce
Smiley creeping out, and looking up
into faces which he might expect ex-
pression of deprecation of expected wrath,
which had become habitual to the per-
secuted boy."

CHAPTER III.

The sun rose the next morning up-
on Hardscrabble, just as calm as if
Jonce Smiley had not been whipped, or
Peltiah Perkins knocked in the head.
And Peltiah Perkins's cow sauntered
away as leisurely to her pasture, un-
der the guidance of one of the little
Perkinses, as if she had never been the
cause and abettor of a great commo-
tion in Hardscrabble. A Deacon
wood Underwood was, as he had been
on every pleasant morning for forty
years, punctual as the sunrise upon the
top of the little knoll behind his barn.
Thence he watched the rising sun, first
evident by the gliding weather-vane
upon the steeple of the old "meeting-
house;" then diffusing golden light over
the pleasant plain in which was situ-
ated the ancient settlement which is
the scene of the opening of our verita-
ble history.

The Deacon, despite his little eccen-
tricities, and the whimsicalities of his
character, was a good citizen, and a
sincere Christian. The mind which
could watch and love the kind mani-
festations of Supreme Benevolence, in
the cheerful features of the creation
which he who made it pronounced
good, could not be insensible to the
true and kindly influences of that re-
ligion which breathes "peace on earth,
and good will to men." Doctrinal sub-
tleties might sometimes contract his
brow; sectarian and other prejudices
might occasionally lead him into theo-
retical illiberality; and the unlucky in-
fluences of his position might now and
then betray him into practical injus-
tice; but all the time he thought he was
doing right, and earnestly labored and
strove so to do.

Fresh from his untroubled sleep;
placid in thought as the scene around
him; grateful to Heaven for his happi-
ness, as the little birds whose throats
were bursting with their matin song;
the old man scanned the prospect from
the knoll as he had a thousand times
done before, not in the expectation of
seeing any thing new, but silently to
welcome to the light of day each object
so long familiar to his senses. He
would have pained, indeed, rather than
pleased, at any change in the landscape
—improvement would have seemed an
intrusion—a foreign daub introduced
by an enemy into the picture. That is
not the way he would have expressed
it, for beyond the Washington with his
nose beaten out by the weather, upon
his tavern sign, the Deacon knew nothing
of pictures. The print of John
Rodgers at the stake, with his nine
small children, their tears being promi-
nent as ordnance balls, was, to him,
the very perfection of art. Of poetry,
beyond Watt's simple and beautiful ly-
rics, he knew nothing, as a mode of
expression. No heathen images of Au-
ron and Hesperus came to his mind
at morn and eve, no fauns and satyrs
haunted his thickets and meadows, no
images borrowed from mythology aided
his thoughts. Still had he the true in-
stinct feeling and inspiration of poetry
—the elevation of thought from earth
to heaven, the suggestion of the Psalm-
ist, when, with enthusiasm of David he ex-
claimed, "Great and manifold are thy
works; in wisdom hast thou made them
all!"

To be Continued.

NOT DISPOSED TO RECKLE
Keldon: You wouldn't believe it, I
suppose, if anybody should tell you
that a cat eats straw!
Stout: No; I shouldn't believe it.
Keldon: Well, it's a fact. I saw a
cat doing it this morning.
Stout: Well, you heard what I
said.

A San Francisco man who died not
long ago with pleurisy, was found to
have had three-quarters of an inch of
a needle in his heart, which had been
there long enough to rust.

Nature Nourishes the Nerves

The action and vitality of every organ
in the body depends on the nerves. Make
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Our Native
Herbs

It cures every disorder of the Blood, Kidneys, Stomach and
Liver. Every box is stamped with registered number and con-
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Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a
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children. Mothers have repeatedly told me
of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. Osgood, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children
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5 lbs new Prunes	25c
1 lb fresh ground Coffee	13c
1 lb Japan Tea	20c
20 lbs Cornmeal	25c
Cooking Figs, per lb.	5c
Salmon, per can	10c
1 lb can Perfection Baking Powder ..	13c
Granulated Sugar, per lb.	5c
Yellow Sugar, per lb.	4c
Toilet Soap, Windsor and Castile, per bar	1c
Starch, per lb.	6c
Ginger Snaps, per lb.	5c
Flour 2nd quality, per sack 18c and 35c	
Tunblers of Jam each	6c
Lemon Biscuits, per lb.	8c

A lot of Soap 3c per bar, just the thing
for house-cleaning, hard and dry.

A lot of fine new crockery just in—Tea
Sets, Dinner Sets, Chamber Sets, latest
designs at prices that sell the goods
quick.

A quantity of very pretty firm pots 35c
each. A big snap see them in our
window.

John McConnell

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The Best Antibilious Pills in Use. Cures Dyspep-
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There's nothing
better.

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EASTER TRADE

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Nice, Mild Cured Beaver
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