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No cough can stay after being treated with it. It simply soothes it out of existence. There is nothing harsh or imperative about



It heals the sore parts, tones up the irritated air passages and strengthens the bronchial tubes—thus stopping the sources of the cough.

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The One Who Cooks

knows there is one sure way to reach a man's heart, and that is by always having a nicely spread table. To do this you must have choice groceries, canned goods and provisions.

We Can Help You There;

We have the best of everything in that line. What we want is your trade; can we have it?

JOHN MCKENNA.
Queen Street.

RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

(Continued.)

This resolution was as swift as thought. One quick, low whistle, a swift, firm gesture of his hand, a keen, eager look upon his face, which the intelligent eyes that watched it seemed to understand—then Royden stood alone; and the greyhound—literally now "fleet as the wind"—sped across the field, and up the embankment. The impulse of the child, as the animal darted up to him, was to fly in the opposite direction, and this saved him; for in one instant he had fallen down the steep embankment on the opposite side of the line to that upon which Lachne had sprung. To have seen the mighty, panting engine bearing down upon him would have paralyzed the child in every limb; to see the hound rushing toward him gave him just the terror which urged flight, and he had fallen before the train rolled past.

Royden's eyes were strong and fearless, and had looked on death close and bravely more than once; but there glistened something womanish on their lashes when he stood upon the line after the train had passed, and saw something scattered there, which bore no likeness now to the greyhound which for years had kept as faithfully beside his master as he had kept that day.

Royden murmured no words of praise or pity as he stood looking down upon these ghastly fragments; and, keenly as he mourned his favorite, there rose no bitter query in his mind, "Had the life of a neglected child been worth this sacrifice?" There are some minds in which such questions never can have birth.

Royden turned away with one deep quiet sigh, stilling the memories of old days through which this dog had been his only companion, a faithful and a constant one, always watchful and always true. His care was wanting now for the child whom Lachne's death had saved. So, struggling bravely with his thoughts, while his heart was heavy, Royden lifted the unconscious child, a boy of five or six years old, and saw a deep cut across his low, brown forehead, and one lock of fair hair lying upon it, stained with blood. Tenderly—almost as if the strong arms had been used to such a task—Royden carried him to where, about a hundred yards away, a cottage stood alone under a giant poplar. As he approached it, he saw that a woman was standing shrinkingly against the wall, peering at him with a kind of vacant terror as he advanced.

"Can you," asked Royden, wondering at the expression on the woman's handsome, care-lined face, "direct me to the home of this child? He has had a fall, and I want to leave him with his mother."

The woman raised both hands and touched the child very gently, but she did not move her eyes from Royden's face—so full of grave and quiet kindness then.

"Your child?" he asked, pitifully, as he watched her. "I am very glad;



STITCH! STITCH! STITCH!

The woman who bends her back over a sewing machine for many hours each day needs to be strong and healthy in every way, or she is courting death. When her work comes hard, and makes her nervous, fretful and despondent, and she has "stitches in the side," pains in the back or abdomen, and headaches, she may be certain that something is radically wrong.

A local doctor, with a limited field of observation and experience, will probably say that the fault is in the stomach, liver or heart. Generally he is wrong. The fault is probably in the delicate and important organs that really constitute womanhood. They are weak or diseased. If such is the case, only a doctor of known reputation and wide experience should be consulted. A letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., will secure the free advice of probably the most eminent specialist in these diseases in the world. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been used with success by tens of thousands of invalid women. Over 100,000 have acknowledged its merits over their signatures. It promptly cures all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. All medicine dealers.

"I have been a great sufferer from female diseases," writes Mrs. C. C. Clark, of New Rome, Floyd Co., Ga. "I was confined to my bed three years, and not able to sit in my chair but very little. I got one of your pamphlets and read it and sent and got three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took the medicine and received so much benefit from those three bottles that I was induced to take more. I therefore sent and got nine bottles. I took them and they completely cured me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and constipation. One a dose. They never gripe.

and, if this is your home, let us go in now."

"I saw," she said, still without moving, "but I could not stir. I could not run. I could not even pray. I saw him sitting there, and the engine coming—coming—close upon him. Then I saw him—saved. This scratch"—laying her finger softly on the cut—"is nothing to me, because, in that one awful moment, I saw him—dead!"

"Come," said Royden, gently, but not offering now to give the child to her; "we want warm water to bathe his face."

It was he, though, who led the way into the cottage, and when the mother had followed him in, she only fell on her knees beside the little cotton-covered couch on which Royden had tenderly laid down the child.

"I saw it," she cried again, laying a soft brown hand upon the boy's cut forehead, as if to hide the stains she would not yet remove. "I saw death rushing to seize my child, and then I saw him—saved."

Gently Royden touched her on the shoulder, and told her what few words would have required to be told. "It is not want of love," he whispered to himself. "Poor thing—poor mother! Will solitude work this, or has it been a shock?"

For a whole hour he waited with the mother and her child—her only one, that fact was plain to him without a word; her only one, and she a widow. Then he rose to go, for the little boy was sleeping calmly, with a soft bandage round his head, and the mother's wide and puzzled eyes had found the blessed relief of tears.

"There are one or two things that I want to borrow of you," said Royden, then, "and a few feet of your waste ground."

She understood in a moment, and through the next hour's bitter work she helped him almost as efficiently, and quite as silently, as a man could have done.

"Such sights as these would make most women shrink and faint," thought Royden, "but not this woman. Can her dim eyes have looked on such a sight before?"

"Thank you for all your help," he said, aloud, "and for that quiet spot you chose for my dog's grave. I will come again some day to see the little lad. He will soon be all right, and I fancy he will never again push his way through difficulties and obstacles up to the railway line."

"Never again," the woman returned, in her dreamy way, her undrooping, vacant eyes still fixed upon Royden as he stood in the low cottage kitchen. "I have not thanked you yet," she faltered; "I—cannot."

"Your thanks are due elsewhere," said Royden, gently, "not to me."

A few minutes more he lingered, hardly liking even yet to leave her in her sorrow and loneliness; and then—for the first time since he had seen the child's unconscious figure sitting against the evening light, while he heard the panting engine close upon it—there rushed back into his mind the motive of this search of his.

"I have been to-night," he said, "to that cottage beyond the Abbotsmoor woods, where Territ, the miner, used to live. He had a daughter, I believe. Do you happen to remember them at all?"

"No, no."

The woman's answer came clear and quick, and her eyes grew startled in their unwonted gaze.

"Do you not? I am particularly anxious to meet with some trace of this girl—girl, I say, but I am thinking of what she must have been ten years ago. She is a woman of thirty now, I should think."

No answer, and Royden went on, his gaze a little more intent, his thoughts awaking to suspicion.

"You do not happen, you say, to have heard where she lives now, or even her name?"

"No, no."

"Can you tell whether the Christian name of any of your neighbors is Margaret? It would help me if you could tell me even so little as that."

Her startled gaze deepened a little, her lips shook even as she compressed them firmly, her hands were locked before her as if the tension gave her strength to stand.

"I have no neighbors."

"Thank you; then it is useless to ask you more," Royden said this very quietly, but a shrewd ear would have detected the undertone. "Good-bye," he added, and his eyes were kind in their gaze, and hid the thoughts that lay below.

The woman stood quite still for a few minutes after he had left, and then she turned with a shiver to the fire, murmuring the name to herself again and again.

"Margaret Territ! Margaret Territ! What could he want with her—with Margaret? She died—many years ago—ten years ago—quite suddenly she died, on the day of that trial. He was guilty of murder, they said. Ah, that

was the double murder: no wonder she died—poor Margaret."

The simple, dreamy smile with which she had been looking down upon her sleeping child gave place to one which swiftly as it sped, looked pitifully out of character upon the worn face—a smile of caution which amounted to cunning.

"He saved my child—I remember that—but he shouldn't have spoken of Margaret."

On the strip of carpet on the hearth, with her chin in her palm and her eyes upon the fire, the woman sat for more than an hour, buried so deeply in thought, that when at last the child awoke, and roused her with its sudden cry, she sprang to her feet with a shriek of fear, and gazed in horror round the cottage walls.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the day of the Abbotsmoor picnic, and Phoebe Owen, with a care-encumbered expression of countenance, added the finishing touches to her elaborate toilet.

"I don't know how it is," she fretted, looking at herself in the glass as she put on her tall hat, with its pink roses and blue feathers, "but whatever way I do my hair I always look the same. I learned this new way from Theodora, and it doesn't make me look any better—does it, Honor?"

(To be continued.)

A WRONG IDEA OF... DYSPEPSIA

Throws all the Blame on the Stomach—The Real Seat of Trouble is the Intestines—The Permanent Cure is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

It is an old idea long since exploded that digestion is confined to the stomach. No modern scientist denies that by far the greater part of digestion and the more difficult part takes place in the intestines. This explains why dyspepsia is never really cured by preparations which merely aid stomach digestion and act only on the stomach.

This fact also explains why Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have been so remarkably successful as a cure for the worst forms of dyspepsia and indigestion.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly on the kidneys, liver and bowels, and give new tone and vigor to the intestines, and make them able to perform their work of digesting the substances on which the stomach has no effect.

Such a treatment may do well enough for slight indigestion, but if you have chronic indigestion or dyspepsia of a serious nature you can not get the experience of scores of thousands who have been permanently cured by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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30 cent pound tin.

This coffee is prepared with a knowledge of what most people require viz—good strength and pronounced flavour.

There has been incorporated with it a small proportion of chicory which adds to its strength, and is positively a healthy drink in itself. In every case will be found a handsome piece of Bohemian decorated glassware.

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Those Biscuits are made from the whole Wheat Berry without the use of Yeast, Soda, Baking Powder or any other fermentation, and are one of the best and most nutritious foods made anywhere. They are especially recommended for children, and people suffering from poor digestion or stomach trouble. A fresh lot just received at

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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.

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