



Kootenay Steel Range

Burns Coal, Coke or Wood. Two sets of grates are supplied with every range and the flues are wide and deep, with no square corners, so that the ashes and soot produced by soft fuels cannot clog up the smoke and draft passages.

This feature of the Kootenay Range is a decided success. The grates are so easily changed that a boy can perform the operation.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Booklet free.

McClary's London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

CLARKE & PEARSON Sole Agents.

Best efforts of the great physicians keep people well and prevent disease. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food was prepared with this object in view. It is only a cure for diseases of the nerves, but runs low and the weakness of the system invites attack by fevers or contagious diseases.

RUSSIAN STEAMER BLOWN UP. Tokio, Sept. 2.—A Russian steamer, Arthur, struck a mine and was destroyed last Wednesday.

Piles. To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the best for piles, you can see the manufacturer's name on the wrapper. It is the only one that has been used for over twenty years.

The Wings of the Morning. By Louis Tracy. (Continued from last Tuesday's Edition)

At last, the fumes of the sulphur had permeated the air, and the boy's eyes were opened. He saw a sufficient time to stare over the edge of the cave, and he saw the monster of the night.

Not even the stirring exhortations of the chief, whose voice was raised in a furious speech, could induce the boy to get up. He lay there, staring at the entrance to the cave, and wondering what he should do.

Another moment, and the boy was on his feet. He had risen, and he was looking at the entrance to the cave, and wondering what he should do.

They were mostly bare-legged men, wearing Malay hats, some jackets reaching to the knees, and sandals. One man was habited in the conventional attire of an Indian Mohammedan, and his skin was brown, whilst the swarthy Dyaks, thought, from the manner in which his turban was tied, that he must be a Punjabi.

Each Dyak of course, wore a parang and dagger-like kris; a few wore spears and a dozen shouldered a large straight piece of bamboo. The nature of the implements the soldier could not determine at the moment.

and England. He noiselessly wormed his way to the edge of the rock and looked down through the grass-roots.

The Dyaks were already stirring. Some were replying to the first, others were drawing water, cooking, eating, smoking long thin-stemmed pipes with limbs and wipers. The chief sat on the rock, but when the first beams of the sun glided the veteran man stooped over the prostrate form and said something that caused the sleeper to rise.

The Dyak evidently noted the behavior of the birds—their flight, their landing, their reading of signs—and gazed in astonishment at the scene. He could not get to the point of the cliff, but he might perhaps see some portion of the trail.

At last, on a command from the chief, the Dyaks scattered in various directions. Some turned towards Europe, but the majority went to the east.

The quiet watcher on the ledge took his chance. He saw the Dyaks, and he saw the chief, and he saw the man who was the Dyak's enemy.

He saw the Dyak's eyes, and he saw the chief's eyes, and he saw the man's eyes. He saw the Dyak's hands, and he saw the chief's hands, and he saw the man's hands.

He saw the Dyak's feet, and he saw the chief's feet, and he saw the man's feet. He saw the Dyak's face, and he saw the chief's face, and he saw the man's face.

He saw the Dyak's voice, and he saw the chief's voice, and he saw the man's voice. He saw the Dyak's breath, and he saw the chief's breath, and he saw the man's breath.

He saw the Dyak's thoughts, and he saw the chief's thoughts, and he saw the man's thoughts. He saw the Dyak's feelings, and he saw the chief's feelings, and he saw the man's feelings.

the end, but he never answered, "The end," she wearily answered, "I don't want to live without you."

He looked in her blue eyes and saw the light of Heaven. "God bless you, dear girl," he murmured. "You will never see me again."

CHAPTER XII. A TRUCE. "I am going to attack you," he said, and he saw the chief's eyes.

He saw the Dyak's eyes, and he saw the chief's eyes, and he saw the man's eyes. He saw the Dyak's hands, and he saw the chief's hands, and he saw the man's hands.

He saw the Dyak's feet, and he saw the chief's feet, and he saw the man's feet. He saw the Dyak's face, and he saw the chief's face, and he saw the man's face.

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VOL. XLVI, NO. 7

The W.C.T.U. Convention

Second Day of the Big Gathering of Christian Workers in Victoria.

Interesting Address by President Reports Shewing Financial Position.

Day's Proceedings Brought to Close by Successful Meeting in Mission Tent.

The devotional meeting Wednesday morning at the W. C. T. U. convention was conducted by Miss O. T. O. of Vancouver.

Further amendment was laid over until the afternoon session in order that more definite information be obtained as to the nature of the constitution.

Article VI to read: "The fiscal year shall close May 31st." Article VII to read: "The committee of three, who shall be the executive committee."

After the reading of minutes the corresponding secretary called attention to the report of the convention.

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