

Mother and Son.

Two Lives Freed From Suffering and the Hospital Avoided.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

The remarkable adaptability of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets to all forms of kidney and bladder trouble is shown in the experience of Mrs. J. C. Paisley, 3430 St. Toronto. A great feature of this medicine is its action as so gentle that women and children can use it without experiencing the ill-effects of other kidney medicines on either the bowels or stomach. Mrs. Paisley says: "I had been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and had been treated for it by physicians. Afterwards my kidneys seemed affected. I know that they were. My back caused me much misery. I had dreadful headaches. I was nervous and could not rest at night; the kidney secretions caused me much inconvenience, and a long morning made me feel more weary than when I retired at night. I have used Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets and I can say that not only my backache has gone, but those other afflictions that I have detailed have disappeared. I can vouch for their being a prompt and positive agent for relieving the kidneys. My little boy of ten years, was afflicted, his kidneys being inactive. I had concluded to send him to the hospital for treatment, but when Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets performed for me what other remedies failed in doing, I gave them to him, which resulted in a perfect cure." Any reader of this paper can test the merits of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets free by enclosing two cents postage for trial package to The Pitcher Tablet Co., Toronto. Regular size 50 cents per bottle.

Screen Doors

Screen Windows

Screen Wire

etc., cheap—a first-class door with Spring Hinges, door pull and hook \$1—adjustable window screens, each 25c.

Hammocks

Only a few more left. Call and get one before they are all gone. Prices reduced.

Lawn Mowers

Lawn Mower, Rakes, Sprinkling cans, etc., at reduced prices.

Oil Stoves

The celebrated Blue Flame, both single and double burner.

Also Paints

Oils, Varnishes, Glass and General Hardware.

King, Cunningham & Drew

King Street, Chatham

John McConnell
GOLDEN STAR
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, 50 per lb.
Sardines, 50c. per can.
Salmon, 10c. per can.
Lemon biscuits, 9c. per lb.
Coffee, 14c. per lb.
1 lb. can B. Powder, 12c. each.

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

Phone 190. Park St., East
Goods Delivered

Ice Cream
and Cream Soda
Wm. Somerville
PHONE 26, Next Standard Bank.

Keep Minard's Linctum in the House.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

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

This was what Jimmie read, and with a feeling of relief as far as Tom was concerned, he crushed the few lines in his pocket and went on with his preparations for the contest at Fredericksburg, which seemed inevitable, with a kind of reckless enthusiasm which characterized many of our soldiers. Jimmie had heretofore felt no fears of a battle. The bullet which might strike down another would not harm him, and he charged his preservation mostly to Annie's prayers for his safety; but in this, her last brief note, she had not said so much as "God bless you," and Jimmie's heart beat faster as he thought of the impending danger. Jimmie seldom prayed, but if Annie had failed him, he must try and see what he could do for himself, and when that night came down upon that vast army, camping in the woods and on the hill-sides, it looked on one young face upturned to the wintry sky, and the moan-words carried up to heaven the few words of prayer which Jimmie Carleton said.

Oppressed with a strange feeling of foreboding, he prayed earnestly that God would blot out all his manifold transgressions, and, if he died, grant him an entrance into heaven, where Annie was sure to go. Close beside him crouched Bill, who listened with wonder to the "corpral," a feeling of terror beginning to creep into his own heart as he detected the accents of fear in his companion.

"I say, corpral," he began, when Jimmie's devotions were ended. "Be you 'traid of somethin's happenin' to you when they set us to crossin' that darned river, and, if there does, shall I write to the folks and the gal you mentioned and tell 'em you prayed like a parson the night before?"

Jimmie was terribly annoyed with Bill's impertinence, and for a man who had just been praying did not exercise as much Christian forbearance as might have been expected. A harsh "Mind your business!" was the only reply, which Bill received with a good-humor. "Guess you'll have to try agin, corpral, before you get into the right frame"; and then there was silence between them, and the night crept on apace, and the early morning began to break, and the wintry sky was obscured by a thick, dull haze, which hid for a time our soldiers from view, then a deadly fire of musketry from the opposite bank of the Rappahannock was opened upon them, till they fled to the shelter of the adjacent hills, where, forming into line, they again went back to the laying of the pontoon bridges, while the roar of the cannon shook the hills and told to the listeners miles away that the battle of Fredericksburg was begun.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The streets of Rockland were full of excited people when the news first reached the town of the terrible battle which had left so many slain upon the field, and desolate so many hearts both North and South. Rose Mather was nearly frantic, for Will, she knew, was in the battle, together with her two brothers, and it was not probable that he would escape unharm. Each of the three would be missing, and she began to hope again, and found time to comfort poor Susan Simms, whose husband was also in the fight, and who had gone almost mad with the fear lest he should be killed.

Two days passed, and then there came a telegram from Tom, and Mrs. Carleton, who read it first, gave a low, moaning cry, while Rose, who read it next, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell sobbing into Annie's arms.

"Oh, Will—oh, Will—my husband!" was what she said, while Mrs. Carleton uttered Jimmie's name, and then Annie knew that harm had come to him, and placing Rose upon the sofa, she took the paper from Mrs. Carleton's hand, and read:

"Will was badly wounded—lay on the field all night—Jimmie missing—supposed to be a prisoner. I am well."
"T. CARLETON."

"Poor Jimmie!" Annie whispered, sadly, her heart throbbing with pity for the young man who had gone back in time to meet so sad a fate. Never had so dark a day dawned upon Rose Mather as that which followed the arrival of Tom's telegram, but ere it close there came a message of hope to her. Will had been taken to Washington, where he had providentially fallen into the hands of Mrs. Simms, who sent the joyful news that "no bones were broken, and he was doing well."

"Oh, Annie, God is so much better to me than I deserve; I must love Him now, and I will, if He will only send Jimmie back." Rose said, while Annie's heart went out in prayer of thanksgiving for Mr. Mather's comparative safety, and then went out for the poor prisoner, whose destination was as yet unknown.

That night Rose started for Washington, and three days after there came to Annie a soiled, queer-looking message, directed to "Miss Wilder Anna Gram, at Miss Marther's," the name written at the top of the letter, and the super-scription spreading over so much surface that had there been another word, it must, from necessity, have been written on the other side of the letter. It was from Bill Baker, and it read as follows:

"Army of Potomac, and about as I looked out an army as you ever seen. To all it may concern, and specially Miss Anna Gram. I send you my regrets

greedin' and hopin' this will find you enjoyin' the same great blessin'. Burnside has made the thundermost blunder, and more a million of our boys is dead before Fredericksburg. Mr. Mather was about riddled through, I guess, and the Corpral—well, may as well take it easy—I fit for him like a tiger till they knocked me endways, and I played dead to save my life. But the Corpral's a goner—took prisoner with an awful cut on his neck; and now what I'm goin' to tell you is this: the night before the battle I came upon him prayin' like a priest, kneelin' in an awful mud-puddle, and what he said was somethin' about heaven, and Annie, white, begin' your pardon, I think means you, and so I set him, in case of bad luck, if I should write and tell you. I don't think he could have been in a very spiritual frame of mind, for he told me to mind my business, but I don't let it up agin him, and when them two tall lantern-jawed sons of Balam grabbed him as he was tryin' to skeddaddle with the blood spittin' from his neck, I pitched inter 'em, and give 'em hale cumberly for a spell, till they knocked me flat, and I made believe dead as I was tellin' you. Don't feel bad, Miss Gram. Trust luck and keep your powder dry, and mabey he'll come back sometime.

"Yours to command,
"BILL BAKER.

"Tell the old woman I'm well, but pretty well tuckered, and she had better soften the hearts of his captors. God keep him in safety!" Annie whispered, and then, as Mrs. Carleton came in, she passed the note to her, and tried to comfort the poor mother, who, in Rose's absence, leaned on her as on a daughter.

Annie seemed very near the sorrowing woman, who wept bitterly for her poor boy, and in the first hours of her sorrow she spoke out what was in her mind.

"I believe Jimmie loved you, Annie, and that makes you very dear to me. We can mourn for him together, and Annie, you will pray for him night and day, that God will bring him back to us."

Annie could only reply by pressing the hand which sought hers, for her heart was too full to speak. Had Jimmie been dead, she would scarcely have mourned for him more deeply than she did now. The country was already rife with sufferings endured by our prisoners, and death itself seemed almost preferable to months and years of privations and pain in the Southern prisons.

"Sent to Richmond, and probably from there farther South, probably to Georgia."

This was all the intelligence they could procure from him, until spring, when there came news direct that he was at Salisbury, and there for a time the curtain dropped, leaving his fate shrouded in darkness, while in his Northern home tears were shed like rain, and prayers went up to heaven from the quivering lips of a mother, who was just learning to pray as she ought, and into Annie Graham's heart there gradually crept a wish that the poor, weary prisoner might know how much and how kindly she thought of him, feeling at times half glad that she had not given him some little hope as a solace for the weary hours of his prison life.

CHAPTER XXV.

Rose Mather had brought her husband home as soon as it was safe to move him, and with the good nursing of Mrs. Carleton and Annie he grew strong enough to rejoin his regiment in May, and the last which Rose heard from him directly was a few words hastily written and sent off to Washington just as the Army of the Potomac was moving on Gettysburg. Then came the terrible battle when the summer air was full of smoke, and dust, and flying splinters, with clouds of camp-fire earth which blinded the horror-stricken men who vainly sought for shelter behind the trees and the headstones of the graveyard, where the dead must almost have heard the fierce commotion around them as well after wall of human agony, mingled with the awful shrieks of dying horses, went up to the blackened heavens and then died away in silence. Where the battle was the

Cures

Weak Men

Free

A most successful remedy has been found for sexual weakness, such as impotency, varicocele, shrunken organs, nervous debility, lost manhood, night emissions, premature discharges, and all other results of self-abuse or excesses. It cures any case of the difficulty, never fails to restore the organs to their natural strength and vigor. The Doctor who made this wonderful discovery wants to let every man know about it. He will therefore send the receipt giving the ingredients to be used so that all men at a trifling expense can cure themselves. He sends the receipt free, and all the reader needs do is to send his name and address to L. W. Knapp, M. D., 1710, Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., requesting the free receipt as reported in this paper. It is a generous offer and all men ought to be glad to have such an opportunity.

most and the carnage the most terrible. Will Mather followed, or rather led, and when the fight had ceased he lay upon his face, unconscious of the pitiless rain beating upon his head, or the two savage-looking Texans bending over him, and turning him to the light. Among the list of killed, The Rockland Chronicle of July 10th had the name of WILLIAM MATHER, while in another column, designated by long lines of black, was a eulogy upon the deceased, who was known to have fought so bravely. Then every blind of the Mather mansion was closed, and knots of crepe streamed from the door-knobs, and the villagers missed the roll of the carriage wheels which were wont to carry so much comfort and sunshine to the hearts of the poor soldiers; and the little airy, dancing creature, whose bright smile and rare beauty had done quite as good service as her generous gifts, lay in her darkest room, never weeping, never speaking, except to moan so piteously, "Oh, Will, my darling, my poor, poor husband!"

They could not comfort her, for she did not seem to hear, or at least to understand one word they said, and the soft, dark eyes had in them a wild, scared look, which troubled the watchers at her side, and made them tremble for her safety.

The knots of crepe were taken from the doors, and the blinds were opened at last, and the light of heaven lit up the dreary house; but there came no change to poor little Rose, whose white face grew so thin that Tom, when in September he came home to see her, would scarcely have known the little sister, of whose beauty he had been so proud. As if the sight of him in his uniform had brought back the horror of the past, she uttered a piercing shriek, and hid her face for a moment in her pillows; then, with a sudden movement lifted her head, and shading back her tangled curls from her pale forehead, she stretched her arms toward him and whispered:

"Take me, Tom; hold me as you used to do; let me be a little girl again in the old home in Boston, for Will, you know, is dead."

And Tom took her in his strong, brotherly arms, and laid her head against his breast, and caressed and smoothed her tumbled hair, and petted and loved her just as he did when she was a little child, with no shadow around her like that which enfolded her now. And then he spoke of Will, and the dark eyes fastened eagerly upon his as he told her how the very night before the battle, Will knelt down with him and prayed that whether he lived or died, all might be well with him.

"And Rose," he continued, "he bade me tell you, in case he were killed, that all was well; you must think of him as in heaven, not far, as some suppose, but near to you—with you,—he said, and you must meet him there. You must bear bravely what God chooses to send; not give up like this when there is so much to be done. Willing darling little sister, heed what poor Will said? Will she try to rally and be a brave woman?"

"Yes, Tom, I'll try," came gaspingly from the white lips, and Rose's voice was broken with sobs, as the first tears she had shed since she heard the fatal news ran in torrents down her face.

Tom only stayed a week, but he did them a world of good, and Annie felt she had never known one-half how noble a man he was until she saw how tender he was with Rose, and how kind to his mother, whose heart was aching to its very core for her youngest son. He had been removed from Salisbury to Andersonville when they last heard from him, and died, perhaps, by this time. Poor Jimmie! The year he had asked Tom to wait would be up before very long, but Tom would still keep faith with him. Annie was sacred to Jimmie's memory, and once, when talking with her of the captive, he alighted on what would probably be when Jimmie came home again. And Annie did not turn from him now, as she would once have done had such a thing been suggested.

"God only knows how I might feel," she said, and by the look in her blue eyes, and the tone of her voice, Tom knew there was no hope for him.

With many kisses and loving words of sympathy, he bade his sister goodbye when his leave had expired, and then in the hall stood a moment while his mother whispered something to him which made him start and turn pale, as he said:

"Poor Will, he would have been so glad."

Then, as if the news had brought Rose nearer to him, and made her more the object of his special care, he went back to her in a second time, and wound his arms about her lovingly, as he said, "Poor little wounded dove! God's promises are for the widow and fatherless, and He will care for you"; and Rose guessed to what he referred, but there was no answering joy upon her face, and her hands were pressed upon her heart as she watched him from the window, going from her just as Will had gone, and whispered to herself: "It would have been too much happiness if Will had lived; but now I cannot be glad."

CHAPTER XXVI.

With a howl of despair Mrs. Baker came rushing into the kitchen of the Mather mansion one morning in November, startling Annie with her hand a menace, as she thrust into her hand a soiled, half-worn envelope, which she said was from Bill, who had been missing since August, and who, it now appeared, was at Andersonville.

"Might better be dead," his mother said, and then she explained that the letter she brought Annie had come in one to herself received that morning.

To be Continued.

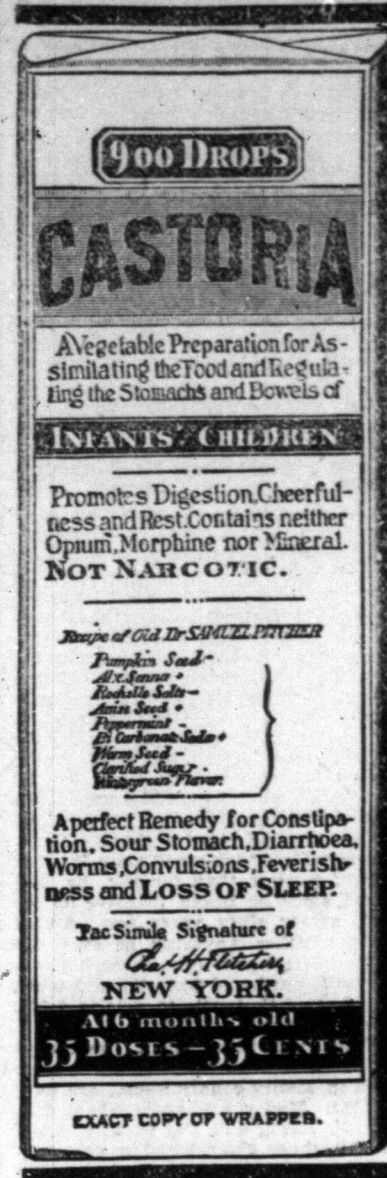
As far as comfort goes there isn't any difference between marrying for money without love and marrying for love without money.

The inner world is more my own, as it were than the outer. So intimate it is, so private. One might live altogether in it. It is one native country. The pity is, it is so dreary, so indeterminate.—Novels.

SEE
THAT THE
FAC-SIMILE
SIGNATURE
—OF—
Chas. H. Fletcher
IS ON THE
WRAPPER
OF EVERY
BOTTLE OF
CASTORIA

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

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.



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

Bow Park
BRAND
BACON
The only way is to
TRY IT

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

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

No other Medical Firm in the world has the established reputation for curing Men and Women that Drs. K. & K. enjoy. Their New Method Treatment, discovered and perfected by these Eminent Specialists, has brought joy, happiness and comfort to thousands of homes. With 20 years experience in the treatment of these diseases they can guarantee to Cure or No Pay—Eunuchs, Nervous Debility, Syphilis, Varicocele, Stricture, Gleet, Secret Discharge, Impotency, Sexual and Mental Weakness, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Their guarantees are backed by Bank Bonds.

MEN'S LIFE BLOOD

You may have a secret drain through the urine—that's the reason you feel tired out in the morning. You are not rested, your kidneys ache, you feel dependent and have no ambition, but it is a crime to allow it to remain in the system. Like father—like son. Beware of Mercury and Potash treatment. Drs. K. & K. positively cure the worst cases or No Pay.

BLOOD POISON

Syphilis is the scourge of mankind. It may not be a crime to have it, for it may be inherited, but it is a crime to allow it to remain in the system. Like father—like son. Beware of Mercury and Potash treatment. Drs. K. & K. positively cure the worst cases or No Pay.

VARICOCELE & STRICTURE

The New Method Treatment cures these diseases safely and surely. No pain—no suffering—no detention from business. Don't risk operation and ruin your sexual organs. The stricture tissue is absorbed and can never return. Drs. K. & K. guarantee Cures.

Kidneys & Bladder

Don't neglect your kidneys. Your aching back tells the tale. Don't let Doctors experiment on you. Drs. K. & K. can cure you if you are not beyond human aid. They guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

CURES GUARANTEED. NO CURE NO PAY. Consultation Free. Books sent Free, mailed. Write for Question Blank for Home Treatment. Everything Confidential.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, 148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

The Kent Mills Co., Limited

Have now completed the rebuilding of the Kent Mills at Chatham and Blenheim Mills with their new Bolting System and Dust Extractors leaving Flour so pure and even Blenheim that you will get two loaves of bread more to the barrel, and a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf than from Flour made by any other system.

Use the Kent Mills Flour and Stevens' Breakfast Food.

The Best is the Cheapest

Wanted at Kent Mills, Chatham, first class Wheat, Beans, Oats, Corn and Barley.

Now is the Time to Subscribe