

8.30, and returning, arrive at 3.45 to connect with the express for the east.

Connection on the Northwestern section—the old M. & N. W.—and the Canadian Northern line will be made by the passengers taking the Brandon local at 7.30, and returning, connect with the same train at Portage la Prairie.

Trains from Manor, the terminus of the Pipestone line, will leave at 7.25 a.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and will arrive at Brandon on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.20 p.m., arriving at Manor at 9 p.m.

There will be a daily service to Melita, which will leave Brandon at 1.20 p.m., arriving at Melita at 7.20 p.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and on the other days of the week will leave at the same time, but will make connection at Souris with the Southwestern train, and will run through to Melita, arriving there at 5.20 p.m. Returning trains leave Melita at 4.40 on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and at 9 a.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

For a tri-weekly service between Napinka and Estevan, trains on Monday, Wednesday and Friday leave Napinka at 7.40 a.m., arriving at Estevan at 4.30 p.m., and returning, leave Estevan at 8.15 a.m. and arrive at Napinka at 4.50 p.m.—Free Press.

THE LAW OF MOSES.

A MEDICAL STORY.

(Continued from last week.)

Jump out of there, Snowball!" Without further ceremony he leaped into the coachman's place. The Doctor looked on, amused at this hold-up, and put out his hand to his old friend. While totally dissimilar in general appearance, the two men were alike in one thing. Their eyes were steady, indomitable; the eyes of men who have met mortal dangers and have overcome them unflinchingly. Jason's black orbs and the Doctor's blue ones fathomed each other without quivering. They were deep as a captain's at sea, alert as a general's on land, militant, warning, masterful. There was a past between these two that those eyes confessed, and a trust that they equally revealed.

"I have found her," said Jason abruptly.

"I thought you would. Where?" No words were wasted between them.

"In the hospital."

"Dying, they say, of angina something."

"How long?"

"Five months."

"Bosh! More likely, nostalgia."

"That's not all." Jason's pupils expanded fiercely. This was a sign with which the Doctor was well acquainted. He bent toward his friend.

"Yes?"

"She's got—I lost the word. They whispered so—like greased burglars. It sounded like 'try this.' Some such blank nonsense."

"Phthisis?"

"How should I know? Sounds like it. Say! Can it be given?"

"By inoculation?" The Doctor began to see through the mystery.

"The fellow they called the house physician said he had outgrown rabbits and dogs." Jason's color began to be frightful.

"When did they begin it?" Do you know?" the Doctor asked gently.

"Two months," he said. Can you cure her?"

"If I can have her right away. I know of a serum."

Jason was silent a few minutes

and then asked:

"How do they do it?"

"Inoculation? Oh, that's easy. It's simply putting microbes into the system—hypodermically or by vaccination."

"Tell me how—exactly how." The Doctor explained the process indulgently.

"In the hospital," the Doctor spoke slowly and with great meaning, "the culture—that's what these little fiends are called—are kept in test tubes in the laboratory on the left-hand side of the window. Each one is labelled."

The two men regarded each other inscrutably. "What do you call it," Jason asked suddenly.

"Murder!" was the solemn reply. Both men sat silent for what seemed to the horse a long time. It pained the macadam impatiently.

"I must say," the Doctor continued, in a candid tone, "in justice to my profession, that this is a very rare case. Pauper patients have been inoculated with morbid material in Leipsic, Vienna, and even in England. It generally happens in connection with medical schools. I had no idea that human experimentation had come to our own country. I can only account for it by the fact that Savage is just over from Vienna. He is full of the latest notions. It is an unpardonable crime. The worst of it is, that if an isolated case like this gets out— On the other hand, I don't know but this ought to be made an example of, so as to stop the whole thing in the beginning."

As Jason listened, his lips became set in a cruel mould, as if they were plaster of Paris. As the physician finished his explanation, the tortured husband put a commanding hand on his friend's arm and said through his teeth: "Do you remember that little ride out of El Paso one black night? Well—you cure my wife, and it is quits between us until the next deal. Come at seven o'clock to my house, and send a nurse by six. The rest I can do alone."

"You are going to take her right out, then?"

"Why, of course."

"And the other matter—about Savage? Let up on him, a little."

"That's my affair," replied Jason, coldly.

Then Jason got out of the carriage, and without further word or sign swung down the street. The Doctor looked after him until his stormy figure was lost in the distance. What thoughts bearded the physician's respectability! Was the city, so atrociously modern, as aggravating to his untamed manhood as it was to Jason's? Whatever games they had played they had generally won. And he knew that of all men Jason was the one to pursue a foe to the uttermost parts of the earth. Jason was Mosaic in his belief of fair play, and in his instinct of retaliation. He would strip himself to pay a debt of honor or of kindness. Likewise he deemed vengeance as sacred a law as hospitality. The Doctor knew that what his old mate proposed would be deftly done, and with dispatch. Far off, the tall sombrero waved above the petty crowd and was finally swallowed. Shaking off his reverie, the Doctor called his man and hurried on his rounds.

That afternoon at four a showy carriage and pair drove up to the hospital gate. A footman jumped from the box, opened the door and stood 'at the salute. Jason Dare stepped mechanically out and rang the bell.

He was dressed in a silk hat, frock coat, fashionably creased trousers, pearl gaiters and patent-leather shoes. The man of nature had become a man of the world.

He was so trasfigured as to be unrecognizable.

"I came by appointment," he said, suavely, to the nurse, who was greatly impressed, "to see the house physician—Dr. Savage. I believe. Ah, yes—in the laboratory. I expect to see him there. You need not announce me. I will follow you."

When they had gone half way down the corridor, Jason stopped. "You need not go any further," he said, in a quiet tone. "I know the way and will announce myself."

Awed, the nurse hesitated and turned back. It was irregular, but seemed to be necessary.

Unswervingly Jason Dare traced his way until he stood before the door of the laboratory. This he thumped several times, impatiently, with the silver handle of his cane.

"What in thunder are you making so much noise for? Come in." It was a rude unpleasant voice, too high pitched to be much muffled by the heavy oaken door. Jason entered.

A round-shouldered, little black-bearded man stood there, smoking a cigar, and looking impatiently through his spectacles at the intruder.

"Dr. Savage, I presume?"

The Doctor measured his tall, elegant visitor and bowed stiffly. Jason cast a quick eye about, and said: "Alone, I presume?"

The Doctor jerked his head.

"Then," continued Jason softly, "If you have no objections, I will lock and bolt the door. I have a little matter of business with you."

Jason slipped the key into his coat pocket. "During which you would hate to be interrupted, I know."

"Well," exclaimed the doctor, pursing up his lips and reddening, "of all—"

"Pray don't speak of it," interrupted Jason, with a wave of his hand. "It is too small a matter, I assure you."

The intruder looked upon the physician, who barely reached to his shoulder. It was not a pleasant look. It was cold and stringent. A haughty exclamation, of the kind he was accustomed to fling at nurses and patients, froze upon the Doctor's lips. He began to feel uncomfortable. His eyes dropped before the steady, inexorable gaze which penetrated him.

"Well, what do you want?" he said, sullenly. "I call this a high-handed proceeding, which—"

"You will not overlook—" Jason completed the sentence with a smile that gave his teeth ferocity. This made the Doctor begin to creep. "It's only a little matter," continued Jason, slowly. "I believe you have a woman here—Mary Dare—Ah! I see you remember her. She is very sick, and will you kindly give me a permit to take her out immediately?"

(To be continued.)

Canadian Northern Railway.

TIME TABLE, JUNE 10th, 1900.

STATIONS & DAYS.	Leave	Leave	Arrive
	Going South	Going North	
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Makinak, Dauphin, etc., Tues, Thur, and Sat.		7 15	16 45
Dauphin, Makinak, Gladstone, etc., to Winnipeg, Mon, Wed, and Fri.	11 40		21 20
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Thur.		7 15	20 K
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg, Mon, and Fri.	8 K		21 20
Winnipeg to Swan River, Sat.		7 15	24 K
Swan River to Winnipeg, Mon.	24 K		21 20
Dauphin to Swan River, Wed.		3 00	16 K
Swan River to Dauphin, Thurs.	7 30 East		15 10 West
Winnipeg to Warrad and Int. Stns. Mon. and Thur.		8 20	15 45
Warrad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns. Tues. and Friday.		9 K	16 40
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns. Mon. Wed, Thur, and Sat.		8 20	
Bedford to Winnipeg, and Int. Stns. Tues. Wed, Fri. and Sat.			16 40

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April 29th the new Transcontinental train "North Coast Limited" was inaugurated, making two daily trains east and west.

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TIME TABLE.

BETWEEN	WINNIPEG.	
	DEPART.	ARRIVE
Morris, Emerson, Grand Forks, Fargo, St. Paul, Chicago and all points south, east and west, daily	1 45 p.m.	1 30 p.m.
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Mon. Wed. Fri.	10 45 a.m.	
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Tues. Thurs. Sat.		4 30 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Mon. Wed. Fri.	4 30 p.m.	11 50 p.m.
Portage la Prairie, Tues. Thurs. Sat.		10 35 a.m.