

SUBSTITUTION IS THE FRAUD OF THE DAY.

Home Druggists Will not Try to
Substitute Anything for Dr.
Pitcher's Backache Kidney
Tablets Because they Know
About the Local Testimony
of People in Chatham
Cured by the Medicine.

F. Allen, corner Head and Van
Allen avenues, Chatham, says: "For
years my back and kidneys have been
trouble me and nothing that I could get
seemed to give me anything more than
temporary relief. It was told of Dr.
Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets and
I got a bottle at A. I. McCall & Co.'s
drug store and I am most happy to
say that they gave me the relief I had
so long looked for. I used only about
one-half the bottle, and was in com-
fort, and since that time I have had
no trouble whatever. This in the
face of so much trouble is remarkable
and stamps the tablet as the right
thing in the right place. I gave them
to a friend of mine with equally good
results; as far as I am concerned I
am very glad to recommend them, as I
consider my kidneys sound again."

Mrs. N. Barnes, Thames St., Chat-
ham, says: "For six years or more I
have had a kidney trouble with pain
in the back that was severe, and make
it hard to get about. Some one told
me of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney
Tablets, and I got a bottle at A. I.
McCall & Co.'s drug store, and can
say truthfully that I think them a
good medicine. They acted well with
me and also with my husband. I like
them because they are quick and gen-
tle in effect, and effect the bowels
easily as well as the kidneys. I can
recommend them to others."

If you have the slightest symptom of
kidney or bladder trouble you can test
this great medicine free. Arrange-
ments have been made whereby every
reader of this paper can obtain a trial
package of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kid-
ney Tablets absolutely free by enclosing
two cent stamp for postage to The
Pitcher Tablet Co., Toronto, Ont.
When giving address mention this
paper.

If you are convinced Pitcher's Tab-
lets are what you want, you can obtain
regular size bottle for 50c per bottle.
If not obtainable at druggists, mailed
free of postage on receipt of price.

Best in Ready- Mixed Paints

Our Mixed Paints are the standard
of quality—true to color—pure, and
fresh from the makers.

A Home Test

will establish their superior qualities.
Made for inside and outside work.

Before Preparing

for house cleaning call and get a
supply of these pure Paints.

Alabastine

in sixteen tints and colors and white.

Jellstone

tinted, White Leads, Paint Oils, Var-
nishes, etc.

Brushes

for paint, varnish, kalsomine and
every purpose in great variety.

Our Prices

will interest you and our goods will
be found the best value in the city.

King, Cunningham & Drew
King Street, Chatham

Beresford Cigar
10c
MANUFACTURED BY STIRTON & DYER,
LONDON. FOR SALE AT

Bennett's Cigar Store
10, O. F. BUILDING.

SEEDS

ALSIKE, RED CLOVER AND
TIMOTHY SEED.
SEED PEAS, CORN, BARLEY
AND BEANS.

All kinds of GARDEN SEEDS, guaranteed new,
and old.

FLOUR AND FEED

Baled Hay and Straw
Wholesale and Retail.

Tennent & Burke
Phone 200. Scam, Block

F. Marx

REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE AND
BROKER'S OFFICE:

For sale at a bargain, on terms to
suit the purchaser, comfortable house
and lot on the corner of Barthe and
Head streets.

Also
Two lots on S. side of Cornhill St.,
on monthly payments, interest at 5
per cent.
Money on mortgages at 4-1/2 to 5
per cent.

Chas. Agger
Brick and Frame

House-Mover
House-Moving Tools to Let.
Residence 41 Gray St. Chatham Ont.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY MARY J. HOLMES,

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

It was a strange journey that auge-
box contained for every member of
Company R was remembered, thanks to
the indefatigable Rose, who procured a
list of the names, and when she found
any without friends in that immedi-
ate vicinity, she supplied the deficiency
from her own store of luxuries. Of
course Will and Tom fared the best,
while next to them came Lieutenant
Simmons and Isaac Simms. Rose writ-
ing a tiny note to the latter, telling him
how much she liked him for speaking
so of Tom, and sending him a pair of
her fine linen sheets, because she
couldn't think of anything else, and
thought these would be cool to sleep on
in hot summer nights. Dear little
Rose! how fast she grew in popularity,
the people wondering they had never
seen before how good she was, and im-
puting some portion of her present in-
terest to the presence of her mother,
who had made arrangements to remain
for an indefinite length of time in Rock-
land, and who, far less demonstrative
than her active daughter, did much by
her sensible advice to keep the wheel
in motion, and Rose from overdoing the
matter so zealously taken in hand.

The box was packed at last. Every
chink and crevice was full, Mrs. Bak-
er's Dutch cheese, and dried apple pies
were there, wrapped by Rose Mather in
innumerable folds of paper, tied around
with yards of the strongest twine she
could find, and safely stored away
where they could not be harmed; Widow
Simms's ointment, too, and the candy
she had made, occupied a cor-
ner, together with her daguerotype, sent
to Isaac, and a letter to Captain
Carleton. That letter was a somewhat
undertaking, but the widow felt it her
duty to write it, groaning and sweating,
and consulting Perry's old leather-
bound dictionary for every word of
which she felt at all uncertain, and
driving poor Annie nearly distracted
with asking if this were grammar,
and if that were too loving. Not a little
amused, Annie gave the required advice,
smiling in spite of herself, as she read
the note the widow handed her, and
which ran as follows:

"My Dear Mr. Captain Carleton,—I
can't help putting dear before your
name, you seem so much to me. Isaac
told me how kind you was to him. I'm
nothin' but a shrivelled, dried-up
widdow, fifty odd years old, but I've got
a mother's heart big enough to take you
in with my other boys. I know you are
a nice clever man, whether you're a good
one or I call 'good, I don't know, though
bein' you come from Boston I'm afraid
you're a Unitarian, and I'll never quit
praying for you till I know. That's
about all I can do, for I'm poor 'most
as folks say, but if there's any shirts or
trousers, or the like of 'em that
wants makin', let me know, for I don't
believe your mother or sister is great
at sewin'. Mrs. Mather's ain't, I know,
though she's a nice little body as ever
drawed the bread. Your wife's dear
too, they say, and that comes hard again.
I know just how that feels, for my man
died eighteen years ago last October, a
few weeks before Isaac was born."

"I send you some intimate for your
feet, and some bits of linen rags, to
bind round your toes; also, some red
pepper candy, and my likeness to Isaac.
He'll let you see it if you want to. It
don't 'pear to me that my eyes is as
dull as that, or my lips so puckered up,
but we can't see as others see us, and
I ain't an atom proud. Heaven bless
you for being kind to Isaac, and if an
old woman's prayers and blessing is of
any use you may be sure you have
mine. If you come to battle, be as good
as to oversee him, won't you, and git
him put 'way back, if you can. Excuse
haste and a bad pen."

"Yours with regret,
"MRS. BELINDA SIMMS."

This was the widow's letter, sent with
Tom's parcel to Washington, where the
box was greeted by the company with
exclamations of joy, and could those
who sent it have seen the eager, happy
faces of each one as he found he was
remembered, they would have felt dou-
bly repaid for all the trouble and an-
noyance it had cost them. Only one
growing of dissatisfaction was heard, and
that from Harry Baker, who, with a
muttered oath, exclaimed, as he audited
his paper parcel:

"Apple turnovers, by jing! Sourer
than swill, and moulder than the rot.
Haltos, Bill, get some to, I see. What
in fury is this? Dutch cheese, as I'm
alive. Make good bullets for Secesh,
so here goes!" and the next moment
there whizzed through the air the
cheese poor old Mrs. Baker had found
it so hard to smuggle in. The apple
pies followed next, and then the rock-
ies Harry amused himself with seeing
at Bill, who, after carefully stowing
away in his pocket the large, strong
twine Rose Mather had bound around
the paper parcel, seated himself upon
the ground and was gawking away at
his pie, not because he liked it, but be-
cause his mother had sent it, and Billy's
mother was dearer to him now than
when he was at home.

Meanwhile, in another part of the
camp, Tom Carleton was opening his
parcel, while around him stood a group
of officers, some his personal friends
whom he had known in Boston.
"There must be some mistake," he
said, as he dabbed his white fingers
with the sticky candy. But Rose had
packed his things in a separate box,
and directed it herself. There could
be no mistake, and he continued his in-
vestigations, coming next upon the
widow's picture, which Rose had care-
lessly placed in his parcel.
It would be impossible to describe

the grave of our hero's hero, about
concourse of people was gathered to-
gether; their Sunday bell the cannon's
rear; their Sunday hymn the battle-
cry.
Long before the earliest robin had
trilled his matin song, they had been
on the move, their brilliant bayonets
glittering in the brilliant moonlight like
the December frost, as with regular,
even tread they kept on their winding
way, knowing not if the pale stars
watching their course so pityingly, as it
were, would ever shine on them again.
Onward—onward—onward still they
pressed, over the hills, through the ra-
vines, down the valleys, across the
fields, till the same sun which shone
so softly on their distant homes rose
over the Federal flag, as it has
been aptly termed, moving onward to
the Web which lay beyond, so well con-
cealed and so devoid of sound that none
could guess that the treacherous woods,
wearing so cool, so inviting a look, were
shrouding a mighty, expectant host,
watching as eagerly for the advancing
foe as ever spider waited for its delin-
quent prey. Backward—backward, stretch-
ed the Confederate army, line after line,
rank after rank, battalion after battal-
ion, until in numbers it more than quag-
gered that handful of men steadily
moving on. From out of their lofty cov-
ers the enemy peered, exulting that
the fortunes of the great Republic,
their whilom mother, were so surely
within their power and pausing for a
thine in sheer wantonness, just as a
thief, with the mouse she has already
captured and knows can't escape.
Onward—onward—onward swept the
Federal troops; their polished arms and
glittering uniforms flashing in the mor-
ning sunlight just as the flag for which
they fought waved in the morning
breeze. They were weary and worn,
and their lips were parched with fe-
verish thirst, for hours had passed since
they had tasted food or water. But
not for this did they tarry; there was no
faltering in their ranks, no fainting heat-
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hold in store, and when the whisper
ran along the lines that the enemy was
in view, there was naught felt save
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and the fray about to commence.

CHAPTER VII.

Brightly, beautifully the Sabbath
morning broke over all the hills of the
Northland, covering them with floods
of rosy light, burrushing the forest
trees with shams of gold, and cresting
each tall spire with colors which seem-
ed born of Paradise, so radiantly bright
they looked, flashing from their lofty
resting-places, and glancing off across
the valleys where the fields of waving
corn and summer wheat were growing.
To the westward, too, where prairie con-
spicuous stretches on into almost inter-
minable space, the same July sun was
shining, as quietly, as peacefully, as if
in the hearts of men there burned no
bitter feeling of fierce and vindictive
hate—no thirst for the blood of each
other. Oh, how calm, how still it was
that Sunday morning both east, and
north, and west, and as the sun rose
higher in the heavens, how soothingly
the bells rang out their musical chimes.
From New England's temple hills to
the far-off shores of Oregon, the echoes
rose and fell, ceasing only when ceased
the tramp of the many feet hastening
up to worship God in His appointed
way. Old and young, rich and poor,
father, mother, brother and brother,
husband and wife, assembled together
to keep the holy day, the best day
of the seven, praying not so much for
their own sins forgiven as for the loved
ones gone to war,—the dear ones far away,
land and life, their praying as they
prayed, how the same sun, stealing so
softly up the church's side, and shinin-
g on the church's wall, was even then
looking down on a far different scene,
—a scene of carnage, blood and death.
For, off to the southward, near where
the waters of the Potomac ripple past

"Yours with regret,
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in view, there was naught felt save
joy, that the long suspense was ended
and the fray about to commence.

There was a halt in the front ranks,
and while they stand there thus, let
us look once more upon those whom
we have known. Just where the good-
humored faces of the Irish regiment
and the tall caps of the Highlanders are
perceptible, the 13th appears in view,
our company marching decorously on, no
legging, no faltering, no cowards there,
though almost every heart had in it
some thought of home and the dear
ones behind. Prayers were said by
lips unused to pray, and who shall tell
how many records of sins forgiven
were that morning written in heaven?
Bibles, too, were pressed to throbbing
hearts, and to none more closely than
to George Graham's broad chest.
He had prayed that morning in the clear
moonlight, and by the moonlight he
had tried to read a line in Annie's well-
worn Bible, opening to where God pro-
mises to care for the widow and the
fatherless. Was it ominous, that per-
haps? Did it mean that he, so strong,
so vigorous, so full of life, should bite
the dust ere many hours were done?
He could not believe it. He was too
full of hope for that. He could die
with Annie at home alone, so he but-
toned her Bible over his heart, and
prayed that if a bullet struck him it
might be there, fondly hoping that
would break its force.

There was a shadow on his handsome
face, and it communicated itself to
Isaac Simms, who was glancing so
secretly at him, and guessing of what
he was thinking. Isaac, too, had prayed
in the moonlight, and he, too, had
thought, "What if I should be killed?"
wondering if his mother ever would
forget her soldier boy, even though she
might not weep over his nameless
grave. This to Isaac was the hardest
thought of all. The boy that would
not tell a lie for the sake of promotion
was not afraid to die, but he preferred
that it should not be there "mid piles of
bloody slain. He would rather death
should come to him up in the humble
attic where he had laid so oft and list-
ened to the patter of the rain on the
roof above, or feigned to sleep when
his mother stole, noiselessly across the
threshold to see if he were covered
from the cold and shielded from the
snow, which sometimes found an en-
trance through a crevice in the wall.
"Tis strange when we are in danger
what flights our fancy often takes,
gathering up the minutest details of
our past life, and spreading them out
before us with startling distinctness.
So Isaac with possible death in advance,
thought of his past life; of every object
connected with his home from the grass
plot in the rear, where his mother
bleached her clothes in spring, to the
blue and white checked blanket hang-
ing round his attic bed to protect him
from the winter storm. The widow, so stern,
so harsh, so sharp to almost every one,
had been the tenderest of parents to
him, and a tear glistened on the cheek
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the only time he was hateful to her.
He had asked her forgiveness for it,
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and he glanced admiringly at them as
they marched side by side, keeping even
step just as they did down Main street,
with his mother and Susan long ago.
One now was thinking of Susan, and
one of his widowed mother.
To be Continued.

We humble ourselves before others,
not for others.
God esteems our actions and works,
not according to the greatness or
exactness of the performance, but ac-
cording to the sincerity and truth-
of our hearts in doing them.—Made.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds,
etc.

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 Feverish-
ness. 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
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scription known to me."
H. A. Archer, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

There was a halt in the front ranks,
and while they stand there thus, let
us look once more upon those whom
we have known. Just where the good-
humored faces of the Irish regiment
and the tall caps of the Highlanders are
perceptible, the 13th appears in view,
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our company marching decorously on, no
legging, no faltering, no cowards there,
though almost every heart had in it
some thought of home and the dear
ones behind. Prayers were said by
lips unused to pray, and who shall tell
how many records of sins forgiven
were that morning written in heaven?
Bibles, too, were pressed to throbbing
hearts, and to none more closely than
to George Graham's broad chest.
He had prayed that morning in the clear
moonlight, and by the moonlight he
had tried to read a line in Annie's well-
worn Bible, opening to where God pro-
mises to care for the widow and the
fatherless. Was it ominous, that per-
haps? Did it mean that he, so strong,
so vigorous, so full of life, should bite
the dust ere many hours were done?
He could not believe it. He was too
full of hope for that. He could die
with Annie at home alone, so he but-
toned her Bible over his heart, and
prayed that if a bullet struck him it
might be there, fondly hoping that
would break its force.

There was a shadow on his handsome
face, and it communicated itself to
Isaac Simms, who was glancing so
secretly at him, and guessing of what
he was thinking. Isaac, too, had prayed
in the moonlight, and he, too, had
thought, "What if I should be killed?"
wondering if his mother ever would
forget her soldier boy, even though she
might not weep over his nameless
grave. This to Isaac was the hardest
thought of all. The boy that would
not tell a lie for the sake of promotion
was not afraid to die, but he preferred
that it should not be there "mid piles of
bloody slain. He would rather death
should come to him up in the humble
attic where he had laid so oft and list-
ened to the patter of the rain on the
roof above, or feigned to sleep when
his mother stole, noiselessly across the
threshold to see if he were covered
from the cold and shielded from the
snow, which sometimes found an en-
trance through a crevice in the wall.
"Tis strange when we are in danger
what flights our fancy often takes,
gathering up the minutest details of
our past life, and spreading them out
before us with startling distinctness.
So Isaac with possible death in advance,
thought of his past life; of every object
connected with his home from the grass
plot in the rear, where his mother
bleached her clothes in spring, to the
blue and white checked blanket hang-
ing round his attic bed to protect him
from the winter storm. The widow, so stern,
so harsh, so sharp to almost every one,
had been the tenderest of parents to
him, and a tear glistened on the cheek
of the fair-haired boy as he remembered
the only time he was hateful to her.
He had asked her forgiveness for it,
and she surely would not recall it when
she read the letter Eli of John would
send bearing the fatal line, "Mother,
poor Isaac is dead." He knew they
would call him "poor Isaac," for though
they sometimes teased him as his "mum-
ther's great girl baby," they patted him
quite as much as she, only in a differ-
ent way, and he felt now that both
would step between him and the bullet
they thought would harm him. Eli
would, any way, but John, perhaps,
would hesitate, as he now loved Susan
best. Isaac was proud of his brothers,
and he glanced admiringly at them as
they marched side by side, keeping even
step just as they did down Main street,
with his mother and Susan long ago.
One now was thinking of Susan, and
one of his widowed mother.
To be Continued.

We humble ourselves before others,
not for others.
God esteems our actions and works,
not according to the greatness or
exactness of the performance, but ac-
cording to the sincerity and truth-
of our hearts in doing them.—Made.

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