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THE BEST is always limited. Dodd's Kidney Pills, sold only in boxes like this, are widely limited, because they are the best kidney cure. Take none but

D-O-D-D'S

NOT SELLING BUT GIVING AWAY CHEAP.....



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.

These goods, I got them at a bargain, that is the straight tip.

**THOMAS McQUAID,**  
Lower Queen St.  
Boot & Shoe Store.

ADVICE ABOUT Spice.

When ordering a package Pepper, Ginger, Allspice, Cinamon or Cream of Tartar from your grocer you can always feel sure of securing the best quality by asking for : : :

Mott's

KELLY'S & CO'S.

GROCERIES

Are always to be depended on....

Only the best kept in stock. Our customers are satisfied customers. If you want to be satisfied with your groceries deal with us.

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



COME AND BE SATISFIED  
**JAMES KELLY & CO**  
Queen St., near London House Corner.  
wed & v ky

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 Pineapple Marmalade which is of very fine flavor. The Pineapple and Ginger Marmalade has also given excellent satisfaction.

Those are all new goods and you should try them if you want something nice and tasty.

**BEER & GOFF**  
GROCERS

THE BROTHER OF JIM.

By WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

(Copyright, 1899, by the Author.)

The roar of nearby battle and the hissing of flying missiles overhead rendered the voices of the men indistinct and mercifully swallowed up some uncalled for oaths and ribald jests. Suddenly the darkness in the sunken road was softened and illumined by a red reflection from burning stacks and farm buildings on the invisible field.

The groups of men under the shelving banks, the long artillery train and the trees overhead took on the lurid hue of a dragon's grotto in a play, while the bank which shut off the view of the fire was lighted by a more than noonday brilliance against the fierce conflagration. The brightest light streamed across the very apex of the hill through which the road had been cut. The jagged stone wall was nearly leveled with the earth. Not a tree or bush broke the lighted expanse, in the very midst of which appeared the silhouetted figure of a man with head bent forward and hands clasped. His broken cap strap trembled below his chin, and his haversack, crowned by an inverted tin cup, was hitched up into an absurd hump on his back. At the man's feet, a bare earthen mound rose against the line of the broken wall, and something that looked from below like a crooked root growing out of the side of the mound seemed to grasp the red light of the flaming stacks. Around the dark figure the minie balls and fragments of shell wailed like a jerky harp.

"There ain't no flies on Henry," mumbled a wheel driver through a mouthful of hard tack.

"Come down from there, Price," cried the captain, who had walked back on the road, attracted by the light.

There was not the slightest movement in the bent figure.

"Price!" roared the captain. Henry Price sank slowly to his knees and pressed his face to the red twisted root. The action of the man crouching

under the glare into the dim light of the cut, followed by a drift of pebbles and dirt.

Henry Price scrambled to his feet without resenting the action of the sergeant or so much as noticing the presence of the captain. He took off his old cap and drew his hand across his damp forehead. His words were not addressed to the crowd about him, but rather to his own guilty conscience.

"It's my work. I did it."

"Did what, Henry?" asked the captain, laying his hand kindly on Price's shoulder.

The stricken man appreciated the friendliness of the action and recognized the presence of his commanding officer. He was eager to speak.

"It's my brother up there. I killed him. I've been waiting a year to find out for certain. I did it." Price threw up his arms with a gesture of despair. The light streamed down on to his ghastly upturned face and marked it with the color of blood.

In an instant he recovered himself. "Listen, captain!" he exclaimed eagerly. "It was this way: He was in the southern army, Jim was. My regiment formed in this cut in the other battle. We were ordered up to the top of this very bank. As I came to the top—right there, captain—a soldier rushed in above me. Our guns went off together. That soldier was Jim. I saw his face as he fell. My God, I can never forget his look, captain. I was near enough to catch him in my arms, but my foot slipped, and I fell back into the road. I was mad to climb up again, but the rebs charged with a yell through the cut and swept us out. I hoped it was only a wound, but now I know the truth, Captain Sanderson—I did it." Poor Price was an abject picture of misery as he uttered the final three words, standing dry eyed in the red road. "You see," he continued, pointing upward, "Jim lay just there where he fell, until the burial party found him—and they didn't half do their work. Look, captain, that's his skeleton hand thrust out of his grave—Jim's hand, with the gray sleeve beaten into the dirt by the rain."

"My dear fellow," said the captain, "there is no certainty that it is your brother."

"Don't I know?" said Price, with a hopeless expression of conviction. "Jim lost his forefinger fooling with a gun when we were boys together. The very same finger is gone from that hand up there."

"I killed my brother!"

Price resented almost angrily the sort of sympathy that tried to throw doubt upon the identity of the remains. Several of the men who climbed up under the shelter of the bank to where they could get a near view of the mound in the fierce light of the conflagration reported the exact condition of the skeleton hand. The index finger was certainly wanting, and a rag of gray sleeve, beaten down and rotted by the rain, lay about the opening in the soil.

The only consolation that remained to the stricken and contrite brother was the sad duty of reburial and the erection of some object to mark the place. But for the restraint put upon him Price would have gone instantly about this work regardless of the scathing fire that swept the strangely lighted and exposed mound on the crest of the hill. He unhooked a shovel from one of the caissons and leaned impatiently on it awaiting his opportunity, but the final desperate struggle in the light of the burning buildings necessitated the hasty withdrawal of the battery from its cramped and defenseless position, and when quiet settled at last over the field Henry Price was separated from the sunken road by two lines of pickets, and morning found the battery a long distance from Groveton crossroads.

Soon after dawn Price presented himself before the captain at the roadside. His face was haggard and his appearance indicated that he had passed a sleepless night. He was received with all the respect and sympathy due to the brother of Jim.

"This is my last battle," he said. "I have had a warning. There's Jim back on the hill, half buried, and I shan't live to reach him. Promise me one thing, captain—after the fighting is over have him decently buried."

"Don't be silly," said the captain. "Promise me, sir," said Price.

"If we hold the ground," said the captain, "I'll have everything done that you wish; but pluck up heart, my man. You'll live to grow gray hairs yet."

"My hours are numbered," said Price. "I am resigned to my fate now that I have your promise that you will look after Jim."

The captain was a kind hearted man, and the despondency of Jim's brother touched him. "Go back to the forge," he said, "and stop there. We'll cheat fate of its victim."

"That's not my style!" exclaimed Price, and he turned away from the interview with the indignation of a man whose courage had been impugned.

Before another night every extra duty man had taken a number at the guns. In the ragged garden of a burning house Henry Price stepped eagerly into a vacant place alongside a hot gun and put out his left hand to have the buckskin things of the blackened thumbstall knotted about his wrist.

"I reckon my time has come," he said, looking across at the man with the lanyard and glancing down at the boy whose place he had taken. "It might better have been me than Dick."

There was little time for talk in the midst of the fierce work that ensued in the neglected garden until the opposing battery was silent. When the firing did cease, the sooty cannoners threw themselves down on the trampled weeds, except Henry Price, who walked about on the blackened and smoking turf before the muzzle of the gun, every movement of his nervous figure uttering the dumb accusation, "I did it." Every comrade knew that he was in the desperate mood which impels men eagerly to court death in some forlorn hope.

Henry Price was impatient of inaction and incapable of rest. When the battery blazed away again, puncturing the dun smoke with red flashes, and the return shells plowed the old garden between the hot guns, the tense excitement and the hard work filled him with grim satisfaction. When the man in front of him fell, he caught the grimy sponge and wielded it fiercely, glad to be uncovered, as if he had come that much nearer his fate. Once he fell himself as he sprang backward to give the gun an opportunity to bark, but it was only a tangle of trampled rosebushes that caught his heel instead of a message of forgiveness.

In front of the tangled garden the fields sloped away for a mile into a broad valley, made up of pasture and grainfield and fenceless roads, away to the dark woods beyond the red railroad embankment. In the early darkness of that wild night Henry Price was half mad to shoulder a musket and get down into the line of his old regiment somewhere in the thunder of rifles that rolled over the valley.

(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.

Stomach treatment may do well enough for slight indigestion, but if you have chronic indigestion or dyspepsia of a serious nature you can profit by the experience of scores of thousands who have been permanently cured by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, age a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Ball & Co., Toronto.

**Hammocks,**

**Hammocks**

**Hammocks**

Prices Right

**HASZARD & MOORE**

SUNNYSIDE

The Nicest Freshet

.....AND.....

**BEST GROCERIES**

Groceries that will tempt the appetite.

Groceries that do not take all your money to buy.

Groceries that everyone in the house will like.

Buy and try. Come in and see us.

**Driscoll & Hornsby**

QUEEN STREET

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QUEEN STREET

What is

**CASTORIA**

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

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Dr. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."  
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May 27—Sat & Mon 1mo—