

## Lame Back In the Morning.

There are many people who find it a difficult task getting up in the morning, on account of a terrible pain and soreness across the small of the back that makes rising a painful and disconcerting operation. Ever know what it was to have your back so bad that when you'd try to get out of bed you'd almost scream with the pain?

Can't do much of a day's work starting off with a back as bad as that—not fit for pleasure either. Well, all this backache and pain, this stiffness and soreness comes because the kidneys are clogged up, can't do their work properly, and your back has to suffer for it.

Just try a box or two of Dr. Fitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. What a change you'll find coming over you! You'll be able to spring from your bed in the morning as lively as a cricket, and feel refreshed and fit for your daily duties.

### TOUCHED THE SPOT.

Joseph Weeks, Beckwith Street, Smith's Falls, says: "My back was in a bad way. I was desperately lame, and there was a dull grinding pain over my kidneys. At times I had headaches, and often I was dizzy, particularly if I had been stooping. I tried first one thing, then another, but there was no permanent benefit till I began using Fitcher's Kidney Tablets. They got right to the spot and I found prompt relief. Nothing before ever did me as much good. I would suggest to anyone suffering in that way to try them."

Dr. Fitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are 50c. a box, at all druggists or by mail, Tan Lm. ZINA FITCHER CO., Toronto, Ont.

## BLOOD POISON

If you ever contracted any blood disease you are never safe unless the virus of poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes no serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore Throat, Ulcers on the Tongue or in the Mouth, Hair Falling Out, Aching Pains, Itchiness of the Skin, Sores or Blotches on the Body, Eyes Red and Smart, Dyspeptic Stomach, Sexual Weakness—indications of the second stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old fog treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time, only to break out again, when happy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our New Method Treatment is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds, that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our New Method Treatment for over twenty years. No experiment, no risk—just a "cure-up," but a positive cure. The worst cases collected. We treat: Nervous Debility, Sexual Weakness, Gleet, Blood Poison, Stricture, Varicocoe, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and all diseases peculiar to men and women.

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WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

## IONE:

### A BROKEN LOVE DREAM

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "A Broken Betrothal," "Parted by Fate," "Parted at the Altar," "Heiress of Cameron Hall," "Miss Middleton's Lover," Etc., Etc.

"We are going to hear an opera to-night," said Ione one day to the colonel; "will you come with Mrs. Carriscount and myself as our escort?"

"You will have a box filled with noisy chatterers the whole night," he said, laughingly.

"Not if you dislike it," she said, affectionately. "It is to be La Grande Duchesse, with a very famous prima donna in the title role."

"I have not heard it yet," returned Colonel Whitney, adding: "I cannot say that I have any great admiration for that school of music, but if you wish it, I will go Ione."

"It will increase my enjoyment a hundredfold," she said, gently, "if you go."

"How can I refuse when you say that?" cried the colonel, cheerily. "I will be on hand punctually."

In the theatre the colonel saw that Ione attracted more attention than any one else, even though the house was crowded; he saw opera-glasses turned constantly toward her beautiful face.

Ione noticed that the colonel did not evince any great interest in the opera.

"You do not care for La Grande Duchesse?" she said, suddenly.

"No—frankly, I do not," he replied.

"Tell me why?" said Ione.

"Can you ask me?" he returned in surprise; and then he added: "I should not have brought you to see this, I do not like it."

"Tell me why?" she said again.

"That which they are applauding lowers my idea of womanhood."

"You could not forgive the woman, let her be duchess or peasant, who could so deliberately set about to win a man's attention?"

She looked at him quickly. He continued:

"Beauty is very charming, I grant, as are grace and talent; but the chief charm to me is a woman's modesty, just as the great charm of a lily is in its whiteness. Do you not agree with me, Ione?"

"Yes," she replied, piteously, "most certainly I do; but you are so hard upon our sex, uncle. Suppose," she faltered, "that a young girl loves a gentleman ever so truly, and far as parts of them—and it was all her fault. If they meet again and he holds aloof, must she not put away her pride and recall him? Must her heart ache at being so near, and yet so far from him, and make no sign?"

"Any sign she might make would, most certainly, in my opinion, lessen her greatest charm," he said.

"But," she persisted, "do you not think that is rather hard? Why must a woman never evince a preference even for the man she loves? Must she break her heart in silence?"

"If he still cares for her, he will find a way to present himself here and again, and attempt to urge his suit."

"Do you really believe that, uncle?" she said, in a very low, faint voice.

"Certainly," he replied, with energy; "where there's a will there's a way. If he holds aloof from her, he does not love her—depend on that."

To the last, that night, the light shone in Ione's eyes—the scarlet lips were wreathed in smiles, but when she gained her own room, and the door was closed and firmly locked to keep out all intruders, even her maid, the haggard, terrible change that fell over the young face was terrible to see. The light, the youth, the beauty, seemed all to fade from it. It grew white, stricken as though the pain of death were upon her. She clasped her hands as one who had lost all hope.

"How am I to bear it?" she cried.

"What am I to do? My life will be a sad waste unless I can win back the love I once cast so lightly from me!"

She was of dauntless courage; she knew no fear; but she did tremble and quail before the future stretching out before her—the future that was to have no love and was to be spent without him. She must be like poor Elaine, then. She must die for want of one bold word! To try to recall her lover.

"If we meet again I will be as haughty and cold, as proudly indifferent, as he," she told herself. And very soon an opportunity occurred.

The colonel was attacked with his old enemy—the gout; and it so happened that an important matter came up for consideration at the iron works. It was decided that the young over-seer should go to the villa in person to learn the colonel's views and wishes.

Arthur Rochester's noble face paled. What! Go there and meet her! How could he do it? But he must not flinch. He must go where duty pointed.

He set out with a heavy heart. The footman recognized him, and he was shown at once into the library, where he found Colonel Whitney, who looked up with a smile when he saw who his visitor was.

The business matter was soon concluded, and the colonel pressed his young over-seer warmly to remain for luncheon, but Arthur declined, even though his heart yearned for just one more glimpse of the sweet girlish face that had been dearer than life to him.

"There are a few guests—girl

friends of Ione stopping a few weeks with us, and a party of young gentlemen have just driven up from the city. You will be a valuable acquisition to their number, Mr. Rochester."

Before Arthur could frame a reply there was the sound of voices in the corridor without. Evidently the whole party were coming to the library in search of the colonel.

The first voice he heard was that of his friend, Frank Lyons. Arthur started as though a sword had been placed at his breast. Lyons here! What could it mean?

It may as well be stated here and now that Ione's cut direct, on that day he had come to see her in her room, had not daunted him. He still persisted in coming to the villa, but he was always wise enough to bring two or three of Ione's acquaintances with him, in order to be sure of being received.

The door opened and Frank Lyons was the first on the threshold.

His amazement knew no bounds upon beholding Arthur Rochester there. He acknowledged the presentation stiffly, not as much as a look revealing he had had a previous knowledge of him. The young over-seer of the iron works was quite a different personage in Frank Lyons' eyes from the millionaire's son.

Then the colonel turned to Ione. She had attempted to turn about and fly, but fate was not propitious; the colonel was calling to her.

"Ione, my dear niece," he said, "this is Mr. Rochester, of whom you have heard me speak."

Arthur saw her start and turn suddenly pale. She recovered herself by a violent effort, and said, falteringly, as she held out her little white hand:

"Mr. Rochester and I have met before, uncle."

### CHAPTER XII.

For one brief second Arthur Rochester held that trembling white hand, then reluctantly dropped it.

The rest of the party were engaged in lively conversation with the colonel. No one was watching them.

"I did not know you were here, Mr. Rochester," she said, in a voice that indicated she would not have entered had she known it.

"Nor did I dream of seeing you, Miss Lawrence," he answered.

She walked to the window, and he followed her. "If my presence annoys you, I will leave at once," he said, "and never come here again."

And she could not help but detect the ring of eagerness in his voice.

"Why should you?" he returned, proudly. "It can make little difference to me whether you go or—stay."

He knew that he should have turned then and there and left her; but his mighty love was more powerful than his strength of will.

## THE BATTLES OF LIFE.

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What use has the world for men and women who have not courage enough to face the battles of life? Every day men are falling and women are growing discouraged and despondent because they lack the nerve force which absolutely necessary to health and strength, and which supplies energy and ambition to body and mind. It is not too much to attribute nine-tenths of the sufferings of humanity to wanting nerve power, the vital principle of life itself.

Is it any wonder that the heart's action grows weak and irregular, the digestion poor, the liver and kidneys sluggish and inactive, when the vital force stored up in the nerves is consumed or wasted by disease, worry or over-exertion of the mental and physical powers? We are living too far from nature's rule, burning the candle at both ends and wasting nerve force without thought of how it is to be replenished. The effects are carelessly overlooked until prostration, nervous collapse or insanity overcomes us and renders restoration next to impossible.

In his immense practice in the United States, the very home of nervous diseases, Dr. A. W. Chase studied the cause of the ailments which are slowly sapping millions of young men and women of the vital spark of life and energy. The result of his tireless investigation and experiment was the giving to the world of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the most marvellous nerve restorative that man has ever known.

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he stayed to luncheon, and, to his surprise, Ione gave him the place by her side. Now that fate, or fortune, had brought them together again—now that he was once more in her presence—the old glamour fell over him, the old love stirred in his heart.

The coldness melted from her manner. Ione was so kind and gracious to him that he grew bewildered.

When luncheon was over, and music began in the drawing-room, he found himself once more by her side, and his heart beat quickly.

She had taken him to a little table which was scattered over with choice engravings, and was showing them to him.

Suddenly he turned toward her. She saw that he had grown pale, and trembled.

"How good you are to me," he cried, "and yet how cruel. It would be more merciful a thousand times to drive me with cruel words from your presence. I am drinking poison."

"I have no wish to drive you away from me," she answered, and the proud face drooped and a burning flush came over it. Arthur was dazzled and bewildered.

"Shall I tell you the beautiful lines that have haunted me for the last hour?" he murmured.

She bowed her head, and he whispered:

"Every word finds an echo in my own heart:

"Had I met thee in thy beauty,  
When thy hand and heart were free;  
When no other claimed the duty  
Which thy soul might yield to me,  
Had I wooed thee, had I won thee,  
Oh! how blest had been my fate;  
But thy sweetness hath undone me,  
I have found thee—but too late!"

"Like the fawn that finds the fountain,  
With the arrow in his breast;  
Or the light upon the mountain,  
Where the snow must ever rest;  
I have known, but must forget thee,  
For I feel that I have lost thee."

"Why do you not remind me of my folly," he went on. "Remind me that our paths lie the whole world apart. Send me away from you again, this time with well-deserved coldness and rebuke and bitter words, for the reckless words will break from my lips. I love you as madly as ever; and ah, Heaven! how utterly in vain!"

But no rebuke came from the sweet, proud lips. No anger was in the beautiful eyes. He saw a warm, tremulous flush which rose even to the roots of her dark, curling hair. He saw a tender, wistful smile on her face, and his dismay increased.

"Send me away from you while I have the strength to go," he said, huskily. "Could any man keep sane while you smile so kindly? I love you more madly than ever. As I stand here I could worship you. The sunlight kisses your beautiful face—ah! happy light! The sweet wind through the open window caresses you, stirring the roses you wear—ah! happy wind! For one touch of your white hands I would die! It is worse than madness, this outpouring. Send me away while I have the strength to go!"

But no words came from her lips, which had grown strangely pale.

"You will never forgive me, Ione—Miss Lawrence. I—I cannot help it; I love you so well that, standing here, I swear to you that for one loving word from your lips I would die. Yes, I would die," he repeated, and his voice died away in a long, low sob.

But he gave no more, or was he dreaming? A little hand was laid on his, and a tremulous, faltering voice whispered:

"You need not die."

For one moment his brain reeled; then he turned abruptly.

"I will go at once," he said. "You will forgive me, you will pardon my folly. I will go and pray heaven to never bring me near you again, for I remember now those words you uttered once: 'I am sorry you love me, for my heart is given to another.' In the delirium of the moment I had forgotten that."

To be Continued.

## TELEGRAPH

Rev. Father Stanton, of Brockville, is dead.

Hard times prevail in Germany, and relief works for the unemployed are under consideration.

The body of an unknown man was found near Sault Ste Marie with a big wound in his neck.

East Kent Conservatives will meet at Ridgeway on Thursday, November 21, to select a candidate for the Legislature.

The Doherty Organ Works at Clinton were damaged by fire. Some 600 or 800 organs in course of construction were destroyed.

The four men who went adrift on the schooner Marine City, from Goderich, have been given up for lost. They all belonged to Kingston.

The Lotus Club, of New York, gave a dinner and reception in honor of Mr. Joseph H. Choate, United States Ambassador to Great Britain.

Alexander Skinner, of the Scots Railway Guard, died of wounds at Dudmory, near Freiburg, on Nov. 12. Mr. Skinner belonged to Lindsay.

Mayor Howland, of Toronto, will bring down a message to Council today favoring the abolition of the ward system in the election of aldermen and school trustees.

Capt. Brouards, an arctic explorer, reports that from the northern shores of Kotzebue Sound to the Arctic Ocean a distance of 300 miles, is one immense bed of bituminous coal.

## What is

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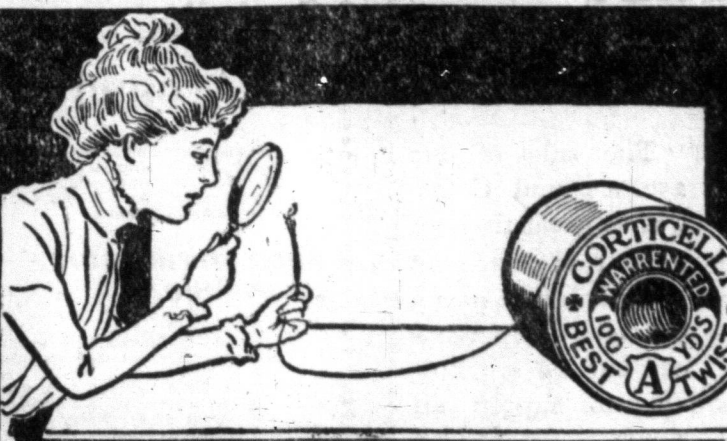
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