DOCTORS HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE

"Fruit-a-tives" saved my Life

RIVIERE A PIERRE, Q., May 9, 1910.

"I look upon my recovery as nothing short of a miracle. I was for eleven years, constantly suffering from Chronic Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

I was treated by several doctors and they simply did me no good. During the latter part of my illness, I was so thin that I weighed only 90 pounds, and I vomited everything I ate.

The doctors gave me up to die as the stomach trouble produced heart weakness and I was frequently unconscious. I received the Last Rites Of The Church.

At this time, a lady strongly urged me to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. When I had taken one box, I was much better and after three boxes, I was practically well again, and had gained 20 pounds. I have taken 13 boxes in all and now weigh 150 pounds and am well."

Madame ARTHUR TOURANGEAU.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of intensified fruit juices and always cures Indigestion.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

AIM.—The protection of the home, the abolition of the liquor traffic and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law.

MOTTO—For God and Home and Native Land.

BADGE—A knot of White Ribbon.

WATCHWORD—Agitate, educate, organize.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

President—Mrs. J. W. Brown.
1st Vice President—Mrs. (Rev.) Prestwood.
2nd Vicepresident—Mrs. (Rev.) Miller.
3rd Vice President—Mrs. Irene Fitch.
Recording Secy—Mrs. L. W. Sleep.
Cor. Secretary—Mrs Charlotte Murray.
Treasurer—Mrs. J. W. Vaughn.
Auditor—Mrs. T. E. Hutchinson.

SUPERINTENDENTS.

Evangelistic—Mrs. G. Fitch.
Mothers' Meetings—Mrs. Prestwood.
Lumbermen—Mrs. J. Kempton.
Peace and Arbitration—Mrs. J. Reid.
Temperance in Sabbath-schools—Mrs. (Dr.) McKenna.
Juvenile Work—Mrs. B. O. Davison.
Parlor Meetings—Mrs. (Rev.) McGregor.
Press Work—Miss Margaret Bess.
Aldershot Work—Mrs. L. Sleep.

What Have You Done To-Day.

We shall do much in the years to come;
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum;
But what did we give to day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer;
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile;
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile;
But what have we brought to day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
We shall feed the hungry souls of earth;
But, this the thing our hearts must ask;
What have we done to-day?

A Pleasant Physic.

When you want a pleasant physic give Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets a trial. They are mild and gentle in their action and always produce a pleasant cathartic effect. Call at all dealers for a free sample.

A Village Disgrace.

G——is a beautiful village nestling in the hills of New York state. The homes are well painted. The lawn's smooth velvet is bordered with cement. The outward appearance would indicate a very high state of intelligence.

Some time ago, a year or more, the proprietor of the public house, unlicensed was indicted by the grand jury for selling intoxicating stuff. The preachers and the W. C. T. U. were very active in this matter. The entire village was very much agitated.

The curbstone philosophers, as they kicked their heels against the dry goods boxes and spat and talked, said: 'We'll show them preachers and them W. C. T. U. women what we can do, we'll have license, we will!' And they whittled and chewed and spat and talked.

The election came on, and these whittlers and spitters carried the place for license. A number of good men were literally snowed under.

Now mark the sad results: In one year the beautiful village of G——and its vicinity have sent to the Keeley Cure twenty subjects. Three died, the direct result of the curse of license. One died in the cure. Five were there from this village in one week, and the proprietor cried out in amazement: 'Have you no churches in G——?'

See what desolation these spitters and chewers have wrought for that beautiful village of G——.

If the good people of that village do not arouse themselves before the next election, when the license question is the issue, then will wives and mothers and angels weep, and devils and wicked men will rejoice, and again the question will be asked: 'Are there no churches in G——?'

—Selected by Oklahoma 'Star.'

Do you know that of all the minor ailments colds are by far the most dangerous! It is not the cold itself that you need to fear, but the serious diseases that it often leads to. Most of these are known as germ diseases. Pneumonia and consumption are among them. Why not take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and cure your cold while you can! For sale by all dealers.

Flavored With Brandy.

In the early married life of a certain lady, a young friend whom she had known and loved since childhood—an only son—came from his home in a neighboring town to spend the day with her. He had been a victim of alcohol of the 'spree' variety, but to the great joy of his friends, had now for eight months triumphed over his demon master.

All went well until dinner, when for dessert, the mistress of the boarding house sent up the usual pie and pudding flavored with brandy. Mrs. B—quietly moved the latter back from both their plates, saying to her friend, 'You and I will take pie,' but the familiar odor had made its appeal. He alternately drew up and pushed back the plate, and at last nervously seized it and eagerly devoured the poisoned food.

Full of apprehension she returned with him to her own apartments, resorting to every possible experiment to divert and entertain him until the time for the train, shuddering at the thought of sending him home bound for Satan, but in vain. Looking at his watch repeatedly, he finally said 'I must go to the station.' 'I will go with you,' was her reply, and they started out together and passed the first hell-gate safely, but at the second he darted from her side and disappeared. In dismay she flew to her husband's office, telling him he must come and find the fugitive. The eager search was in vain; but on the third day, on a pile of lumber, drenched by the pouring rain, robbed of watch and diamond studs, he was found and taken back home! Three months after, as a result of his exposure, he was born to his grave. Mrs. B—was sent for in his last hours. With failing breath, he tried to comfort his agonized mother, and to his friend he said, 'Don't be troubled that I took the brandy sauce with you. I am too weak to resist temptation; it is better for me to die now,' and so he passed to where the wicked cease from troubling. What a lesson for us.—Union Signal.

PILES

Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required.

Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you. 60c. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

When a sheriff will worry himself ill over the prospect of being called to execute a condemned murderer, the day when capital punishment will be abandoned cannot be far distant. It is rather an odd kink in human nature that would permit an assassin to cut a throat for a dollar, and yet would cause him to shrink with abhorrance from a chance of earning a hundred dollars as an executioner. We produce a hundred murderers to one hangman.

Locomotor Ataxia.

'My nerves were very bad, and I could not sleep at night, nor could I control my arms or legs,' writes Mrs. Robt. Bustard, Maxwell, N. B. 'Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cured me of what I believe was the early stage of locomotor ataxia or paralysis. I cannot describe what I suffered, but now I am entirely cured.'

'The first time Billson stayed out with us he took his shoes off when he got to the corner, instead of waiting as most men do, until he had reached the door.'

'Poor man.'

'Yes; and the worst of it was that it was not his corner.'

When Blood is Poison.

The blood must be filtered, otherwise you are poisoned. If the kidneys fail the liver is overworked, and becomes torpid. By using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills you get both these filtering organs working right, and also ensure healthful action of the bowels. For this reason these pills are an ideal family medicine. They cure biliousness, constipation, chronic indigestion and kidney disease.

'O'Brien, thin we were married didn't ye promise to love me as long as ye lived?' asked the lady of the house.

'Yes,' came back O'Brien, 'but I was sick at the time and didn't expect to live long.'

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

'In your sermon this morning you spoke of a baby as 'a new wave on the ocean of life.'

'Quite so; a poetical figure.'

'Don't you think 'a fresh squal would have hit the mark better?'

The most common cause of insomnia is disorders of the stomach. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets correct these disorders and enable you to sleep. For sale by all dealers.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

To Keep Tea At Its Best It Must Be Kept In An Air Tight Package.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

Your Mother.

There's always that 'somebody' that never turns you down. Your 'Best Friend,' the fellow you loved like a blood brother and more than that, who was near to your heart and the thoughts in it, who loved, served and understood you well; takes himself and his thoughts and his love and his warm hand clasp out of your life—he turns you down?

'Fame' the high white woman at the last little top of the mountain towards whose bright head star above her head you lift your eyes through the sweat of climbing, almost lowers the tips of her thrilling white fingers to the shoulder of your coat, almost lowers the sweet weight of the laural wreath to your head, and then she draws them back and in the cold glitter of her star you tumble down and down and everything turns black and Fame's star is as far as the really truly stars that always wink and never fall—she turns you down.

'The Woman You Love,' whose hair has wound its silken length about your heart, whose name is good to you in the saying, whose voice and whose laughter, the things she wears, the words she likes to use, have become as much a part of you as the good sweet breath in your chest, whose sympathy has been sure, and her arms a cradle of dreams, for your busy head—she turns cold in the midst of the kindly warmth of loving, draws the scarf of herself-you-do-not-know about her shoulders (it's thin I know as the first ice above a brook but it's as cold and keeps you out like a wall,) and then she wanders out of your heart and your ways and she gives you back the little drop of fire set in gold that meant 'forever and ever and ever, you and I' to you, once she turns around to say 'Good bye; I'm sorry'—and the 'Woman You Love' is gone.

Those three good things—they turn you down—but there's one thing MORE GOOD always left for you—one face that won't ever turn away, no matter what—until it's gone. And even then, so gigantic a thing in its faithfulness, that it waits for you and helps you somewhere. It's just a little bit of woman—or maybe an awkward, lanky woman, with big hands—but believe me she is beautiful. And she loves you always and always forever and ever—amen! She's your mother.

She never goes back on a chap.

MY DAUGHTER WAS CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"I send you herewith the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was pale, with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. Two different doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles."—Mrs. J. A. CORKRAN, 1108 Rutland Street, Baltimore, Md.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

H. LEOPOLD,

(Successor to Leopold & Schofield.)

Livery and Boarding Stable.

Stylish Single and Double Turnouts Furnished.

Teams meet all trains and boats.
All kinds of trucking and express ing attended to promptly.

Elm Avenue, (Next Royal Hotel.)
WOLFVILLE.

Wolfville Real Estate Agency.

Persons wishing to buy or sell apply to
J. W. SELFRIDGE,
Manager.

Wolfville, April 27.

Get job printing at this office.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section along side his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead of pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. COREY.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

P. S. Unauthorised publications of this advertisement will not be paid for. Dec. 29 tf

Nursery Stock.

Before ordering trees, write us for our Catalogue and prices or see our nearest agent. We are the largest growers of Trees in Canada. Full line of Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry and Plum trees. Our trees are noted for fine root system and largest limb growth. Our Nurseries are patronized by the largest and most progressive fruit growers of Canada. Write for an Agency.

Brown Bros. Co., Nurserymen, Ltd.
Brown's Nurseries, Welland Co.
Ontario

WANTED—Reliable men with selling ability and some knowledge of the fruit business or Nursery Stock, to represent us in Nova Scotia as local and general agents. We are growing a special line of varieties to meet our Maritime Province trade. Liberal inducements and permanent position for the right men.

STONE & WELLINGTON
Fonthill Nurseries—Est'd 1837.
Toronto, Ont.

Learn why PURITY FLOUR is unlike any other brand

PURITY FLOUR is unlike any other brand of flour. No two milling companies follow exactly the same process of milling. In fact, no two different brands of flour in the world are exactly alike in quality.

And here is another fact worth knowing: Every wheat berry contains both high-grade and low-grade portions.

The process of milling PURITY flour costs more than to mill ordinary flour. The low-grade portions are separated and excluded. PURITY is an ALL HIGH-GRADE, hard wheat flour. It has greater strength, greater absorption and greater expansion. It is a thirstier, more elastic flour. It drinks more water and expands into more loaves.

Use PURITY FLOUR for your next batch of bread. Count the loaves. You'll find you have made "MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD" from PURITY than when you've used an equal weight of weaker and cheaper flour.

PURITY FLOUR

"More bread and better bread"

IMAGINE, if you can, how much whiter, and more toothsome, and more nutritious, the bread made from such a HIGH-GRADE flour must be.

And can you imagine yourself enjoying the flaky pie-crust and the light, delicate cake?—your reward for using PURITY flour.

When making pastry, please remember to add more shortening than required with ordinary flour—for on account of its extra strength, PURITY FLOUR requires more shortening for best pastry-results.

Yes, PURITY FLOUR costs slightly more than ordinary flour. But use it once and you'll say it's worth more—much more—than the difference.

Add PURITY FLOUR to your grocery list right now.

107

Hutchinson's Express & Livery

UP-TO DATE IN EVERY RESPECT.

Buckboards, Barouches, Single and Double Carriages. Good Horses; Careful Drivers; Fair Prices. Teams at all Trains and Boats. Baggage carefully transferred. Boarding Stables. Telephone No. 58.

T. E. HUTCHINSON, Prop., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Makes the Weak Strong, Tonic, Blood Purifier, Flesh Producer.

Messrs. Frasier, Thornton & Co., Ltd., Cookshire, Que.

Dear Sirs,—I would like to say that I think the 'Oliveine Emulsion' is splendid. My little daughter had a hard dry cough and had no appetite whatever. Before she had taken the 'Oliveine Emulsion' a week the cough was decidedly looser and her appetite improved. I followed the directions, and honestly believe 'Oliveine Emulsion' is all it is recommended. Sincerely yours, (Signed) MRS. HERBERT MINGO.

Louisville, Picton Co., N. S., July 19, 1910.

Dear Sirs,—I was suffering from stomach trouble and did not know what to take to cure me. I decided to try a bottle of your 'Oliveine Emulsion' and before I had used two bottles I was cured. I would not like to see my stomach without this very valuable medicine. Sincerely yours, (Signed) J. OTTO SCHMIDT.

Havre Aubert, M. I., Apr. 13, 1910.

Mrs. Pat B. Poirier, Shediac Bridge, N. B. writes,—'I bought a bottle of 'Oliveine Emulsion' for a cough and it did me a great deal of good.'

Messrs. Frasier, Thornton & Co., Ltd., Cookshire, Que.

Gentlemen,—Sometime ago I had a bad cough and felt very much run down. I got a bottle of your 'Oliveine Emulsion' and used it with the best of results. I have now used four bottles in all and I recommend it to anyone. You may use my letter in any way you like to recommend this famous Remedy. Yours respectfully, (Signed) JOSEPH MCGOWAN.

Windsor Jct., N. S., March 28, 1911.

Dear Sirs,—I have used 'Oliveine Emulsion' and find it a great remedy for Coughs and Colds. (Signed) MRS. HENRY PETERS.

Upper Northfield, N. S., Feb. 20, 1911.

Messrs. Frasier, Thornton & Co., Ltd., Cookshire, Que.

Gentlemen,—I bought a bottle of your 'Oliveine Emulsion' which I took for a bad cold, and used with good success. (Signed) MRS. HENRY PETERS.

New Acadia, P. E. I., Feb. 19, 1911.

Messrs. Frasier, Thornton & Co., Ltd., Cookshire, Que.

Dear Sirs,—I have been a sufferer of lung trouble for many years and have tried all kinds of doctor's medicines, but found no relief. I heard of your 'Oliveine Emulsion' and after taking the first bottle felt much better. I am now taking the third bottle and am much improved. I cannot recommend the 'Emulsion' too highly among my friends. Yours truly, (Signed) MRS. FRANK J. AMINO.

Plympton, Digby Co., N. S., May 9, 1911.

Miss Della James, Tweedale, N. B. writes: 'I have tried your 'Oliveine Emulsion' and find it very good.'

Mrs. Hanson Sanford, Walton, Hants Co. N. S. writes: 'We find 'Oliveine Emulsion' a valuable remedy.'

Messrs. Frasier, Thornton & Co., Ltd., Cookshire, Que.

Dear Sirs,—I am taking my second bottle of 'Oliveine Emulsion' and find it helping my general health. I can already recommend your 'Oliveine Emulsion' for a run down system. (Signed) MRS. B. A. YOUNG.

Summerville, N. S., July 1, 1911.

To the Public

The undersigned begs to notify the public that he is now prepared to undertake painting, paper-hanging, etc., of all kinds. Having had adequate experience he guarantees first-class work and entire satisfaction in every case. Orders may be left with Wolfville Decorating Co.

GODFREY & MURPHY.

Wolfville, Mar. 9, 1910. 'Phone 85.

FOR SALE.

Property on Pleasant street occupied by the subscriber, a nice little home and outbuildings all in good condition, two and a half acres of land, a half acre of which is in good bearing orchard. Can be bought cheap.

Apply to
H. ZONEF,
Wolfville.

Wanted.

Old Church Communion tokens, old coins, old postage stamps used before 1870, old blue bed coverlets, all kinds Mahogany Furniture.

Highest Cash Prices Paid.

W. A. KAIN

116 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

THE STANDING ALIBI OF

H. STANLEIGH STORME

(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd).

(By Wm. Hamilton Osborne).

the next, and often doubled on his tracks. Suddenly he dashed around a corner. Then everything was still. They rushed around the corner in turn and found — nothing. He had completely disappeared.

They ransacked the neighborhood, and searched all the houses, but without avail. The burglar had escaped.

By the time they had finished their search, a man, footsore and weary, was walking in security some two miles away on the other side of town, his steps bent toward the Iroquois Club.

And as he walked he shook blood from his finger. "Good heavens," he said to himself, "how that bullet hurt!"

Of times in battle men are shot through their limbs, or even through the body, almost without pain. Sometimes they never know that they have been hit.

On the other hand, a stray bullet may clip a piece of ear or chop a finger off and cause excruciating pain. This man had been hit — painfully hit — but the bullet had merely clipped a small piece of flesh from the end of his middle finger.

The wound was not serious, but it had been painful—and had caused the involuntary shriek of anguish which he had emitted when the shot had taken effect.

The man thrust the injured hand into his pocket, and walked on in the direction of the Iroquois Club.

Meantime Burke and his men had kept the Iroquois Club well surrounded. They had watched there all night.

It was now after half past two in the morning. Still the man they were looking for had not appeared. But still they waited.

A policeman pacing slowly upon his beat passed the place where Burke stood half concealed.

"Theres been a burglary up town," he said to Burke. "I just came out with the 2o'clock squad and heard 'em talking about it."

"No!" exclaimed Burke. "What, another one? Get out!"

"It's heaven's own truth," replied the man.

"Where was it?" inquired Burke.

"Up in the swell quarter," returned the other. "Family of the name of Dumont—lot of jewelry an'—"

The special caught the policeman by the arm.

"Dumont!" he repeated to the other. "Are you sure? Did they say Dumont?"

"Sure," answered the officer. "I heard 'em talking about it. I'm sure it was Dumont."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Burke. "Why—why, I was there tonight myself."

"That's where it was," went on the officer. "I'm tellin' you straight. Well, s'long. I got to go."

Burke himself had started away in the other direction.

"Well, s'long!" he responded. "I've got to go myself, for here comes my man now."

He had glanced toward the entrance to the club. A man came out.

The man stood for an instant under the bright light above the door. Then he descended the steps into the street.

He turned to his right and walked leisurely along. Burk and his men followed him.

As the man strolled away, he kept one hand, carelessly perhaps, concealed in the pocket of his coat — just as any man might do.

CHAPTER XI

The Police Investigation.

The Dumont robbery was the last straw.

The police department had been roasted right and left by the press and the people, and it was even hinted that certain of the officers were in league with the gang of burglars.

It is due to the honesty of the force to say that they were innocent of the lightest information relative to the affair. They had tried their best to prevent the depredation, but without success.

Just as certain as they became unusually vigilant in one quarter, the burglaries burst out afresh in another.

Burke was their best man, and he was confident — or had been — that Storme was the guilty party. He had been instructed with the task of running him down. He had run him down as best he could.

The chief held a secret session at headquarters the morning after the Dumont affair. He called in the captains of all the precincts, and he also directed the attendance of Burke and his associates, and of the two officers who had been present at the time of the theft.

Burke had not yet arrived. The police had suppressed from the morning paper any reference to the affair.

"Gentlemen," said the chief, "this is a serious matter. I propose to investigate it fully. The honor and integrity of this force have been attacked, and we are powerless to defend ourselves until we produce one or more of the members of this gang, and yield them up to punishment.

"I'm going to find out about this thing, if it takes a leg, and I'm going to begin right now. I want Andrews and Cassidy to step up here and tell their story."

They told the same tale.

Andrews was the officer on the Dumont beat. Cassidy was a roundsman. Their suspicions had been aroused the night before by the recent events—the sudden lighting of Miss Dumont's room.

The illumination attracted their attention, and they distinctly saw the man in her room as he replaced his mask and leaped toward the light bulb on the wall. Prior to that they had not seen his face.

One of the men immediately moved to the rear of the house, mounted to the extension roof, and was about to enter the window as the burglar, a tall, well built man, dashed past him and leaped to the ground. They fired, and evidently hit their man, because along the line of chase they discovered drops of blood.

In their opinion they had wounded him painfully, and perhaps very seriously. And then he had disappeared.

They had done their best—and no man could do more.

"Now, look here," asked the chief, "did this man look like Storme?—you know the man I mean."

He scrutinized their faces carefully; he was not quite certain that the escape was altogether unavoidable.

"Well, sir," said Andrews, "As I said, we didn't see his face. But to tell the truth, Storme was the man that we were looking for—we had an eye out for him—and this man seemed to us to be about his build. We thought, sir, it was Storme."

At this juncture a man in plain clothes entered—a man with sunken eyes and weary frame.

It was Burke. He had not slept for thirty hours. He sank in an exhausted way into a chair.

"Where have you been, Burke?" inquired the chief.

Burke stepped wearily up to the front and stood before the desk.

"I'm dog tired," he announced with a smile. "I've been followin' H. Stanleigh Storme."

"What have you found out?" inquired the chief.

Burke shook his head.

"Nothin'—just nothin'," he replied, "Either we're away off or else he's dead on to us and is keepin' straight."

The chief turned a pair of suspicious eyes upon the detective.

"What the mischief do you mean, Burke?" he demanded. "Don't you know that Storme robbed the Dumont house last night?"

Burke started up as though shot.

"What!" he demanded. "What d'ye mean? Robbed the Dumont house! Never!"

"Do you mean to tell us," said the chief, biting his finger, "that he wasn't the man who did it?"

"Sure he wasn't," answered Burke.

"Of course he wasn't."

"How do you know?" asked the chief.

"Well," replied Burke with a smile, "I ought to know. I saw Storme go into the Iroquois at about midnight last night, saw him take his place in the card room, and saw him sitting there all night till half past two next morning, saw him go home, and I've just now come from the Gouverneur where he lives."

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded the chief, "that you saw his face—saw Storme himself—in the Iroquois all night long?"

"I'll tell you," explained Burke. "I didn't see his face after he went in, but I saw it from his eyebrows up, and it was Storme's head all right, all right; and besides, the doorkeeper told me half a dozen times that Storme was there. He was there all right, all right, too. I'm sure of that."

The chief glanced uncertainly at the man before him, and then he addressed Cassidy and more.

"Did—did you see Miss Dumont in the room last night?" he asked.

Cassidy nodded.

"We did," he returned. "That's the reason Andrews climbed up. He was afraid the fellow might offer some violence."

The chief touched a button. An official appeared.

"You get a cab," commanded the chief, "and go up to Miss Dumont's house and bring her here. I'm going to have her down. She's the only one who can solve this mystery.

"I won't go up there where I'll be embarrassed. I'm going to have her down here. Tell her that she needn't be afraid to come. I'll see her in my room. We'll make it as easy for her as we can. But she must come—understand. It's for the good of the community. Bring her down at once."

Half an hour later another man entered.

"Miss Dumont is here," he announced.

The chief went in and saw her. He took Burke in with him — he wanted Burke to hear and see.

Miss Dumont was very pale — she seemed exhausted. The chief explained to her gently just why he had sent for her and just why this was a very important matter.

She replied that she understood and

(Continued next week.)

Marion Bridge, C. B., May 10, '09.

I have handled MINARD'S LINIMENT during the past year. It is always the first Liniment asked for here, and unquestionably the best seller of all the different kinds of Liniment I handle. NEIL FERGUSON.

Pneumonia from a Cold

PNEUMONIA is second only to consumption in the number of deaths which it causes, and like consumption always has its beginning with a cold.

Cold in the head, fever and chills, a cough which gradually becomes dry and more painful in the chest, rapid, difficult breathing, feelings of exhaustion and depression—these are symtoms of pneumonia.

You can prevent and cure pneumonia by the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the greatest of all treatments for the throat and lungs.

The only safe way is to regard every cold as serious. By frequent doses of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine you can quickly break up the cold and guard against dangerous developments. 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.