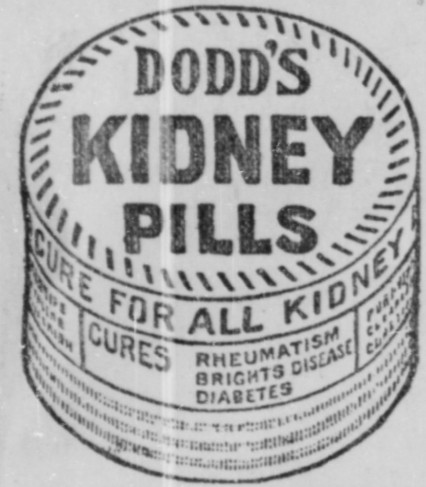


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A lot of odd lines in men's, misses' and boys' BOOTS and SHOES that I bought right for cash. The prices will surprise you when you come in and see them.

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Try the TEA we sell. Special attention was given to its selection. The same care is exercised in buying all other lines.



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Marmalade.

We have just received a new kind of ORANGE MARMALADE, put up in glass pots, which we are now offering at the low rate of

2 Pots for 25 cents

Also just opened a case of Pine-apple Marmalade which is of very fine flavor. The Pineapple and Ginger Marmalade has also given excellent satisfaction.

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BEER & GOFF
GROCERS

THE BROTHER OF JIM.

By WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON

The lines of stars pursuing each other fascinated him. His old regiment was somewhere in the action.

There was forgetfulness down there, and, for him, back on the hill, only the torture of memory. The long battle might end in that fierce conflict. He counted himself as a dead man. Why not have it over at once? He could wrench a gun from stiffened fingers and help himself to a cartridge box without asking. An irrepressible impulse impelled him to plunge into that fiery vortex as a moth flies into a lighted candle. He ran down the hill through the pasture. Nobody noticed the passing of a shadow into the darkness. The men in the battery were too intent on the vast display of pyrotechnics.

By 9 o'clock the roar of musketry had slackened to an occasional volley which was prolonged by a few scattering shots, a little flurry of stars, a spark here, a flash there, until silence and darkness settled on the valley.

Some time in the night Henry Price came back up the hill in the mood of a man on whom a night has been put. In his heart he envied the dead and dying lying between the pickets in the dark valley. Because he had come out unscathed he knew that there was another day of the battle before him. In his highly wrought condition he was unable to rest. Others slept as if nothing had happened. Even the patient horses dozed in swaying lines against the film of smoke that overhung the charred timbers of the house and started in their dreams to breathe heavily, creaking a saddle here and rattling a head-stall there.

Henry Price was neither glad nor sorry to see the rosy light of morning. Perhaps even then he saw only the red gloom of the sunken road as he stretched his stiffened limbs and muttered: "It was my work. I did it."

His physical strength sustained him wonderfully in the rough work of the day that followed, during which the stubborn lines were forced back from ridge to ridge until the third evening found the whole army in orderly retreat. Through it all Henry had kept his post at the muzzle of the gun. He showed no sign of weariness. He seemed dazed rather than tired. After two sleepless nights and two such eventful days it may reasonably be doubted if he was capable of subdividing the time that had passed since the dawn of his horrible self conviction in the glare of the burning farm buildings.

He had lost nothing of the presentiment that he was fighting his last battle, and when the battery made its final stand in the afterglow of the sunset, before leaving the field that was already lost, he sponged and rammed in a mechanical way and sprang outside the wheel like a well drilled automaton.

The hour was upon him. Every inch of his body was numb with the expectation of a blow. His scalp and his extremities were cold. He was a doomed man set against a wall, awaiting the sure volley, only the file of riflemen was not yet told off and there remained to him the merciful relief of activity.

When his quick eye caught the drizzle of gray figures running and dodging through the hollows of the next field, multiplying among the scrubby cedars and swarming behind the stone wall, he recognized his grim executioners. He heard the cries for double canister, and laughed as he drove the two tin cylinders into the black throat of the



When a man who has neglected his health finally realizes that he is being attacked by serious illness it is no time for half-way measures. Death is an enemy that must be knocked out in the first round, or he is pretty sure to conquer in the end.

A weak stomach, an impaired digestion and a disordered liver mean that a man is fighting the first round with death. Unless he manages to strike the knock-out blow, it means that death will come up in the second round in the guise of some serious malady. When a man's stomach is weak and his digestion is impaired, the life-giving elements of the food he takes are not assimilated into the blood. The blood gets thin and weak, and the body slowly starves. In the meantime the disordered liver and the sluggish bowels have forced into the blood all manner of impurities. The body is hungry and eagerly consumes anything that the bloodstream carries to it. In place of healthy nutriment, it receives for food foul poisons that should have been excreted by the bowels. Continued, this system of starvation combined with poisoning, will wreck every organ in the body. Naturally, the weakest organ will give way first. If a man is naturally nervous, he will break down with nervous exhaustion or prostration. If he inherits weak lungs, the bronchitis sequence will be consumption, bronchitis, asthma, or some other sluggish liver, he will suffer from a serious bilious or malarial attack. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all disorders of the stomach, digestion and liver. It purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food that build new and healthy tissue. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. Thousands have testified to their recovery from this dread disease under this great medicine.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

the wheels, and some puffs of dust leaped up from the ground as the gray men sprang over the wall.

He stood there at his post in the white smoke as the old guns thundered by half battery and swept the field with alternate volleys of iron balls. As the torn and baffled regiment fell back the cannoneers leaped on the wheels with yells of defiance—all except Henry Price. His plight was not noticed at first in the wild excitement followed by the sweep of galloping limbers, but in replacing the equipments he was found on the ground, grasping the rammer staff in his blackened hands.

"I expected it," he gasped, and as he released the staff he clutched at his wet and soiled shirt front. "It hurts me so breathe. Don't touch me—I'm done for!"

There was no surgeon at hand, but in spite of his remonstrances he was lifted on to a limber chest and supported there by a comrade as the victorious battery left the field. He was resigned to his fate. He had no desire to live. It was the vengeance of God demanded by that skeleton hand extended from the shallow grave by the roadside. One memorable night had intervened between the night of his conviction and the night of his expiation. Was there a mysterious fatality about the number three?

He spoke in broken sentences, for the road was rough and the heavy gun carriage, drawn by six powerful horses, rumbled relentlessly over the stones, only swerving once with the column to avoid the blue forms which suddenly appeared in great numbers lying amazingly still on the hillside.

It was dusk when the battery floundered through the run above the wreck of the old stone bridge, and the wounded man on the limber was tossed like a leaf as the heavy wheels ground over ammunition chests and boxes of bread which had been shaken from the wagon trains in the hurried retreat.

The companion who had supported Henry thus far managed to keep him upright on the folds of the big canvas that cushioned the limber chest, but the jolting was too much for him. At a sign from the sergeant deaf Spence, who was huge and good natured, dismounted, and having placed Price in the saddle walked like a great, faithful dog at his side.

"It's no use, Spence, lugging a dead man along with the march," said Henry. "For God's sake, lay me in the fence corner there and leave me to my fate." He stretched out his open hand as he spoke toward the place that he coveted on a bank by the roadside.

"I'll bet ye do," said Spence, clawing a piece of navy plug from the bottom of his pocket. "Take a big chaw, Henry. I knowed ye wanted it."

Henry waved the proffered tobacco away with disgust, and despairing of making himself understood by the deaf man rested his eyes resignedly on the long line of drivers swaying and tossing in front, until their bobbing heads were lost in the dust and gloom of the advance. He noticed languidly the parallel battery sharing the road with his own and the shadowy lines of infantry marching rapidly in the fields at either side, with a soothing, rhythmical clatter of loose equipments, their bayonets catching an occasional glint of moonlight. He was swept along in the irresistible swirl of the current, for the sky itself seemed to be retreating with the defeated army. The scurrying clouds, flying before the light wind, were chasing each other in ragged, desirive battalions above the hurrying columns, as if they were racing with the jaded men or fleeing in affright from the ghastly scenes on the great battlefield.

He felt no pain from his wound, but a great weariness came over him.

As they passed over the brow of a hill he saw a dark mass of figures in the neighboring field, intermingling like objects in a swirling eddy, crowded to one side by the strong flowing current. Then he saw the dark lines of teams streaking the slope beyond and knew that the shadowy men were planting guns to cover the retreat.

The big deaf man was lumbering heavily at his side with one hand on the horse's bridle. The drivers were swaying in their saddles and nodding strangely over the creaking collars. A bowing cap came in contact with the neck of a horse and fell off into the road. The drowsy heat, the rumble of the carriages and the tramp of many feet had their effect on the wounded man, who was no longer conscious of the stifling dust or of the rank smell of the damp fields mingled with the salty odor of the galled teams. He was not disturbed by the occasional halts, when the men slid down to the ground and slept with their heads on the saddles, or by the extra scrambling and clatter of hoofs when a general and staff with headquarters flags and cavalry escort hurried by to the front.

It may be that he was dreaming of Jim and that his vision had brought him to the death scene, when he lurched and would have fallen but for the strong arm of Spence, which put him back into the saddle and remained with a precautionary curve around his back.

The deaf man muttered an oath at his own drowsiness. He had been munching hard bread at the moment to keep himself awake. When the column halted, they were close to a little stream where the road dipped between two hills. The smell of the water reminded

Spence that he was thirsty, and he led the horse up the bed of the rivulet until they were out of the crowd, with the intention of taking a drink. Instead of doing so, he sat down on the ground and was overcome in a twinkling by the demon of sleep he had been fighting so long. The horse put down his head and drank through his gurgling bits and then betook himself to cropping the grass which grew conveniently at a level with his shoulder.

In good time Henry Price, unsupported, toppled over on the side toward the bank, but with the instinct of a soldier who had slept in the saddle before he clasped the horse about the neck and let himself easily to the ground. To breathe out his life undisturbed was the one boon he had craved from his deaf keeper, who now muttered in his sleep more oblivious than ever. It was not so painful to be shot or so dreadful to die as he had believed, and with this grateful thought which he half shaped into a prayer of thanksgiving Henry Price lapsed into unconsciousness.

The drowsy columns moved on, lurching and dozing through the close August night, trampling the dust of the road with blistered feet and beating parallel paths in the fields. As the hours passed the flying clouds thickened into a blackness that obscured the moon, and then came the warm rain to make the march and the steaming clothing of the soldiers heavier than ever.

(To be Continued)

Screamed ...
WITH... **Agony**

From the Terrible Itching, Burning

Tortures of ...

Eczema on the Scalp

Some of the cures effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment are more like miracles than anything else. The case recorded here was one of the worst ever brought to the attention of Toronto's best physicians, and when doctors gave up all hope of recovery Dr. Chase's Ointment was successful in producing a perfect cure.

Mr. James Scott, 136 Wright Ave., Toronto, states: "My boy Tom, aged ten, was for nearly three years afflicted with a bad form of Eczema of the scalp, which was very unsightly and resisted all kinds of remedies and doctor's treatment. His head was in a terrible state. We had to keep him from school, and at times his head would bleed, and the child would scream with agony. For two and a half years we battled with it in vain, but at last found a cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment. About five boxes were used. The original sores dried up, leaving the skin in its normal condition. To say it is a pleasure to testify to the wonderful merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment is putting it very mildly."

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