

Mr. J. E. Arsenault, a Justice of the Peace, and station master at Wellington, on the Prince Edward Island Railway, says:

Four years ago I slipped in the station and fell on a freight truck, sustaining a bad cut on the front of my leg. I thought this would heal, but instead of doing so it developed into a bad ulcer, and later into a form of eczema which spread very rapidly and later into a form the content of Both legs became so swollen and sore that I could only go about my work by having them bandaged. My doctor said I must stop work and lay up.

"After six months of this trouble consulted another doctor, but with no better result. I tried all the salves, linkinents and lotions I heard of, but instead of getting better I got worse.

"This was my condition when I got may first box of Zam-Buk. Greatly to

my delight that first box gave me re-lief. I continued to apply it to the scres, and day by day they got better. I could see that at last I had got hold of something which would cure me, and in the end it did.

"It is now over a year since Zam-Buk worked a cure in my case, and there has been no return of the

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Nicknames Sometimes Prove Deceptive -:- -:-

By CLARISSA MACKIE 

Roger Webb was the last to finish his dinner, and he was just leaving the mess house when Boss Clintock gal loped up to the door and intercepted

"Say, Wehh, have the others gone?" "Yes; they are just rounding the last gate," said Roger, pointing to a half dozen rapidly diminishing horsemen "Anything I can do?"

"No-yes, of course you can. I've been called up to North Fork to iden tify a bunch of cattle, and I've just had a phone from Belford that his kid's coming over for a visit. It's thir ty miles from Belford's place over here and a tiresome ride. He wants me to meet Teddy on the other side of Black pass or send a trusty man. I'll have to send you."

"Very well," returned Roger. "Shall start now?"

"You better go right off and be sure and get on the other side of the pass, for the kid's afraid to come through in the dark."

"I'll be there," assured Roger, and he went away to saddle his horse. Roger whistled and Buckskin pound ed the turf lightly as they covered mile

after mile of the twenty that lay be

tween the Lone Bull ranch and the far ther entrance to Black pass. Now, when Roger and Buckskin threaded their way down its narrow. winding trail the sun had passed over the rocky summits of the pass, and a deep twilight was drawing down. As he went out at the other end he looked expectantly around the sunlit plain

for a glimpse of Teddy Belford, but the lad was nowhere in sight. "I suppose his dad has told him to wait here at the pass for me, and, as



HE URGED BUCKSKIN FORWARD.

he isn't here, I believe I'll nose around and have a look at that place Clintock was telling me about."

With a last glance along the trail shead Roger turned to the right and followed directions he had received from the boss of the Lone Bull. In an hour he had found the ranch he was looking for, had a long talk with its owner and taken a hasty survey of the premises. He was favorably impressed with the place and believed it would make a good opening for him; also, it was well within the limit he had set for expenditure. He decided to talk it over with Clintock before closing a

He was halfway back to the south entrance to Black pass before he re-membered Belford's kid. He glanced around at the gray plain fast losing its outlines in the gathering dusk and smote his thigh sharply.

"Great horn! If I haven't forgotten the kid! I wonder"— He spurred Buckskin into a run without completing his sentence.

Long before he reached the pass he was straining his eyes for a glimpse of a horse and rider waiting for him. But he saw nothing, and when he finally pulled to a breathless standstill there he appeared to be all alone in the

"I don't believe he's arrived yet," he said uneasily. "If he was afraid of the pass he would be sure to wait for

me. Roger waited anxiously, listening for Daily London Advertiser .... 3 00 the faintest sound that might presage the approach of Teddy Belford. He rebuked himself bitterly for his neglect of duty-for running off to attend to his own affairs when he had assured

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'I received your sample of Gin Pills and after using them, I felt so much better that I got a box at my druggist's and now I am taking the third box. The pain across my back and kidneys has almost entirely gone and I am better than I have been for years. I strongly advise all women who suffer from Pain in the Back and Weak Kidneys, to try in the Back and Weak Kidneys, to try Gin Pills". MRS. T. HARRIS.



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Mr. Clintock that he would safely escord Teddy through Black pass to the Lone Bull ranch. All at once darkness fell completely, and there were only the distant stars winking down out of a dim blue sky.

Roger swore softly and turned Buck-skin into the pass. He rode until he came to the middle of the pit of velvet blackness and listened. Far ahead of him he thought he heard a faint sound. Again it came-a broken whistle. He urged Buckskin forward until he heard plainly the tremulously whistled notes of "I'm Afraid to Go Home In the Dark."

"The doggoned, plucky little kid!" ejaculated Roger thankfully, and then he let out his voice until the pass re-

"Hello there! That you, Teddy Belford?"

"Yes!" came back a shaking voice. "Wait for me, Teddy. I'll be there In a few seconds he brought Buck-skin to a scrambling halt. "Where are

you, Teddy?" he asked. "Right here," was a low toned reply

"No. I'm Roger Webb. Mr. Clintock was called to North Fork and sent me instead. I was to wait on the other side of the pass for you, but I thought there was time enough to look at a piece of property I was interested

When they were riding slowly forward, allowing the horses to pick their way along the trail, Roger turned his ead and resumed conversation with his unseen companion.
"You're afraid of this place, aren't

There was a little hesitation before the answer came curtly:

"I don't blame you. Were you whistling 'I'm Afraid to Go Home In the Dark' to keep up your spirits?"

"Yes; to shame myself for being afraid," was Teddy's crisp reply.

Boger laughed with unconcealed admiration. "You're a plucky kid," he remarked.

Teddy Belford did not answer, and Roger concluded that he was ashamed of what might have been termed a dis-

#### HOW WEAK WOMEN

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"I have used Vinol for some time with particularly gratifying results. I was run down, weak and debilitated, and my appetite was gone. After taking several bottles of Vinol I found my condition greatly improved, and do not hesitate to recommend Vinol to anyone similarly affected."

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play of cowardice. He had no idea of old Teddy Belford might be or whether he was large or small. So far his companion was merely a voice.
"How old are you, Teddy?" he asked

No answer. "How old are you, Teddy, lad?" repeated Roger good humoredly, not that he cared greatly, but the low, contralto voice of Belford's kid interested him without his knowing exactly why. It sent a thrill of paternal tenderness through his being. At least he thought it was paternal.

"I don't believe Mr. Clintock would have sent you to meet me if he had known how-how impertinent were going to be," said Teddy Belford calmly.

'Impertinent - wow!" Roger was plainly disgusted. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Teddy Belford," he ended sarcasti-

"Mr. Teddy Belford!" repeated Belford's kid indignantly as they emerg-ed from the gloom of the pass into the open plain where the trail lay white under the rays of a rising moon. Before Roger could turn around and look at his companion he heard the swish-sh of a quirt through the air and Buckskin shot forward like a rocket.

"The-little-dev-devil!" panted Roger as he realized that Buckskin was having things his own mad way.

Mile after mile they pounded over the dry grass, away from the trail and far to the east of the Lone Bull ranch. Roger did not know what had become of Teddy Belford, and he did not care. He was aware that away off behind somewhere there was a faint thudding of hoofs. Roger sawed away at Buckskin's ob-

stinate mouth without result. He realized that the horse was growing tired, and if the beast could escape stepping into a prairie dog's hole or did not stumble he might be brought to reason before long.

But Buckskin stumbled, and it happened so suddenly that Roger was toss ed over the animal's head and landed surprised and dizzy on a crumbling sand hillock. For an instant he lay there breathless and bruised watching Buckskin's form waiting wearily near

by.
"You old skyrocket!" he breathed at

Then another horse loomed into the moonlight, was turned loose to nip at the grass and a slender form hurried to Roger Webb's side and knelt down with a cool hand on his forehead. Roger saw that the newcomer wore skirts, and his dizziness increased.

"Oh, Mr. Webb, I am so sorry! I do hope you're not hurt!" cried the girl in the voice of Belford's kid. "I'm all right," said the dazed cow-

boy, struggling to a sitting posture. "But where did you come from?" "Why, I was following you through Black pass, you know, and you were rather impertinent. You know you were. You called me Teddy and kid and all that! But I should not have close beside him. "That isn't Mr. struck your horse. I am so ashamed, and I beg your pardon," she ended, with a dangerous quaver in her voice.

"Are you Teddy Belford?" demanded Roger. "Yes; Theodora Belford. My friends call me Teddy. Father and Boss Clintock call me kid. I don't mind from

them," she concluded. "Of course not," said the chagrined "Only, you see, nobody told Roger. me you were a girl—and I thought you were a boy! The apologies are on my side."

"Well, we've got a whole lifetime to apologize to each other in," laughed Teddy Belford as she leaped into her saddle unassisted. "But let's not waste any time over that. I really think we are quits, Mr. Webb. I am afraid to think what a narrow escape you had.

It would have been my fault if"-"I wouldn't have missed it for anything," said Roger sincerely, thinking

of her cool hand on his forehead. "We will be late for supper," said Teddy hurriedly. As they rode home through the moon-

light Roger decided that he would buy the ranch next to Belford's place. "It will be handy for her to run over and see her folks-after we are married," he said to himself.

Of this decision, of course, Teddy Belford knew nothing until after they became engaged.

#### LOST VITALITY Caused by Kidney, Stomach and Bowel Disorders

St. John, N.B., September 18th, 1911 St. John, N.B., September 18th, 1911.

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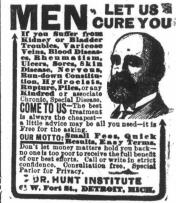
the core of the pain. I read in the Montreal Witness about Nerviline, and got five bottles. It is a wonderful medicine—I could feel its soothing pain-relieving action every time it was applied. When I got the disease under control with Nerviline, I built up my strength and fortified my blood by taking Ferrozone at meals. This treatment cured me permanently, and I urge everyone to give up the thick, white-oily liniments they are using, and try an up-to-date. penetrating, pain-destroyer like Nerviline.

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