

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS; OR THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

CHAPTER XXX. CONTINUED.

Wallace took the scroll, and read as follows:—"Our trusty fellows will bring you this, and deliver copies of the same to the rest. As we shall be with you in four-and-twenty hours after it arrives, you need not return us an answer. The army of our liege lord is now in the Lothians, and passes through those cheatead counties, under the appellation of succors for the Regent, from the Orkney Isles. Keep all safe; and neither himself nor any of his adherents shall have a hand on their shoulders by this day week."

Neither superscription, name, nor date was on this letter; but Wallace knew the handwriting to be that of Lord March. "Then we must have traitors even within these walls!" exclaimed Mar. "None but the most powerful chiefs would the proud Cospatrick admit into his conspiracy; and what are we to do?"

"No," cried Wallace; "thanks be to God, and this guardian angel, clasp Helen's hand, 'we are not to be intimidated by treachery. Let us be faithful to ourselves, my veteran friend, and all will yet go well. It matters not who the other traitors are; they will soon discover themselves, and we will be prepared to counteract their machinations. Sound your bugles, my lord, to summon the heads of our council."

At this command, Helen arose; but, replacing her in her chair, Wallace exclaimed, "Stay, Lady Helen; let the sight of such virgin delicacy, braving the terrors of the night to warn betrayed Scotland, nerve every heart with redoubled courage to breast this insidious foe!"

The lords Bothwell, Lochawe, and Badenoch were the first that obeyed the call. They started at sight of Helen; but Wallace related the cause of her appearance, and the portentous letter was laid before them. All were acquainted with the handwriting of Lord March, and all agreed in attributing to its real motive his late solicitude to obtain the command of the Lothians.

"What!" cried Bothwell, "but to open his castle-gates to the enemy?" "And to repel him, before he reaches ours, my brave chiefs," replied Wallace, "I have summoned you! Edward will not make this attempt without tremendous powers. He knows what he risks—his men, his life, and his honour. We must therefore expect a stand adequate to his danger. Lose not then, a moment even to-night, this instant, go out, and bring in your followers. I will call up mine from the banks of the Clyde, and be ready to meet him ere he crosses the Carron."

While he gave these orders, other nobles thronged in; and Helen, being thanked by them all, became so agitated, that, stretching out her hand to Wallace, who was nearest to her, she whispered, "Take me hence." He read in her face the oppression her modesty sustained in such a scene; and with faltering steps, she leaned upon his arm as he conducted her to an interior chamber. Overcome by her former fears, and the emotions of the last hour, she sunk into a chair and burst into tears. Wallace stood over her. As he looked on her, he thought, "If aught on earth ever resembled the beloved of my soul, it is Helen Mar!"

All the tenderness which memory gave to his wife, and all the complacency with which he regarded Helen, beamed at once from his eyes. She raised her head—she felt that look—it thrilled to her soul. For a moment every former thought seemed lost in the one preception that he then gazed on her as he had never looked on any woman since his Marion. Was she then beloved?

The impression was evanescent. "No, no!" said she to herself; and, waving her hand gently to him, with her head bent down, "Forgive me; but I am exhausted; my frame is weaker than my mind." She spoke this at intervals; and Wallace, respectfully touching the hand she extended, pressed it to his breast. "I obey you, dear Lady Helen; and when next we meet, it will be, I hope, to dispel every fear in that gentle bosom." She bowed her head without looking up; and Wallace left the room.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TRACHEARY OF LORDS ATHOL AND BUCHAN—THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK. Before the sun rose, every brave Scot, within a few hours' march of Stirling, was on the Carse; and Lord Andrew Murray, with his Clydesdale men, was resting on his arms, in view of the city walls. The messengers of Wallace hastened with the speed of the winds, east and west; and the noon of the day saw him at the head of thirty thousand men, determined to fight or die for their country.

When the conspiring lords appeared on the Carse, and Mar communicated to them the lately discovered treason, they so well affected surprise at the contents of the scroll, that Wallace might not have suspected their connection with it, had not Lord Athol declared it altogether a forgery, and then added, with bitterness, "to gather an army on such authority is ridiculous." While he spoke, Wallace regarded him with a look which pierced him to the centre; and, the blood rushing into his guilty heart, for once in his life he trembled before the eye of man. "Whoever he the degenerate Scot to whom this writing is addressed," said Wallace, "his baseness shall not betray us farther. The troops of Scotland are ready to meet the enemy; and we to the man who that day darts his sword to the heavens, 'I will not stir an inch this day towards the enemy, unless a Cummin or a Stewart lead our army!'"

Badenoch's eye followed that of Wallace; and his suspicions fixed where the Regent's fell. For the honour of his blood, he forebore to accuse the earl; but, for the same reason, he determined to watch his proceedings. However, the hypocrisy of Athol baffled even the

penetration of his brother; and, on his retiring from the ground to call forth his men for the expedition, in an affected chafe, he complained to Badenoch of the stigma cast upon their house by the Regent's implied charge. "But," said he, "he shall see the honour of Cummin emblazoned in blood on the sands of the Forth! His towering pride leads not where he strikes; and this comes of raising men of low estate to rule over princes!"

"His birth is noble if not royal," replied Badenoch; "and before this, the posterity of kings have not disdained to recover their liberty by the sword of a brave subject." "True," answered Athol, "but is it customary for princes to allow that subject to sit on their throne? It is nonsense to talk of Wallace having refused a coronation. He laughs at the name; but see you not that he openly asserts the supremacy of a despotic power, his nobles of the land like a despotic power, his nobles, is sufficient. Go here, go there—as if he were absolute, and there was no voice in Scotland but his own! Look at the brave Maek Callanmore, the lord of the west of Scotland, from sea to sea; he stands unbowed before this mighty Wallace, with a more abject homage than ever he paid to the house of Alexander. Can you behold this? The royal blood of your descent flows in your veins? Does not every look of your wife, the sister of a king, and your own right, stamped upon your soul, reproach you? He is greater by your strength. Humble him, my brother; be proud to Scotland; but humble its proud dictator!"

Lord Badenoch replied, with the tranquillity belonging to his nature: "I see not the least foundation for any of your charges against Sir William Wallace; and he has delivered Scotland; and the nation with people are grateful. The nation with one voice made him their Regent; and he fulfills the duties of his office, but with a modesty, Lord Athol, which I must affirm I never saw equalled. I dissent from you in all that you have said, and I confess, I did fear the blustering arguments of the faithless Cospatrick had persuaded you to embrace his pernicious treason. You deny it; that is well. Prove your innocence at this juncture in the field, against Scotland's enemies; and John of Badenoch will then see no imputing cloud to darken the honour of the name of Cummin!"

The brothers separated; and Athol, calling his cousin Buchan, arranged a new device, to counteract the vigilance of the Regent. One of their means was to baffle his measures, by stimulating the less treasonable, but yet discontented chieftains, to thwart him in every motion. While Athol marshalled his rebellious ranks—some to follow his broad treason in the face of day, and others to lurk behind, and from the rapidity of their march, must be on the Carron the same evening. On this intelligence, Wallace put his troops to their speed; and, before the sun had declined far towards the west, he was within view of Falkirk. But just as he had crossed the Carron, and the Southern banners appeared in sight, Lord Athol, at the head of his Stewart colleagues, rode up to him; and Badenoch, doing the same, exclaimed, "Brother's disorder, called after him to keep his line. Regardless of all check, the obstinate chief galloped on, and extending his bold accolpices across the path of the Regent, demanded of him, on the penalty of his life, that moment to relinquish his pretensions to the vanguard."

"I am not come here," replied Wallace indignantly, "to betray my country! I know you, Lord Athol; and your conduct, and mine, will, this day prove who is most worthy the confidence of Scotland." "This day," cried Athol, "shall see you lay down the power you have usurped." "It shall see me maintain it to your confusion," replied Wallace; "and were you not surrounded by Scots of too tried a worth for me to suspect their being influenced by your rebellious example, would this moment make you feel the arm of justice." But the foe is in sight; do you not see now, sir earl; and, for the sake of the house to which you belong, even this intemperate conduct shall be forgotten." At this instant, Sir John Graham, hastening forward, exclaimed, "The Southern are bearing down upon us!" Athol glanced at their distant host, and, turning on Wallace with a sarcastic smile, "My actions," cried he, "shall indeed decide the day!" and striking his spurs furiously into his horse, he rejoined Lord Badenoch's legion.

Edward did indeed advance in terrible array. Above a hundred thousand men swelled his ranks; and with these were united all from the Lothians and Teviotdale whom the influence of March and Soules could bring into the field. With this host, and a determination to conquer or to die, the Southern marched rapidly forward.

Wallace had drawn himself up on the ascent of the hill of Falkirk, and planted his archers on a covering eminence, flanked by the legions of Badenoch, Lord Athol, who knew the integrity of his brother, and who cared not how he removed an adversary from Edward, and a censor from himself, had given orders to his emissaries; and, the moment when the trumpet of Wallace sounded the charge, and the arrows from the hill darkened the air, Badenoch was stretched through the back to the heart. Athol, the instant he perceived for the purpose, had placed himself near the perpetrator, and, wounding him in the same vital part, exclaimed, holding up his dagger, "Behold the weapon that has slain the assassin hired by Sir William Wallace! Thus it is that his ambition would rob Scotland of her native princes. Let us fly from his steel to the shield of a king and a hero."

The men had seen their leader fall; they doubted not the words of his brother; and with a shout exclaiming, "Whither you lead we follow!" they at once turned towards him. "Seize the traitor's artillery!" At this command, they mounted the hill; and the archers,

little expecting an assault from their countrymen, were either instantly cut down or hurried away prisoners by Athol and Buchan, who now, at the head of the whole division of the Cummins, galloped towards the Southern, and with loud cries of "Long live King Edward!" threw themselves at once into their arms. The squadrons which followed Stewart, not knowing but they might be hurried into similar desertions, hesitated in the charge; and, undecisive, some obeying in broken ranks, and others lingering, the enemy advanced briskly up, surrounded the division, and slew its leader. His faithful Brandanes, seeing their commander trampled to the earth, fell into confusion, and the whole division sank under the shock of the Southern. Meanwhile Bothwell and his legions were engaged with the Earl of Lincoln, and equal peril engulfed them both. The firm battalion of the vanguard alone remained unbroken, and stood before the pressing thousands of Edward without receding a step. The archers being lost by the treachery of the Cummins, all hope lay on the strength of the spear and sword; and Wallace, standing immovable rank after rank of his infantry, as fast as they fell, their comrades rushed over them, and still presented the same impenetrable front. The King of England, indignant at this pause in his onset, accompanied by his natural brother, Frere de Briangy, and a squadron of resolute knights, charged full against the Scottish pikemen. Wallace, descried the jewelled crest of Edward, and rushing forward, hand to hand engaged the king. Edward knew his adversary, not so much by his snowy white plume, as by the prowess of his arm. Twice did the claymore of Wallace strike fire from the helmet of the monarch; but at the third stroke, the glittering diadem fell in shivers to the ground, and the royal blood of Edward followed the blow. He reeled; and another stroke would have settled the freedom of Scotland for ever, had not the arm of Frere de Briangy passed between Wallace and the king. The combat thickened. A hundred weapons seemed directed against the breast of the Regent, when, raising his sword with a determined stroke, it cleft the visor and crest of de Briangy, who fell lifeless. The cry that issued from the Southern troops at this sight, again nerved Edward; and ordering his reserve to advance, he renewed the attack. Wallace assailed Wallace with fury, and will reach him yet!" he said, and turning to de Valence, he commanded that the new artillery should be called into action. A general blast of all the trumpets in the Southern army blew; the war-wolves sent forth showers of red-hot stones into the midst of the Scottish battalions; and the reserve, charging round the hill, attacked them in flank, and accomplished what the fiery torrent had begun. The field was heaped with dead, but no confusion was there; not even in the mind of Wallace, though, with amazement and horror, he beheld the salire of Annandale, the banner of Bruce, leading onward the exterminating division! Scot now contended with Scot—brother with brother. These valiant spirits, who had left their country twenty years before to accompany their chief to the Holy Land, now re-entered Scotland, to wrest from her her liberties. A mingling of tartans with tartans, in the grasp of reciprocal death; a tremendous rush of flaming artillery, which swept the Scottish ranks like blasting lightning, for a moment seemed to make the reason of their leader stagger. Twice was the horse of Wallace shot under him; and on every side were his friends wounded and dispersed. But his horror at the scene passed away in the moment of perception; and though the Southern and the Bruce pressed on him in overwhelming numbers, his few remaining ranks of mind and military skill that was extinguished, he maintained the fight till darkness parted the combatants. When Edward gave command for his troops to rest till morning, Wallace, with the remnant of his faithful band, slightly recrossed the Carron, that they might also escape till dawn should renew the conflict.

Lonely was the sound of his bugle, as he blew his blast to summon his chieftains around him. Its voice pierced the hills; but no answering note came. A direful conviction seized upon his heart. At this instant Serymgeour hastened forward. "What has been the fate of this dismal day?" asked Wallace. "Where are my friends? Where Graham, Badenoch, and Bothwell? Where all, brave heroes, who were with me in the Carron?" "I do not now see you," replied Serymgeour, "but I do not now see you," and laid the dead body of a warrior before him. "Thus," cried one of the supporters, "has my father proved his love for Scotland!" It was Murray who spoke. It was the Earl of Bothwell that lay a corpse at his feet!

"Grievous has been the havoc of Scot on Scot!" cried Graham, who had seconded the arm of Murray in the contest for Sir William Wallace, who had retrieved the day, but for the murderer of his country; that Bruce, for whom you refused to be our king, thus destroys her bravest sons! Their blood be on his head! Power of Justice, hear! and let his days be troubled, and his death covered with dishonour!"

"My brave friend!" replied Wallace, "his deeds will atone themselves; he needs not further atone himself; let us go before us in glory to his heavenly rest. Ah! better is it to be laid in the bed of honor, than, by surviving, witness the calamities which the double treason of this day will bring upon our martyred country! Murray, my brave friend; we must not let the brave dead perish in vain. Their monument shall yet be Scotland's liberties!"

Teas were coursing each other in mute woo down the cheeks of the affectionate. He could not answer Wallace, but he grasped his hand, and at last articulated, "Others may have fallen, but not mortally like him. Life may yet be preserved in some of your brave companions. Leave me, then, to mourn my dead alone."

Wallace saw that filial tenderness yearned for the moment when it might unburden his grief, unchecked by observation. He arose, and, making a sign to his friends, withdrew towards his men. Having despatched Graham on the duty of seeking a reinforcement for the morning, and sent Serymgeour, with a resolute hand across the Carron, to bring in the wounded (for Edward had encamped his army south of the field of action), he took his course towards a ford, near which he supposed the squadrons of Lord Lochawe must have fought. When he arrived at the spot where the river is narrowest, he descried a solitary warrior on the blood-stained bank. Wallace stopped. The man approached the margin of the stream, and looked towards the Scottish chief. "Who art thou?" cried the warrior, with a voice of command.

"The enemy of England!" cried the chief. "Thou art Wallace!" was the reply; "none else dare answer the Lord of Carrick and of Annandale with such boldness."

Every Scot in this land," returned Wallace, "would thus answer Bruce, not only in reference to England, but to himself; to that Bruce, who, now satisfied with having abandoned his people to their enemies, has stolen a base franchise, to slay his brethren in their home. To have met them on the plain of Stannore would have been a deed his country might have bewailed; but what horror, what shame would he have known, when they know that he has come to stab his people in the very bosom of his country! I come from gazing on the murdered body of the virtuous Earl of Bothwell; the Lords Bute and Eyle, and perhaps Lochawe, have fallen beneath the Southern sword and your unnatural arm; and yet you demand what Scot would dare to tell you he holds the Earl of Carrick and his coadjutors as his most mortal foes?"

"Ambitious man! Dost thou flatter thyself with belief that I am to be deceived by thy pompous declamation? I know the motive of all this pretended patriotism. I am well informed of the aim of this vaunted prowess; and I came, not to fight the battles of King Edward, but to punish the proud usurper of the rights of Bruce. I have gained my point. My brave followers save the Lord of Bothwell; my brave followers made the hitherto invincible Sir Wallace retreat! I came in the power of my birthright; and, as your lawful king, I command you this hour to lay your rebel sword at my feet. Obed, proud knight! or to-morrow puts you into Edward's hand; and, without appeal, you die the death of a traitor."

"Unhappy prince!" cried Wallace; "is it over the necks of your most loyal subjects that you would mount your throne? How have you been mistaken! How have you strengthened the hands of your enemy, and weakened your own, by this day's action! The cause is now, probably, lost forever; and from whom are we to date its ruin, but from him to whom the nation looked as to its appointed deliverer! From him, whose once honored name will now be regarded with execration!"

By and by, the boy "hired out" to the neighbors, bringing in to his father twenty-five cents a day, working as hatter, wood-chopper, carpenter, hewer of wood and drawer of water. He was not "above" doing anything useful and kindly, and he never lacked a job. He had "manners" too. At the huskings, bees, the spelling-schools, and the like, his good nature, his many jokes, his noticeable talent made him the life of these occasions. He always "spelled down" everybody; he has left it on record: "I never went to school more than six months in my life."

When sixteen years old, he began to earn money of his own, working a ferry boat across the Ohio River. Two passengers once paid him a half dollar each for seating them and their trunks to a steamer. When President, he told the incident to several members of his Cabinet. "Gentlemen," he said, "you may think it was a very little thing, and these days it seems to me a trifle; but it was the most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed fairer and wider before me. I was a Democrat official offer him a position of any kind?"

Lincoln immediately went to Springfield, and had a talk with Calhoun. He would not accept the appointment, unless he had the assurance that it involved no political obligation and that he might continue to express his political opinions as freely and frequently as he chose. This assurance was given. The only difficulty then in the way was the fact that he knew absolutely nothing of surveying. But Calhoun, of course, understood this, and agreed that he should have time to learn.

With the promptness wherewith he always undertook anything he had to do Lincoln procured Flint and Gibson's treatise on surveying, and sought Master Graham for help. At a sacrifice of some time, the schoolmaster aided him to a partial mastery of the intricate subject. Lincoln worked literally day and night, sitting up night after night until the crowing of the cock warned him of the approaching dawn. So hard did he study that his friends were greatly concerned at his haggard face. But in six weeks he had mastered all the books within reach relating to the subject—a task which, under ordinary circumstances, would hardly have been achieved in as many months. Reporting to Calhoun for duty, (greatly to the amazement of that gentleman,) he was at once assigned to the territory in the north-west part of the county, and the first work he did of which there is any authentic record was in January, 1834.

Much of the Government work had been rather indifferently done; there were frequent disputes between land-owners about boundary lines. Lincoln's verdict, when called on in such cases, was invariably the end of the dispute, so general was the confidence in his honesty and skill.

In this one incident, we see exhibited Lincoln's capacity for mental and bodily labor, his indomitable energy in overcoming difficulties, his stalwart pol-

itical integrity, and that special characteristic of sterling honesty that won for him the sobriquet of "Honest Old Abe." Let us now trace in some detail the life and character of this remarkable man, who will be found to be in many more ways than those already mentioned, a pattern for the young men of to-day.

Abraham Lincoln was born in a little, one-roomed cabin near Hodgenville, Ky., Feb. 12, 1809. His father was Thomas Lincoln; his mother, Nancy Hanks. Four years after their son's birth, the parents moved to a place on Knob Creek, some miles away, and there the child began to go to school. "A. B. C. schools" as he sometimes called them. His first teacher, Zachariah Riney, was an Irish Catholic. In 1816, the Lincolns moved to Indiana, and the little boy wielded an ax to help clear the land on which Thomas Lincoln built a log cabin fourteen feet square open to the weather on one side, and without windows or chimney; and there the future President of the United States slept upon a heap of dry leaves, in a narrow loft at one end of the cabin, to which he climbed by means of pegs driven into the wall. It was some time before his father succeeded in building a permanent log house; and this part of the childhood of Abraham Lincoln was indeed one of poverty and privation.

He was once asked if he remembered anything of the War of 1812, and he replied that he was coming home from fishing one day, and he gave his fish to a soldier whom he met, because his mother had said that everybody should be good to the soldiers. It was an early lesson that he carried into splendid practice many years later, in the Civil War of 1861-5 when he was commander-in-chief of the United States Army and Navy.

To his early friend, Joshua F. Speed, Lincoln entrusted the simple story of the death of his mother in the autumn of 1818. She called him to her side, laid her hand on him, and said: "I am going away from here, Abe, and shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy; that you will be kind to Sarah and to your father. I want you to live as I have taught you, and to love your heavenly Father." Then he saw Thomas Lincoln wear a casket and lay the body of the beloved wife and mother away in the low prairie hills without even a person's prayer—stern discipline of isolation. So deep did this enforced neglect cut into Abraham's soul that he initiated his first letter to the Reverend David Elkins, at Little Mount, Kentucky, and Mr. Elkins, three months later, rode over a hundred miles to gratify this serious child's wish that at least a prayer be said over his mother's grave.

In the fall of 1819, Thomas Lincoln married a widow with three children, and she brought consolation to the stricken home, becoming a real mother to her step-children. To her and to his own mother, Mr. Lincoln paid grateful tribute as to the main influences in shaping his character.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

LINCOLN'S CENTENARY.

A CHARACTER STUDY OF GREAT INTEREST TO YOUNG AND OLD.

SACRED HEART REVIEW.

In the life of Abraham Lincoln we find the following incident which gives a striking idea of some of the remarkable characteristics of the great figure that dominates the history of the United States through some of its most momentous years. Lincoln was, one day in his early manhood, working in the woods splitting rails, when a message was brought to him from a Mr. John Calhoun, County Surveyor in the Sangamon county, Illinois, offering him the position of deputy surveyor. With Lincoln, Mr. Calhoun had little, if any personal acquaintance, for they lived twenty miles apart. Lincoln, however, had made himself known by a meteoric race for the legislature in 1832, and Calhoun had heard of him as an honest, intelligent, and trustworthy young man, and Calhoun, however, was a Jackson man, and Lincoln was for Clay; why should a Democratic official offer him a position of any kind?

The Uses of Bile in Digestion.

Bile is quite as important as are the gastric juices in the process of digestion. Chronic indigestion disappears when an active liver supplies bile in sufficient quantities.

You think of bile as something disagreeable and poisonous, something to be well rid of. In the blood the bile is poisonous and harmful, but the liver takes the bile out of the blood and pours it into the intestines, where it fulfills a most important mission.

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But to have a regular flow of bile the liver must be kept healthy and active and just here is where Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills come in, for they are definite, specific and direct in their action on the liver.

It is only by setting the liver right that constipation can ever be cured. It is only by making the liver healthy that biliousness and bilious, sick headaches can be thoroughly overcome. It is only by making the liver active that the most difficult cases of indigestion and dyspepsia will ever vanish.

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