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John McConnell  
GOLDENSTAR

SATURDAY,  
JULY 14, 1900.

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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, 50. per can.  
Salmon, 10c. per can.  
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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.

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## LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

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

They made him a great general, too, though not so great as George Grant's had been; for Isaac was not the second, nor the third, nor the fourth soldier buried in Rockland's churchyard. But he was Isaac Simms,—"Little Ike,"—"Stub,"—whom everybody liked; and the fireman came out to like him, and the Rockland Guard, and the company of young lads who were beginning to drill, and the boys from the Academy, and Rose Mather was chief directress, and her carriage carried the widow, and the newly married, and herself up to the newly made grave, where they left the boy who once had saved wood for the little lady now paying him such honor.

The war was a great leveller of rank, bringing together in one common cause the high and the low, the rich and the poor, and in no one was this more strikingly seen than in the case of Rose Mather, who, utterly forgetful of the days when, as Rose Carleton, of Boston, she would scarcely have deigned to notice such as the Widow Simms, now, in the full flush of prosperity, so Susan did not need sympathy, but the widow did, and Rose got her up to the "Great House," as the widow called it, and ordered a most elaborate dinner, with shrimps and fish, and roasts and salads, prepared with oil, which turned the widow's stomach, and ice cream, chocolate, and Charlotte-russe, and nuts and fruit, and coffee served in cups the size of an acorn, the widow thought, as very red in the face and perspiring at every pore, she went through the dreadful dinner, which lasted nearly three hours, and left her, at its conclusion, "wet as water, and awingin' like rain," as she whispered to Annie, who took the tired woman for a few moments into her own room, and listened patiently to her comments upon the grand dinner, which had so nearly been the death of her.

Susan, on the contrary, enjoyed it. It was her first glimpse of life among the very wealthy, and while her mother-in-law was wondering "how Annie could stand such doin's every day, and especially that 'bominable soup, and still was salut'," Susan was thinking how she should like to live in just such style, and wondering if, when John came home with his wages all saved, she could not set up housekeeping somewhat on the Mather order. At least, she would have those little coffees after dinner; though Susan's doubts about John's willingness to sit quietly until the coffee was reached.

It was a long day to the widow, and the happiest part of it was the going home by the cemetery, where she stopped at Isaac's grave, and, bending over the turf, murmured her tender words of love and sorrow for the boy who slept beneath. There was a plan forming in the widow's mind, and it came out at last to Annie, who was visiting her one day.

The hospitals were full to overflowing, and the cry all along the lines was for more help to care for the sick and dying, and the widow was going as nurse, either in the hospital or in the field. She would prefer the latter, she said, "for only folks with pluck could stand it there."

And Annie encouraged her to go, and even talked of going, too, but the first suggestion of the plan brought such a storm of opposition from Rose, that for a little time longer Annie yielded, resolving, however, that ere long she would break away and take her place where she felt she could do more good than she was doing in Rockland.

### CHAPTER XXII.

Widow Simms was going to the army, and Jimmie Carleton, who was coming home for a few weeks, was to be her escort to Washington. During the summer Jimmie had been a good deal of hard service. He had taken part in several skirmishes and raids, in one of which he received a severe flesh wound in his arm, which, together with a sprained ankle, confined him for a time to the hospital, and finally procured for him a furlough of three or four weeks. Rose was delighted, and this time the Federal flag was actually floating from the cupola of the Mather mansion in honor of Jimmie's return; but there was no crowd at the depot to welcome him. The custom was worn out, and only the Mather carriage was waiting for Jimmie, whose right arm was in a sling, and whose face looked pale and thin from his recent confinement in hospital. Altogether he was very interesting in his character as a wounded soldier. Rose thought, as she made an impetuous rush at him, nearly strangling him with her vehement joy at having him home again. And Jimmie was very glad to see her—glad, too, to meet his mother—but his eyes kept constantly watching the door, and wandering down the hall, as if in quest of some one who did not come. During the weary days he had passed in the Georgetown hospital, Annie Graham's face had been constantly with him, and as he watched the tall, wiry figure of the nurse, who always wore a sunbonnet and had a pin between her teeth, he kept wishing that it was Annie, and even worked himself into a passion against his sister Rose, who, in one of her letters, had spoken of Annie's proposal to offer herself as a nurse, and her violent opposition to the plan.

"If Rose had minded her business,"

"If Rose had minded her business,"

"If Rose had minded her business,"

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A most successful remedy has been found for sexual weakness, such as impotency, varicocele, shrunken organs, nervous debility, lost manhood, night emissions, premature discharge and all other results of self-abuse or excesses. It cures any case of the difficulty, never fails to restore the organs to full 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 various ingredients to be used so that all men at a trifling expense can cure themselves. He sends the receipt free, and all the reader need 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.

ceeded in turning the conversation upon something besides her son's personal appearance. Annie was very sorry for him, and his sympathy expressed itself in the soft light of her blue eyes, which rested so kindly upon him, and in the low, gentle cadence of her voice when she addressed him, and her eager haste to bring him whatever she thought he wanted, and so save him the pain of walking.

Mrs. Carleton saw through the ruse at once. She had noticed no limp when Jimmie first came in, and she readily suspected why it was put on. But it was not for her to expose her son. From a lady who had spent a few days at the Mather House, and who once lived near Hartford, Mrs. Carleton had learned that the Dr. Howard, who had died of cholera in '49, was highly respected as a gentleman and a practicing physician, and this had helped to reconcile her in a great measure to whatever might result from her son's evident liking for Annie Graham, nee Annie Howard, and as she more than half suspected, the heroine of Jimmie's boyhood.

How very beautiful Jimmie thought Annie was, after he had time to recover himself and look at her closely. She was in better health, and certainly in better spirits than when he saw her last. Her cheeks were ruddy, her eyes were brighter, and her hair more luxuriant, and worn more in accordance with the prevailing style. This was Rose's doing, as was also the increased length of Annie's dress, which swept the floor with so long a trail that the Widow Simms had made it the subject of sundry invidious remarks.

"Needn't tell her that a widder could wear such long switchin' gowns, and think just as much of the grave by the gate. She knew better, and Miss Graham was beginning to get peddlesky. She could see through a mill-stone."

This was Mrs. Simms's opinion of the long gored dress which Jimmie noticed at once, admiring the graceful, symmetrical appearance it gave to Annie's figure, just as he admired the softening effect which the white collar and cuffs had upon Annie's dress. When he was home before, everything about her was black of the deepest dye; but now the somberness of her attire was relieved somewhat, and Jimmie liked the change. He could look at her with contented eyes, and he felt that the grave by the churchyard gate, where she slept the man whose widow she was, she did not seem like a widow, she was so young; only twenty-one, as Jimmie knew from Rose, who, delighted with the friendly meeting between her brother and Annie, was again building castles of what might be. Could Rose have had her choice in the matter, she would have selected Tom for Annie. He was older, staidier, while his letters seemed very much like Annie's. Tom had found the Saviour of Annie. Isaac Simms once talked so earnestly in the prison house at Richmond. He was better than Jimmie, Rose reasoned, and more likely to suit Annie. Still, if it were to be otherwise, she was satisfied, and in a quiet way she aided and abetted Jimmie in all his plans to be frequently alone with Annie. It was Annie who rode with him when Mrs. Carleton was indisposed, and Rose did not care to go—Annie who read to him the books which Rose pronounced too stupid for anything—Annie who brought his case, and Annie who finally attended to his wounded arm. The physician did not come one day; Mrs. Carleton was sick; and Rose positively could not touch it, and so Annie timidly offered her services, and Jimmie knew from actual experience how his pulse throbbing and the blood tingling in every vein as she dressed his wound so carefully, asking anxiously if she hurt him very badly. He would have suffered martyrdom sooner than lose the opportunity of feeling those soft fingers upon his flesh, and so it came about that Annie was his surgeon, and ministered daily to the wound, which healed far too rapidly to suit the young man, who began to shrink from a return to the life he had found so irksome.

Tom had written twice for him to come as soon as possible, and now only one day more remained of the month he was to spend at home. The Widow Simms was ready to go with him; Susan had gone to her mother, and had been on a continual oversight from Mrs. Baker and an occasional oversight from both Rose and Annie. The box which Isaac had hidden in the barn, waiting for the bundle which should celebrate our nation's victory, had been brought from its hiding-place, and baptized with the first and only tears the widow had shed since she went back to her humble home and left him in the graveyard. Sacred to her was that box, and she put it with her best table and chairs, bidding Annie Graham see that no harm befell it, and saying to her, "In case I never come back, and peace is declared, burn the box for Isaac's sake, right there on the grass-plot which he dreamed about in Richmond."

And Annie promised all, as she packed the widow's trunk, putting in many little dainties which Rose Mather had supplied, and which were destined for the soldiers whom the widow was to nurse. She had been all day with Mrs. Simms, and Rose had been back and forth with her packages, curtailing her calls because of Jimmie, with whom she would spend as much time as possible.

Jimmie was not in a very social mood that day; the house was very lonely without Annie, and the young man did nothing but walk from one window to another, looking always in the direction of Widow Simms's, and scarcely heeding at all what either his mother or sister was saying to him. When it began to grow dark, and he heard Rose speak of sending the carriage for Annie, as she had promised to do, he said: "I ought to see Mrs. Simms myself to-night, and know if everything is in readiness for to-morrow. I will go for Mrs. Graham, and Rose—don't, order the carriage—there is a fine moon, and she—that is—I would rather walk." Jimmie spoke hurriedly, and something in his manner betrayed to Rose the reason why he preferred to walk.

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"Oh, Jimmie!" she exclaimed, "I'm so glad; tell her so for me. I thought at first you did not like each other, and everything was going wrong. I am so glad, though I had picked her out for Tom. I must know he fancied her, and then he is a widower. It would be most suitable."

Rose meant nothing disparaging to Jimmie's suit. She did think Tom, with his thirty-two years, better suited to Annie, who had been a wife, than twenty-four. But love never consults the suitability of a thing, and Jimmie was desperately in love by this time. It was not possible for one of his temperament to live a whole month with Annie as he had lived and not be in love with her. Her graceful beauty, brightened by the luxuries of dress and improved health, and the thousand little attentions she paid him just because he was a soldier, had finished the work begun when he was home before, and he could not go back without hearing from her own lips whether there was any hope for "Stub," the scamp, the scapegrace, the rebel, as he had been called by turns. What Rose said of Tom brought a shadow to his face, and as he walked rapidly toward Widow Simms's, not limping now, or scarcely touching his cane to the ground, he thought of Tom—old Tom, he called him, wondering how much he had been interested in Annie Graham, and asking himself if it were just the thing for him to take advantage of Tom's absence, and supplant him in the affection of one who was so bright, perhaps, have won had he an opportunity.

"But Tom has had his day," Jimmie thought, "He can't expect another wife as nice as Mary was, and it is only fair for me to try my luck. I never loved any one before."

Jimmie stopped suddenly here, stopped in his soliloquy and his walk, and, looking up into the starry sky, thought of the boy at New London, and the hills beyond, and the hotel on the beach, and the white-robed little figure, with the blue ribbons in the golden hair, and the soft light in the violet eyes, which used to watch for his coming, and look so bright and yet so modest withal when he came. Louise her aunt had called her, and he had designated her as La or Lulu, just as the fancy took him.

"I did not love her," Jimmie thought, "Yes, I loved her as well as a boy of seventeen is capable of loving, and I deceived her shamefully. I wonder where she is? She must be twenty or more by this time, and a woman much like Annie. If I could find her, who knows that I might not like her best?" And for a moment Jimmie revolved the propriety of leaving Annie to Tom, while he sought for his first love of the Pequot House.

But Annie Graham had made too strong an impression upon him to be given up for a former love, who might be dead for aught he knew, and so Tom was cast overboard, and Jimmie resumed his walk in the direction of Widow Simms's cottage.

The widow's trunks were all packed and ready; everything was done in the cottage which Annie could do, and with a tired flush on her cheek, a tumbled lock about her hair, and a rent in the black dress, made by a nail on one of the boxes, Annie was waiting for the carriage, and half wishing, as she looked out into the bright moonlight, that she was going to walk home instead of riding. The fresh air would do her good, she thought, just as Jimmie appeared at the door. He had come to see if there was anything he could do for Mrs. Simms, he said, and to escort her to her home.

Annie's cheeks were very red as she went for her shawl, and then bade good-bye to Mrs. Simms, whom she did not expect to see on the morrow. As soon as they were outside the gate, Jimmie and Tom shawl close round her neck, and, taking her arm in his, said to her: "The night is very fine, and warm, too, for the first of November. You won't mind taking the longest route home, I am sure, as it is the last time of my ever walking with you, and here is something I must tell you before I go back to danger and possible death."

He had turned into a long, grassy lane, or newly opened street, where there were but few houses yet, and Annie knew the route would at least be a mile out of the way, but she could not resist the man who held her so closely to his side. She must hear what he had to say, and with an upward glance at the clear blue sky, where she fancied George was looking down upon her, she nervously herself to listen.

"Annie," he began, "I've called you Mrs. Graham heretofore, but for to-night you must be Annie, even if you give me no right to call you by that name again. Annie, I have been a scamp, a wretch, a rebel, and almost everything bad. I deceived a young girl years ago when I was a boy. Rose told you something about it once. Her name was Louise—Lulu I called her, and I made her think I loved her."

To be Continued.

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