fading light that every blind in the house had been drawn down. As we dashed up to the door, my friend's face convulsed with grief, a gentleman in black emerged from it.

"'When did it happen, doctor?' asked Trevor.

"'Almost immediately after you left.'

"'Did he recover consciousness?'

"'For an instant before the end.'

"'Any message for me?'

"'Only that the papers were in the back drawer of the Japanese cabinet.'

"My friend ascended with the doctor to the chamber of death, while I remained in the study, turning the whole matter over and over in my head, and feeling as somber as ever I had done in my life. What was the past of this Trevor, pugilist, traveler and gold digger, and how had he placed himself in the power of this acid-faced seaman? Why, too, should he faint at an allusion to the half-effaced initials upon his arm, and die of fright when he had a letter from Fordingham? Then I remembered that Fordingham was in Hampshire, and that this Mr. Beddoes, whom the seaman had gone to visit and presumably to blackmail, had also been mentioned as living in Hampshire. The letter, then, might either come from Hudson, the seaman, saying that he had betrayed the guilty secret which appeared to exist, or it might come from Beddoes, warning an old confederate that such a betrayal was imminent. So far it seemed clear enough. But then how could this letter be trivial and grotesque, as described by the son? He must have misread it. If so, it must have been one of those ingenious secret codes which mean one thing while they seem to mean another. I must see this letter. If there were a hidden meaning in it, I was confident that I could pluck it forth. For an hour I sat pondering over it in the gloom, until at last a weeping maid brought in a lamp, and close at her heels came my friend Trevor, pale but composed, with these very papers which lie upon my knees held in his grasp. He sat down opposite to me, drew the lamp to the edge of the table, and handed me a short note scribbled, as you see, upon a single sheet of gray paper. 'The supply of game for London is going up,' it ran. 'Head-keeper Hudson, we believe, has been now told to receive all orders for fly-paper and for preservation of your hen-pheasant's life.'

"I dare say my face looked as bewildered as yours did just now when first I read this message. Then I reread it very carefully. It was evidently as I had thought, and some secret meaning must lie buried in this strange combination of words. Or could it be that there was a pre-arranged significance to such phrases as 'fly-paper' and 'hen-pheasant?' Such a meaning would be arbitrary and could not be deduced in any way. And yet I was loath to believe that this was the case, and the presence of the word Hudson seemed to show that the subject of the message was as I had guessed, and it was from Beddoes rather than the sailor. I tried it backwards, but the combination 'life pheasant's hen' was not encouraging. Then I tried alternate words, but neither 'the of for' nor 'supply game London' promised to throw any light upon it.

"And then in an instant the key of the riddle was in my hands and I saw that every third word, beginning with the first, would give a message which might well drive old Trevor to desevir.

"'It was short and terse, the warning, as I now read it to my companion:

"'"The game is up. Hudson has told all. Fly for your life."

"Victor Trevor sank his face into his shaking hands. 'It must be that, I suppose,' said he. 'This is worse than death, for it means disgrace as well. But what is the meaning of these "head-keepers" and hen pheasants?'

"'It means nothing to the message, but it might mean a good deal to us if we had no other means of discovering the sender. You see that he has begun by writing, "The..* * game * * is," and so on. Afterwards he had, to fulfill the pre-arranged cipher, to fill in any two words in each space. He would naturally use the first words which came to his mind, and if there were so many which referred to sport among them, you may be tolerably sure that he is either an ardent shot or interested in breeding. Do you know anything of this Beddoes?'

"'Why, now that you mention it,' said he, 'I remember that my poor father used to have an invitation from him to shoot over his preserves every autumn.'

"'Then it is undoubtedly from him that the note comes,' said I. 'It only remains for us to find out what his secret was which the sailor Hudson seems to have held over the heads of these two wealthy and respected men.'

"'Alas, Holmes, I fear that it is one of sin and shame!' cried my friend. 'But from you I shall have no secrets. Here is the statement which was drawn up by my father when he knew that the danger from Hudson had become imminent. I found it in the Japanese cabinet, as he told the doctor. Take it and read it to me, for I have neither the strength nor the courage to do it myself.'

"These are the very papers, Watson, which he handed to me, and I will read them to you, as I read them in the old study that night to him. They are indorsed outside, as you see, 'Some particulars of the voyage of the bark Gloria Scott, from her leaving Falmouth, on the 8th of October, 1855, to her destruction in N. Lat. 15 degrees 20 minutes, W. Long. 25 degrees 14 minutes on Nov. 6.' It is in the form of a letter and runs this way:

"'My dear, dear son, now that approaching disgrace begins to darken the closing years of my life, I can write with all truth and honesty that it is not the terror of the law, it is not the loss of my position in the county, nor is it my fall in the eyes of all who have known me, which cuts to the heart; but it is the thought that you should come to blush for me—you who love me and who have seldom, I hope, had reason to do other than respect me. But if the blow falls which is forever hanging over me, then I should wish you to read this, that you may know straight from me how far I have been to blame. On the other hand if all should go well (which may kind God Almighty grant!) then, if by any chance this paper should be still undestroyed and should fall into your hands I conjure you, by all you hold sacred, by the memory of your dear mother, and by the love which has been between us, to hurl it into the fire and to never give one thought to it again.

"'If, then, your eye goes on to read this line, I know that I shall already have been exposed and dragged from my home, or, as is more likely, for you know that my heart is weak, be lying with my tongue sealed forever in death. In either case, the time for suppression is past, and every word which I tell you is the naked truth, and this I swear as I hope for mercy.

"'My name, dear lad, is not Trevor. I was James Armitage in my younger days, and you can understand now the shock that it was to me a few weeks ago when your college friend addressed me in words which seemed to imply that he had surprised my secret. As Armitage it was that I entered a London banking house, and as Armitage I was convicted of breaking my country's laws, and was sentenced to transportation. Do not think very harshly of me, laddie. It was a debt of honor, so-called, which I had to pay, and I used money which was not my own to do it, in the certainty that I could replace it before there could be any possibility of its being missed. But the most dreadful ill-luck pursued me. The money which I had reckoned upon never came to hand, and a premature examination of accounts exposed my deficit. The case might have been dealt leniently with, but the laws were more harshly administered thirty years ago than now, and on my 23rd birthday I found myself chained as a felon with 37 other convicts in the 'tween-decks of the bark Gloria Scott, bound for Australia.

"'It was in the year '55, when the Crimean war was at its height, and the old convict ships had been largely used as transports in the Black Sea. The Government was compelled, therefore, to use smaller and less suitable vessels for sending out their prisoners. The Gloria Scott had been in the Chinese tea trade, but she was an old-fashioned, heavy-bowed, broad-beamed craft, and the new clippers had cut her out. She was a 500-ton boat; and besides her 38 jailbirds, she carried 26 of a crew, 18 soldiers, a captain, 3 mates, a doctor, a chaplain, and 4 warders. Nearly a hundred souls were in her, all told, when we set sail from Falmouth.

"'The partitions between the cells of the convicts, instead of being of thick oak, as is usual in convict ships, were quite thin and frail. The man next to me, upon the aft side, was one whom I had particularly noticed when we were led down the quay. He was a young man with a clear, hairless face, a long, thin nose and rather nut-cracker jaws. He carried his head very jauntily in the air, had a swaggering style of walking, and was, above all else, remarkable for his extraordinary height. I don't think any of our heads would have come up to his shoulder, and I am sure that he could not have measured less than six and a half feet. It was strange among so many sad and weary faces to see one which was full of energy and resolution. The sight of it was to me like a fire in a snowstorm. I was glad, then, to find that he was my neighbor, and gladder still when, in the dead of the night, I heard a whisper close to my ear, and found that he had managed to cut an opening in the board which separated us.

"'"Hullo chummy!" said he, 'what's your name, and what are you here for?'

"'I answered him and asked in turn who I was talking with.'

"'"I'm Jack Prendergast," said he, "and, by God! you'll learn to bless my name before you've done with me."

"'I remembered hearing of his case, for it was one which had made an immense sensation throughout the country some time before my own arrest. He was a man of good family and of great ability, but of incurably vicious habits, who had, by an ingenious system of fraud, obtained huge sums of money from the leading London merchants.

"'"Ha, ha! You remember my case!" said he, proudly.

"'"Very well, indeed."

"'"Then maybe you remember something queer about it?"

"'"What was that, then?"

"'"I'd had nearly a quarter of a million, hadn't I?"

"'"So it was said."

"'"But none was recovered, eh?"

"'"No."

"'"Well, where d'ye suppose the balance is?" he asked.

"'"I have no idea," said I.

"'"Right between my finger and thumb," he cried. "By God, I've got more pounds to my name than you've hairs on your head. And if you've money, my son, and know how to handle it and spread it out, you can do anything. Now, you don't think it likely that a man who could do anything is going to wear his breeches out sitting in the stinking hold of a rat-gutted, beetle-ridden, mouldy old coffin of a Chin China coaster. No, sir, such a man will look after himself and will look after his chums. You may lay to that! Hold on to him, and you may kiss the Book that he'll haul you through."

"'That was his style of talk, and at first I thought it meant nothing, but after a while, when he had tested me and sworn me in with all possible solemnity, he let me understand that there really was a plot to gain command of the vessel. A dozen of the prisoners had hatched it before they came aboard. Prendergast was the leader and his money was the motive power.

"'"I'd a partner," said he, a "rare good man, as true as the stock to a barrel. He's got the dibbs, he has, and where do you think he is at this moment? Why, he's the chaplain of this ship—the chaplain, no less! He came aboard with a black coat and his paper right, and money enough in his box to buy this thing right up from keel to main truck. The crew is his, body and soul. He could buy 'em at so much a gross with a cash discount, and he did it before they signed on. He's got two of the warders and Mereer, the second mate, and he'd get the captain himself if he thought him worth it."

"'"What are we to do, then?" I asked.

"'"What do you think?" said he. "We'll make the coats of some of these soldiers redder than ever the tailor did."

"'"But they are all armed," said I.

"'"And so shall we be, my boy. There is a brace of pistols for every mother's son of us, and if we can't carry this ship, with the crew at our back, it's time we were all sent to a young misses' boarding school. You speak to your mate on the left tonight and see if he is to be trusted."

"'I did so and found my other neighbor to be a young fellow in much the same position as myself, whose crime had been forgery. His name was Evans, but he afterwards changed it, like myself, and he is now a rich and prosperous man in the south of England. He was quite ready to join the conspiracy, as the only means of saving ourselves, and before we had crossed the bay there were only two of the prisoners who were not in the secret. One of these was of weak mind, and we did not dare to trust him, and the other was suffering from jaundice, and could not be of any use to us.

"'From the beginning there was really nothing to prevent us from taking possession of the ship. The crew were a set of ruffians, specially picked for the job. The sham chaplain came into our cells to exhort us, carrying a black bag, suposed to be full of tracts, and so often did he come that by the third day we had each stowed away at the foot of our beds a file a brace of pistols, a pound of powder and twenty slugs. Two of the warders were agents of Prendergast, and the second mate was his right-hand man. The captain, the two mates, two warders, Lieutenant Martin, his eighteen soldiers, and the doctor were all that we had against us, yet, safe as it was, we determined to neglect no precaution and to make our attack suddenly by night. It came, however, more quickly than we expected, and in this way:

"'One evening about the third week after our start, the doctor had come down to see one of the prisoners who was ill, and putting his hand down on the bottom of his bunk he felt the outline of the pistols. If he had been silent he might have blown the whole thing, but he was a nervous little chap, so he gave a cry of surprise, and turned so pale that the man knew what was up in an instant and seized him. He was gagged before he could give the alarm, and tied down upon the bed. He had unlocked the door that led to the deck, and we were through it in a rush. The two sentries were shot down and so was a corporal, who came running to see what was the matter. There were two more soldiers at the door of the stateroom, and their muskets seemed not to be loaded, for they never fired upon us, and they were shot while trying to fix their bayonets. Then we rushed on into the captain's cabin, but as we pushed open the door there was an explosion from within, and there he lay with his brains smeared over the chart of the Atlantic which was pinned upon the table, while the chaplain stood with a smoking pistol in his hand at his elbow. The two mates had both been seized by the crew, and the whole business seemed to be settled.

"'The stateroom was next the cabin, and we flocked in there and flopped down on the settees, all speaking together, for we were just mad with the feeling that we were free once more. There were lockers all around, and Wilson, the sham chaplain, knocked one of them in, and pulled out a dozen of brown sherry. We cracked off the necks of the bottles, poured the stuff out into tumblers and were just tossing them off when in an instant without warning there came the roar of muskets in our ears, and the saloon was so full of smoke that we could not see across the table. When it cleared again the place was a shambles. Wilson and eight others were wriggling on the top of each other on the floor, and the blood and the brown sherry on that table turn me sick now when I think of it. We were so cowed by the sight that I think we should have given the job up if it had not been for Prendergast. He bellowed like a bull and rushed for the door with all that were left alive at his heels. Out we ran, and there on the poop were the lieutenant and ten of his men. The swinging skylights above the saloon table had been a bit open, and they had fired on us through the slit. We got on them before they could load, and they stood to it like men; but we had the upper hand of them, and in five minutes it was all over. My God! was there ever a slaughter house like that ship! Prendergast was like a raging devil, and he picked the soldiers up as if they had been children and threw them overboard alive or dead. There was one sergeant that was horribly wounded and yet kept on swimming for a surprising time, until some one in mercy blew out his brains. When the fighting was over there was no one left of our enemies except just the wardens, the mates and the doctor.

"'It was over them that the great quarrel arose. There were many of us who were glad enough to win back our freedom, and yet who had no wish to have murder on our souls. It was one thing to knock the soldiers over with their muskets in their hands and it was another to stand by while men were being killed in cold blood. Eight of us, five convicts and three sailors said that we would not see it done. But there was no moving Prendergast and those who were with him. Our only chance to safety lay in making a clean job of it, said he, and he would not leave a tongue with power to wag in a witness box. It nearly came to our sharing the fate of the prisoners, but at last he said that if we wished we might take a boat and go. We jumped at the offer, for we were already sick of these bloodthirsty doings, and we saw that there would be worse before it was done. We were given a suit of sailor togs each, a barrel of water, two casks, one of junk and one of biscuits, and a compass. Prendergast threw us over a chart, told us that we were shipwrecked mariners whose ship had foundered in latitude 15 degrees and longitude 25 degress west and then cut the painter and let us go.

"'And now I come to the most surprising part of my story, my dear son. The seamen had hauled the fore-yard aback during the rising, but now as we left them they brought it square again, and as there was a light wind from the north and east the bark began to draw slowly away from us. Our boat, lay rising and falling, upon the long, smooth rollers, and Evans and I, who were the most educated of the party, were sitting in the sheets working out our position and planning what coast we should make for. It was a nice question, for the Cape de Verdes were about five hundred miles to the north of us, and the African coast about seven hundred to the east. On the whole, as the wind was coming round to north, we thought that Sierra Leone might be best, and turned our head in that direction, the bark being at that time nearly hull down on our starboard quarter. Suddenly as we looked at her we saw a dense cloud of smoke shoot up from her, which hung like a monstrous tree upon the sky line. A few seconds later a roar like thunder burst upon our ears, and as the smoke thinned away there was no sign left of the Gloria Scott. In an instant we swept the boat's head round again and pulled with all our strength for the place where the haze still trailing over the water marked the scene of the catastrophe.

"'It was a long hour before we reached it, and at first we feared that we had come too late to save any one. A splintered boat and a number of crates and fragments of spars rising and falling on the waves showed us where the vessel had foundered; but there was no sign of life, and we had turned away in despair when we heard a cry for help, and saw at some distance a piece of wreckage with a man lying stretched across it. When we pulled him aboard the boat he proved to be a young seaman of the name of Hudson, who was so burned and exhausted that he could give us no account of what had happened until the following morning.

"'It seemed that after we had left Prendergast and his gang had proceeded to put to death the five remaining prisoners. The two warders had been shot and thrown overboard, and so also had the third mate, Prendergast then descended into the 'tween-decks and with his own hands cut the throat of the unfortunate surgeon. There only remained the first mate, who was a bold and active man. When he saw the convict approaching him with the bloody knife in his hand he kicked off his bonds, which he had somehow contrived to loosen, and rushing down the deck he plunged into the after-hold. A dozen convicts, who descended with their pistols in search of him, found him with a match box in his hand seated beside an open powder barrel, which was one of a hundred carried on board and swearing that he would blow all hands up if he were in any way molested. An instant later the explosion occurred, though Hudson thought it was caused by the misdirected bullet of one of the convicts rather than the mate's match. Be the cause what it may, it was the end of the Gloria Scott and of the rabble who held command of her.

"'Such, in a few words, my dear boy is the history of this terrible business in which I was involved. Next day we were picked up by the brig Hotspur, bound for Australia, whose captain found no difficulty in believing that we were the survivors of a passenger ship which had foundered. The transport ship Gloria Scott was set down by the admiralty as being lost at sea, and no word has ever leaked out as to her true fate. After an excellent voyage the Hotspur landed us at Sydney, where Evans and I changed our names and made our way to the diggings, where, among the crowds who were gathered from all nations, we had no difficulty in losing our former identities. The rest I need not relate. We prospered, we traveled, we came back as rich colonials to England, and we bought country estates. For more than twenty years we have led peaceful and useful lives and we hoped that our past was forever buried. Imagine, then, my feelings when in the seaman who came to us I recognized instantly the man who had been picked off the wreck. He had tracked us down somehow, and had set himself to live upon our fears. You will understand now how it was that I strove to keep the peace with him, and you will in some measure sympathize with me in the fears which fill me, now that he has gone from me to his other victim with threats upon his tongue.'

"Underneath is written in a hand so shaky as to be hardly legible, 'Beddoes writes in cipher to say H. has told all. Sweet Lord, have mercy on our souls!'

"That was the narrative which I read that night to young Trevor, and I think Watson, that under the circumstances it was a dramatic one. The good fellow was heartbroken at it, and went out to the Terai tea planting, where I hear he is doing well. As to the sailor and Beddoes, neither of them was ever heard of again after that day on which the letter of warning was written. They both disappeared utterly and completely. No complaint had been lodged with the police, so that Beddoes had mistaken a threat for a deed. Hudson had been seen lurking about, and it was believed by the police that he had done away with Beddoes and had fled. For myself I believe that the truth was exactly the opposite. I think that it is most probable that Beddoes, pushed to desperation and believing himself to have been already betrayed, had revenged himself upon Hudson, and had fled from the country with as much money as he could lay his hands on. Those are the facts of the case, Doctor; and if they are of any use to your collection, I am sure that they are very heartily at your service."

For Anaemia You Must Have Iron

AND ANYONE CAN USE IRON, AS IT IS COMBINED WITH OTHER INGREDIENTS IN

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Anaemia or bloodlessness is indicated by paleness of the lips, the gums and the eyelids, and is most frequently found in girls and young women.

Other symptoms are deficient appetite, impaired digestion, irritable temper, shortness of breath, dizziness, fainting, headache, easily fatigued, depression and despondency.

The blood is lacking in the life sustaining power which is necessary to the proper working of the bodily organs, and can only be restored by the use of iron, as any qualified physician will tell you.

But iron alone cannot be taken into a weakened stomach. In Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, iron is combined with certain nerve restoratives in such a way as to be easily assimilated into the blood and thus afford immediate and lasting benefit to the system.

And more than this, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, through its action on the nerves, sharpens the appetite and aids digestion, so that help is also afforded in deriving the full nourishment from the food taken into the body.

On account of these two ways in which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food enriches the blood and builds up the system, it is beyond doubt the most effective treatment for anaemia and similar wasting diseases that was ever compounded. Note your increase in weight while using it.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2 50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipe book author, are on every box.

My Friend the Collie.

A few words on general care: In all favorable weather wash the dog once a month, and in summer once each week. Feed him twice daily of cooked food. Do not keep him too fat. Good muscular condition and a smart, alert collie, are not the result of too much feed. Once a week give a half-teaspoonful of powdered sulphur in a pan with some milk. It keeps his blood in fine condition. Use a medicated animal soap when washing him. Disinfect the kennel with crude carbolis acid once a month. In fall and winter, when washing is out of the question, owing to the unfavorable weather, dust him through all his dense coat with a tobacco dust powder. It is a fine method of keeping his skin clean and insects off after contact with other dogs. Have him clipped in summer if convenient, and let him go on the vacation with you. He will love the water, and it will be a sin to leave him home.

"Once owner of a collie, always an owner," is an old but true saying. No circumstances will prevent the keeping of a collie after they have once won you. We know the truth of this in a dozen instances. They are the pride of everyone who possesses them, and will always be first in the heart of a strong man or woman who is fond of the dumb but true. A. D. Burhaus, in Recreation.

Victoria and Niagara.

It was on the 22nd of November, 1855, that the friendly natives with whom he was traveling brought Dr. David Livingstone for the first time within sight and sound of the wonderful cataract on the Zambesi River, now know as the Victoria Falls. Before finding it the good missionary had journeyed for nearly two years, and from his point of departure at Kuruman, in Cape Colony, had traversed quite 4,000 miles of hitherto unknown country.

Today one takes the train at Cape Kimberley on Thursday, reaches Buluwayo on Saturday, and late in the afternoon of uSnday begins to see in the distance the rising pillar of mist from the great cataract.

The natives call it "Mosi-oa-tuni," meaning "the roaring smoke.' Twenty miles away the spray thrown back from the depths of the tremendous cavern into which the river tumbles, appears like a column of smoke rising from a burning village, and during the last mile of the railway journey the roar of the falling water becomes noticeable. Finally, when the edge of the chasm is reached, if the river is in flood, the eye and ear are assailed by a combination of phenomena that probably cannot be duplicated as marvels anywhere else on the planet.

The first question that is asked of an American who has seen this African wonder generally is, "How does it compare with Niagara?" There is no possibility of comparison. The two are as different as day and night. Niagara is a perfect picture in a lovely natural framework. Every point and line and curve of motionless rock, trembling verdure and gliding water is a touch of majestic beauty. Victoria is simply a phenomenon, a terrific gash in the floor of an apparently unending plain, which, as one gazes, simply swallows the river in a manner that produces almost a thrill of horror.—Century Magazine.

Ten million pounds of shrimps are caught annually on the German coast. Most of them are netted at depths of 30 to 40 feet, but a great many men and women still earn a living by gathering shrimps from the flat beaches at low tide.

The Truth Will Out.

That is why Putnam's Corn Extractor has such an enormous sale; it's good—a sure cure—and better than any substitute. Insist on having Putnam's only.

SCATTER YOUR GIFTS AS YOU JOURNEY ON

YOU MAY NOT WITHHOLD AND YET RECEIVE.

There is no law by which a man, any more than a rose, can withhold and yet receive. He must give first and give generously, broadly, magnanimously, if he would develop a magnificent character, if he would accumulate soul wealth. Give or starve! This is Nature's flat. Give of your sympathy, of your money, of your encouragement, of yourself, or starve, mentally, morally.

The man who refuses to give, to share what he has received, is as foolish as the farmer who was so wrought upon by the conviction of a coming season of drought and the probable destruction of crops, that he refused to plant his corn. He said that he would keep it in the crib, that he would not risk putting it in the ground lest it might rot and he be left without provisions for the winter. The drought did not come, however, and the result was that he went hungry, while his neighbors who had planted generously reaped an abundant harvest.

A great philanthropist said that he had saved only what he had given away, and that the rest of his fortune seemed lost. What we give away has a wonderful power of doubling and quadrupling itself on the return bound. It is the greatest investment in the world. It comes back in geometrical progression. Give! give!! give!!! It is the only way to keep from drying up, from becoming like a sucked orange,—juiceless, insipid.

Selfishness is self-destruction. The man who never helps anybody, who tightly shuts his purse when there is a request to give, who says that all he can do is to attend to his own affairs, who never gives a thought to his neighbor, who hugs all his resources to himself, who wants to get all and give nothing in return, is the man who shrivels and drys up like the rosebud, who becomes small and mean and contemptible.

We all know those poor, dwarfed souls who never give, who close the petals of their helpfulness, withhold the fragrance of their love and sympathy, and in the end lose all they tried to hoard for themselves. They are cold, lifeless, apathetic; all their sympathies have dried up; they cannot enter into the joys and sorrows, the higher and nobler emotions of human life. Their souls have been frozen by selfishness greed. They have become so narrow and stingy that they fear to give even a kind word or smile lest they may rob themselves of something. They have rendered themselves incapable of radiating sunshine or happiness, and, by the working of an immutable law, they receive nine.

A strong man, watching one who was delicate, and undeveloped exercising in a gymnasium, said to him, "My dear man, how foolish you are to waste your energy on those parallel bars and dumb-bells. You are weak, physically, and ought to save what strength you have for your day's work. You cannot afford to squander your vitality that way."

"Oh, but my good sir," replied the other, "you don't see the philosophy underlying this exercise. The only way I can increase my power is by first giving out what I have. I give my strength to this apparatus, but it returns what I give it with compound interest. My muscles grow by giving it out in effort, in exercise."—O. S. Marden in Success.

"With a Hairpin."

He had been away on a long journey, and upon his return his wife was detailing to him a number of reforms and improvements which she had successfully engineered during his absence.

"And you know," she said, "the drawer that was locked for over a month, and which your mother said couldn't be opened except by a locksmith? Well (triumphantly), I opened it."

"Well, well! How in the world did you do it?"

"With a hairpin."

"And the oven door," she continued, "has been sitting around on one hinge for ever so long, just because you were too lazy to fix it, but it's all right now."

"Well, I'm glad you had it fixed."

"Had it fixed! I fixed it myself—with a hairpin."

"And then there's that crayon portrait of mother that stood in the corner for almost six solid weeks because you never would bring me any picture hooks—I got it up with a hook I made myself—out of a hairpin."

"Ye gods!" he said.

"And there's Willie. You've been coaxing him and bribing him for a year, trying to break him off biting his nails, and I broke him in a week."

"With a hairpin?" he asked, weakly.

"No!" she snapped. "Don't be a goose! With a hairbrush!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Judicious Inquiry.

A well-known traveling man who visits the drug trade says he has often heard druggists inquire of customers who asked for a cough medicine, whether it was wanted for a child or an adult, and if for a child they almost invariably recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The reason for this is that they know there is no danger from it and that it always cures. There is not the least danger in giving it, and for coughs, colds and croup it is unsurpassed. For sale by all druggists.

Dye With Maypole Soap
Dye With Ease at Home
Dye With Sure Results

Made in England but sold everywhere. 10c. for colors, 15c. for black.

It Can't be Done

Fine Chocolates can't be made of poor material. The rich, delightful flavor of

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is the best proof that they are made of the best Chocolate, pure sugar and fruit flavors.

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A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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Pumpkin Seed -
Alx. Senna -
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Peppermint -
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Worm Seed -
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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25 Cents.

A pure, stainless iodine ointment applied to cuts, burns or bruises to subdue pain and reduce inflammation.

Cancer and other malign growths often result from the slightest breakage of the skin.

"Kelpion" will kill the microbe of poison and prevent infection.

Private C. T. Mayes, who served through the Boer campaign with the Imperial Volunteers, has this to say of "Kelpion":

"The pot of Kelpion issued to our V. I. C. Kit was one of the few things we took from Cape Town to the front with us.

"It was very useful indeed; one of the finest and quickest remedies for cuts, sprains, skin diseases, wounds and bruises.

"Your Kelpion surprised every one who used it, for it cured foot sores, and it ought to command a large sale in South Africa if advertised for that reason.

"I have heard praises from all C.I.V's and Regulars who used it, and I guarantee every C.I.V. will recommend it."

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It will cure all skin diseases and eruptions, whether of the nature of eczema, an ulcer or a cold sore.

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Will reduce swellings, whether due to sprains and hurts or from internal enlargements.

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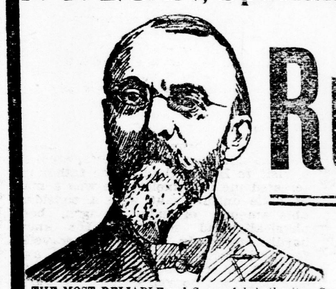

Rupture

THE MOST RELIABLE and Successful Authority—Greatest success in the treatment of Hernia (Rupture) Varicocele (False Rupture) of all known agencies in modern times. He who makes a specialty of one department must certainly be more experienced and capable than those having "many irons in the fire." Don't put off your case, believing it to be simple—Remember neglect often proves fatal. Have your case attended to now, and thus avoid danger. Stop wasting time and money elsewhere but come to one whose life-long study has taught him what to do. Do not despond or be deterred from seeking further advice, or because of repeated failures consider your case incurable. Because others failed in your case you have become discouraged. This is the very time you should consult me as my reputation has been made in curing hopeless (so-called) cases.

LADIES suffering from Navel or any form of Rupture should not hesitate in having their case attended to at once. Everything strictly private and professional.

MOTHERS—Look to your children—Now is the time to have them cured, while young. Don't allow them to grow up handicapped in the race of life, with rupture.

MY CHARGES are within reach of all, the poor man as well as the rich. Terms can be satisfactorily arranged, no reason why you should not consult me at once, during this visit.

VARICOCELE, FALSE RUPTURE

MEN OF ALL AGES SUFFER from this terrible affliction in some way. There is no other affliction to which man is heir that so completely unfits him for the duties or pleasures of life as Varicocele. The universal tendency of these conditions is to grow worse and more complicated—leading to impotency, nervous debility, wasting, strictures, lumbago, sexual exhaustion, etc. Do you intend to allow this insidious affliction to sap away your vitality? It is doing so now and if not checked will result in the above conditions. No matter how serious your case may be, time afflicted, or the failure you may have experienced in trying to be cured by medicine—free trials, or Electric belts—my Biotone system will cure you; the wormy veins return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment, the parts become vitalized and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a PERMANENT one. NO OPERATION necessary. No detention from business. If you have had the usual experience you have no doubt spent large sums of money and still larger quantities of time searching for the remedy that I offer you here.

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LONDON, GRIGG HOUSE, SATURDAY, ALL DAY AND EVENING NOV. 4

Consult Specialist Early, One Day Only.

Repentance that follows detection isn't the real thing.

Nearly 20,000 yellow fever refugees, it is estimated, are in Chicago.

Approximately the number of Chinese imported and at work in the Transvaal now numbers between 41,000 and 42,000.