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The Slater Shoe, OAKWOOD This week Rev. Mr. W... into the McKinnon ho... from to his dwelling... east of the village. Mr... ear is taking possess... double dwelling formerly... these gentlemen. Mr. Angus Sampbell... sible horse last Satur... which was rather lo... itself and broke one of... animal had to be shot... Many from here attom... McCornie's funeral on... from his late res... Black, concession. Corn-harvesting is b... used in this action at... name of the "blower"... in the land.

AN OTTAWA MASON AGAIN AT WORK

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets completely cured him of a serious attack of Kidney Trouble and Backache.



Inhalation of dust, heavy lifts, and exposure to chilling winds—these are some of the things which make masons generally subject to attacks of kidney trouble and backache. Mr. Wm. St. George, whose home is 411 Cumberland Street, Ottawa, Ont., is a stonemason by trade, and was so unfortunate as to become a victim of kidney complaint. The history of his case is given as follows, in a recent letter: "Dear Dr. Pitcher:—Permit me to write and thank you for your Backache Kidney Tablets which have done me so much good. I suffered for two long years from weak back and kidney trouble. Last year I was completely used up so that I lost all courage, and had no hope of recovering. No one could do anything for me. "During the first week of April last, I met with a friend of mine and he advised me to take your Kidney Tablets. I thought I would try one box, and after I had finished this I felt so much better that I continued the Tablets until I had used in all six boxes. Every box I took made me feel better and stronger till now I am perfectly cured. "I am now as strong and healthy as ever I was in my life and can attend to my work, which is very heavy, as I am a stonemason. I feel confident from the benefit I received that anyone suffering from lame back or kidney trouble will be disappointed if they take your Tablets. Yours truly, Wm. St. George."

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are the most effectual remedy known to science for promptly relieving and permanently curing backache, lame or weak back, swelling of the feet and legs, scalding or irritation of the urine, sediment, brick dust deposits, neuralgia, rheumatism, specks floating before the eyes, pain in the head, torpid liver, kidney troubles of all people, bed-wetting of children, and all forms of kidney, bladder and urinary diseases. Price 50c a bottle or 3 for \$1.50 at all druggists or by mail. The Dr. Pitcher Co., Toronto.

Deutenant, rather weakly, out smiling with the audacity and gallantry of his race as he spied the girl. "Who would stay below with divinity on the deck? The thought of the presence of this lady above him would lift a crusader from his tombstone. "Allow me to present you in due form to Mistress Howard, Mr. O'Neill," said the captain, somewhat severely, evidently very desirous of observing the proprieties now. "Sir," said the young girl, looking gratefully at the Irishman out of her violet eyes, "I have to thank you for a most gallant rescue, made doubtly hard by my perversity and foolish apprehension, which this gentleman," bowing to the flattered captain, "has most kindly removed. "It was a pleasure to serve you, madam. May I continue to enjoy it? We would sink another ship for such another chance," said the Irishman lightly. "Now, I propose to give up one of my cabins to Mistress Howard and her maid," said the captain; "and I presume that she will need to rest after the exciting incidents of the day and supper is served. If you are able, Mr. O'Neill, I should like to have you join us there, with Mistress Howard's permission, of course, since the ship is hers." He smiled toward her, and when he smiled he was irresistible. "I am honored, sir," replied the girl graciously. "And I thank you, Captain. I shall be delighted," continued the young lady, laying her hand in his own as he led her aft to the cabin door in the break of the poop. Before she entered she turned and swept toward the young lieutenant. O'Neill from that moment was no longer a captive—he was a slave. "Gentlemen, good afternoon," she said, comprehending them in one brilliant look, and smiling again. It was enough; that glance had given O'Neill any number of rivals. (Continued Next Week)

see grinned largely at this exhibition, and the captain, with a deep flush and a black frown on his face, struggled to release himself. "Silence, woman!" he cried fiercely at last. "Get up from your knees or, by heaven, I will have you thrown overboard, and you, madam, for what do you take me?" "Are you not a— a pirate, sir?" she answered, hesitating. "They told me on the ship that you—" "No pirate am I," interrupted the man proudly, laying his hand on his sword. "I am an officer and, with these gentlemen, am in the service of the United States of America, the new republic. This is the American Continental ship Ranger. You are as safe with us as you would be in your own parlor at home—safer, in fact. There you would be surrounded by servants; here are men who would die to prevent harm coming to you. Is it not so, gentlemen?" A deep chorus of "aye, ayes" rang through the air. The captain continued with sudden heat: "Fore God, madam, I don't understand how you could insult me with an offer of money!" "Oh, sir," said the girl, visibly relieved, "they told me that you were a pirate and would murder us all. Are you not?" "Captain John Paul Jones, at your service, madam," interrupted the little officer, with another bow, thrusting his hand in his bosom. "Yes," said the young woman; "they said it would be you. Why, every news letter in the land describes you as—"

"Pirate, madam; say it. You have not hesitated to speak the word heretofore. A rebel—a traitor—a pirate," he said, throwing up his head proudly. "Tis a penalty which one pays for fighting for freedom; but you, at least, shall be able to speak unequivocally as to our character, for I pledge you my word you shall take no harm from me, though I doubt not my young gentlemen here will be raked fore and aft by the batteries of your bright eyes. Now, will you vouchsafe me your name and some of your story, that I may know with whom I have to do?" "My name is Howard, sir—Elizabeth Howard," replied the girl, brightening as her fears diminished. "I am the ward of Admiral Lord Westbrooke, the governor of Scarborough castle. I have no father or mother. "Another claim upon our consideration, ma'am." "Sir, I thank you. I was going to visit friends in Liverpool when that unfortunate ship there was wrecked. Oh, what will become of me now?" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears again. "Liverpool lies in our way, Mistress Howard, and 'twill give me great pleasure to land you upon some convenient point on the coast in a few days if the wind hold and no mischance arise; and now may I present my officers to you, since we are to be fellow passengers all?" Upon receiving the desired permission from the grateful girl, in whose pale cheek the color began to come again, the captain, who was a great stickler for etiquette, brought forward the little group of officers and introduced them one by one. There was much bowing and courtesying on the quarter deck, which even the seamen seemed to enjoy. "This is all, I believe," said the captain, having stopped with the smallest midshipman, who announced himself in his boyish treble, in comical imitation of his elders, as "vastly honored, madam." "The gentleman who brought me here?" questioned the girl, blushing faintly. "I trust he is not seriously injured?" "Ah," replied Jones, "my first lieutenant, Mr. Barry O'Neill, a volunteer with us and an officer in the service of his most Christian majesty, my friend, the king of France." On the ship O'Neill had elected to sink his marquisate. "He is not much hurt, Mistress Howard, only battered about a bit and pulled down by the nervous shock and efforts he underwent—why, here he is now! Did I not warn you, sir, to stay below?" said the doctor, shaking his finger, as O'Neill, pale and languid, with his head bound up, came slowly up the companion way. "Oh, I am all right, doctor," said the

darkly at her suspicion. "I—no matter, I came to save you," he said as he stepped toward her to assist her to make the leap. "Please do not touch me," she answered disdainfully; "I am no fainting fool. Give me the rope. What is it you wish me to do?" "Pass it around your waist. Allow me. Now stand there, madam, and when I say the word jump." "Very well," she said, stepping upon the rail resignedly, where perforce he was compelled to hold her to keep her from falling. How glorious and splendid she looked, he thought, with her unbound hair floating like golden sunlight in the wind against the background of the gray day, while her sea blue eyes looked boldly over the black water from her proud, white, handsome face. "Now!" he said as the boat rose toward them. Without a moment's hesitation she leaped into the air, and after a swift passage through the water she was hauled into the boat by the rough but kindly hands of the old sailor. Making the end of the rope fast around his own waist, O'Neill, watching his opportunity, sprang after, but he seemed fated for misfortune that day, for a bit of timber torn that moment from the wreck struck him on the head just as he touched the water, and it was a fainting, senseless man Price hauled into the boat. The old seaman laid his officer down in the stern sheets, where the young girl was sitting with her maid crouching at her feet. Necessarily he lay in a constrained position; there was nothing to support his head but a boat stretcher. She gazed upon his pallid face with its disfiguring wounds. He was a murderous pirate, no doubt, and deserved it all; still he had saved her life. The Maidstone was breaking up. He was so handsome, too, and he looked like a gentleman. She was a woman, well—then the womanly instincts of the girl asserted themselves, and she finally moved her position and lifted the head of the unconscious sailor to her knee. Taking a handkerchief from her neck, she dipped it in the salt water and bathed his head and then poured between his lips a few drops from the flask of rum which Price handed her after the old man had insisted that she take a draft of the fiery liquid herself. Under these pleasant ministrations O'Neill opened his eyes for a moment, gazed up into her face with a smiling glance, and closing his eyes immediately, lest she should release him, he lay quite still while the men pulled away toward the Ranger, and in that manner they reached her side. His heart was beating wildly; that look had been enough. She was his prisoner—but her captor was captured!

CHAPTER III. A GENTLE PIRATE. EAGER eyes on the ship had noted the every movement of the whaleboat as she drew near the Ranger. Old Price saw that a whip and a boatswain's chair had been rigged on the main yardarm to swing his passengers on board. The sight of the dangling rope awakened a fresh fit of apprehension on the part of the timorous maid, and it was with great difficulty that the amused seaman persuaded her that she was not to be hanged outright. Entirely unconvinced, but resigning herself to her fate, she finally sat down on the small board and was swung to the gangway. The mistress gently laid the head of the prostrate officer against one of the thwart, and, leaving the handkerchief as a rest for it, followed the maid. Then the old coxswain secured the lieutenant to the chair, and when he had reached the deck, where he opened his eyes and recovered consciousness with incredible promptness, the boat was dropped astern, the falls hooked on and she was smartly run up to her place at the davits, and the Ranger filled away. O'Neill was at once assisted below to his cabin, and his wounds, which were not serious, were attended to by the surgeon. When the young woman joined her maid on the deck her glance comprehended a curious picture. In front of her, hat in hand, bowing low before her, stood a small, dapper, swarthy, black avised, black haired man, in the blue uniform of a naval officer. He had the face of a scholar and a student, with the bold, brilliant black eyes of a fighter. Surrounding him were other officers and several young boys similarly dressed. Scattered about in various parts of the ship, as their occupation or station permitted, were a number of rude, fierce, desperate looking men, nondescript in apparel. None of the navies of the world at that date, except in rare instances, unformed its men. On either side of the deck black guns protruded through the ports, and here and there a marine, carrying a musket and equipped in uniform of white and green, stood or paced a solitary watch. "I bid you welcome to my ship, madam. So fair a face on a war vessel is as grateful a sight as the sun after a squall," said the officer, elaborately bowing. "Sir," said the young woman, trembling slightly, "I am a person of some consideration at home. My guardian will cheerfully pay you any ransom if you spare me. I am a woman and alone. I beg you, sir, to use me kindly." She clasped her hands in beseeching entreaty, her beautiful eyes filling with tears. At this signal the fears of the maid broke out afresh, and she plumped down on her knees and grasped the captain around the legs, bawling vociferously and adding a touch of comedy to the scene: "Oh, sir, for the love of heaven, sir, don't make us walk the plank!" It would seem that the maid had been reading romances. The seamen near enough to hear and

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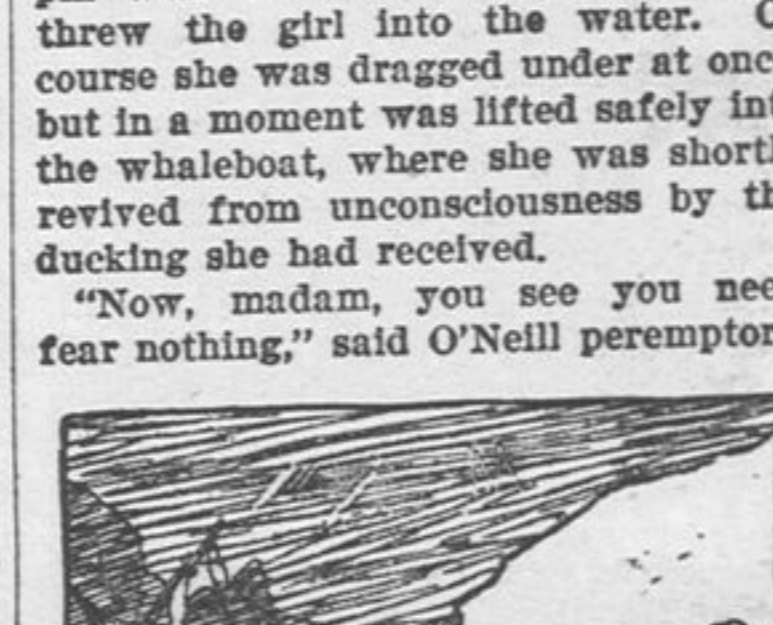
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE



Complete Cure for Bone Spavin. Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburg Falls, N.Y. Such endorsements as the above are a guarantee of merit. Price \$1; six for \$5. As a liniment for family use it has no equal. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure. Also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., ENOSBURG FALLS, N.Y.

Signing to the coxswain, old Price, the boat, which had been riding to a long rope from the ship, was skillfully brought alongside again as near as was safe. One end of a long piece of loose gear was thrown over to the boat, where it was made fast. A bight of the rope properly stoppered to prevent undue constriction was passed around the waist of the maid, at which all her terrors were resumed. "Oh, for God's sake, for the love of heaven, as you have a mother or wife, do not hang us here! If we must die, let us drown on the ship like good Christian people. Oh, please, good Mr. Pirate!"

But O'Neill was in no mood to pay attention to such trifling, and he summarily fastened the bight around her waist, and, lifting her upon the rail, bade her jump. She clung to him with the tenacity of despair, crying and shrieking in the most frantic manner, until finally her overwrought nerves gave way and she fainted. That was just what he wanted. Singing out to old Price to haul in on the line, and having taken a turn around a belaying pin with his end of it, he promptly threw the girl into the water. Of course she was dragged under at once, but in a moment was lifted safely into the whaleboat, where she was shortly revived from unconsciousness by the ducking she had received. "Now, madam, you see you need fear nothing," said O'Neill peremptorily.



The womanly instincts of the girl asserted themselves. "I trust I shall not be compelled to throw you in too?" "Not at all, sir," she replied, trembling violently, but striving to preserve her self control; "I presume you reserve me for a worse fate." The young lieutenant started violently at the insult, and his face clouded.

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FOR DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, PAIN IN THE STOMACH, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS. ITS EFFECTS ARE MARVELLOUS. IT ACTS LIKE A CHARM. RELIEF ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS. Pleasant, Rapid, Reliable, Effective. EVERY HOUSE SHOULD HAVE IT. PRICE, 25c.

THE GRIP OF HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Author of "The Southerner," "In the Wasp's Nest," etc. Copyright, 1900, by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS (Continued From Page Three)

"Helm's-a-lee, hard-a-lee!" cried O'Neill at this moment. "Rise tacks and sheets!" roared the captain. The ship shot up into the wind, straightened herself as its pressure was removed from the sails, lost headway, the jibs swinging and tugging in the gale as she began to swing to starboard away from the reef on the starboard side. She worked around slowly until the wind began to come in over the starboard bow.

"Haul taut!" shouted the watching captain. "Mainsail haul!" The great yards, with their vast expanse of slating, roaring, thrashing canvas, whirled rapidly around as the nimble crew ran aft with the sheets and braces. The Ranger fell off quickly and drifted down toward the needle, the aftersails aback. "Board that main tack there! Man the head braces! Jump, men, lively! Let go and haul!"

There was a frightful moment. Would she make it? She stopped. Ah, thank God, they gathered way again, slowly, then faster. "Right the helm; meet her—so. Steady! Get that main tack down now! Haul on to it, all of you, away away! Get a pull on the lee braces, Mr. O'Neill, and haul the bowlines. Ah, that's well done!"

They were rushing through it again. The white water and the breakers were left behind. A sigh of relief broke from the reckless men, and even the iron captain seemed satisfied with his achievement as he walked aft to the quarter deck. "Get a good offing, Mr. O'Neill," said the captain, "and then heave to. First send the hands aloft to take in the topgallant sails, and then you may get a boat ready. We must see if there are any poor creatures left on that ship yonder."

"Very good, sir," replied the lieutenant, giving the necessary orders, when presently the ship, easier under the reduced canvas, was hove to in the beating sea. "Shall I take the weather whaleboat, sir?" "Yes," returned the captain. "I think you had better try to board under her lee if it be possible to do anything among that wreckage. I doubt if there be anybody left alive on her, but we can't afford to risk the possibility, especially in the case of that woman whom you found so beautiful," he added, with a smile.

CHAPTER II. THE CAPTOR CAPTURED.

It was a long, hard pull, and only the great skill of the officer prevented their capsizing before the whaleboat finally drew near the Maidstone. The ship had hit the reef hard at flood tide, and the waves had driven her farther on. Every mast and spar was gone, wrenched away by the storm and the waves. It was manifestly impossible to approach upon the weather side without staving the boat, so O'Neill cautiously rounded the stern of the wreck and briefly considered the situation.

He did not dare bring the boat near enough to enable him to leap upon the deck through some of the great gaping openings in the sides made by the tremendous battering of the massive spars, and he finally concluded that the only practicable access to the Maidstone was by means of some of the gearing trailing over the side and swiveling about, snakelike, in the water. Entrusting the tiller of the whaleboat to old Price, the veteran gunner, he directed the boat toward the wreck.

A Cough

"I have made a most thorough trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and am prepared to say that for all diseases of the lungs it never disappoints." J. Early Finley, Ironton, O. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral won't cure rheumatism; we never said it would. It won't cure dyspepsia; we never claimed it. But it will cure coughs and colds of all kinds. We first said this sixty years ago; we've been saying it ever since.

Three sizes: 25c, enough for an ordinary cold; 50c, just right for bronchitis, whooping cough, hard colds, etc.; \$1, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.