

Mr. Devereux's Palanquin

Half an hour's waiting about the tawdry tea-garden of the great city square was enough of that sort of amusement for Owen Dowell.

It's a good show enough, as such shows go, Jantie said Mrs. Owen distastefully, but there doesn't seem to be much of any life in it.

Guess you're right Owen, Jantie squared his broad shoulders and took on his otherwise habitual drop-shoulder posture, as they got up from the table.

All eyes of the observant tea-girls were upon them as they ascended out. Such anomaly as the 'bonnie's' mate and the consort of marines of the American navy thus chattering on shore they had never seen since they had been serving tea to the liberty men of the nation of the world.

On remembering that he had forgotten something, turned on his heel at the door and went back to light a cigar with the bit of smoldering Joe-stick right under the flat nose of a curven stone deity standing on a table.

It's just fine, ohm—there'd be room enough in here for another. 'Tis a pity that their chatty reminiscences of those delicious, dream-like harmonies that Asia sang to Lalla Rookh.

Don't see where the pity comes in—looks if something may turn up any time to show how your dreaming over looks has inspired ye to do things that count for something worth while, boss!

They were, meantime, passing but a little way from a roadside Bozer bawling in which some foreign men-of-war sailors were taking a hand.

From the hardships of several other nations, now in Shanghai there were groups and pairs of liberty men coming and going and from the tea-bosses. These children of the sea were, therefore, cruising on shore for adventure as well as amusement.

They were of the more self-respecting members of their respective ships crews, who, when ashore on liberty, turned their backs upon the districts frequented by men of different tastes.

Invitations in some instances were given and accepted to drink social cups of tea together. But Owen speaking authoritatively for Jantie, thanklessly declined such invitations. He had, in fact seen a little too much of the diplomatic insincerity and duplicity of even such substantial and semi social affluents.

We loathe the cream of our liberty, being in too much of a hurry, boss, said Jantie, as he looked back over his shoulder and caught the gleaming regret of a pair of eyes followed him invitingly to come back.

Ab, bossy that grow lively, ohm. I thought you'd forged ahead out of reach of the eddy shore currents that used to be setting you in such about water.

Jantie laughed. No use talking your square rigged, deep water anti-quieties to me Owen. The 's' all ancient history. 'Tis in the age of steam and there's not a Bobby Burns in sight ye', to sing the Song of Sam.

Turn ahead full speed, then, for the American steamer, outside the north gate, said Owen, taking his arm and stepping out with each long lively stride that Jantie's shorter legs could not hold the pace, without falling into a sort of dog trot.

What's the hurry, shipmate? That's the swell suburb where the commissioned officers are entertained, Jantie's wind had already failed him, so that his words came in laborious crochets.

A company of American and English naval officers, riding in palanquins, out on a bit, ambled past in to the square. Trust the come for showing his wherever it's to be found, ohm, said Owen, as he brought his hand down with a wheeze, after assisting the officers.

I've got five you left, boss, gaped Jantie. Let us have some rides, too. Call a couple of them man's four in hand there at the wall, eh?

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is beneficial as long as it is in the neck, disfigure the skin, inflame the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

Two of my children had similar cases which had proved deeper and had them from going to school for some months. Children and patients did no good with a paper giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of return of the disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has all thousands.

turned, as they shouldered their burdens and started on a dog trot. They had gone but a few steps when the leader struck up one of their melodious oriental chants, heard only on the streets and roads from palanquins.

It's this sort of cruise got your life and sport in it, Jantie? questioned Owen, as they entered out through the north wall-gate of the old city and came into the wider, clearer street of the suburb.

It's just fine, ohm—there'd be room enough in here for another. 'Tis a pity that their chatty reminiscences of those delicious, dream-like harmonies that Asia sang to Lalla Rookh.

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HAD VERY BAD COUGH

It's time to relax, Jantie, I don't wonder our horses—men are pepping out. Let's try this French Table de Hote on the roadside!

Agreed, ohm, Jantie's face brightened lavishly, as Owen took the lead, bearing to stop at the restaurant. The horses rejoiced when Owen sang them a quarter, as he got out of the palanquin.

Jantie's timorous apprehensions of having to sit through a French dinner at table with a crowd of perhaps fashionable civilians, ended when he saw that there were rows of small tables, accommodating no more than four to a table. One of these they had to themselves. It was still rather early in the day for the regular French dinner. The fashionable hour was seven. Yet a numerous company sat around the spacious dining room, filled with such savory smells as put keener edges on their appetites.

A party of three, sitting at the next table to where Owen and Jantie sat, talked so earnest and ably that it was difficult to catch the drift of their discourse. Owen finally picked up the rag ends of the broken thread showing that they were discussing some late Bozer attacks upon Christians about Shanghai. The foreign residents had already begun to keep indoors after dark. So far, however, it was only native Christians that had been fatally assailed by the heathen fanatic.

Magro as was the dubious gossip, it set Owen to thinking. The murderous Bozer springing in other parts of China had, of course, been freely talked over on board the Olympia. It was known among the non-coms, in fact, that it was to protect American residents and interests in China that the ship was ordered up from Manila to Shanghai. But, on finding no atrocities had been committed thereabouts, commanders were not very apprehensive.

Jantie took the matter more seriously than Owen. Yet neither felt much the less satisfied with, to them the delicious rarity of such a flem dinner. When they came to pay the reckoning, they were quite surprised that it was on the stroke of eight o'clock, their head bearer was at the door, and on a word from Owen ran to muster his men.

On getting into their palanquins, Jantie suggested taking the swell of the American suburb streets back to town. All right bit her up that way, then, agreed Owen; mightily glad we've got this moon. She's a more luminous daughter of heaven to light our way than their emperor, whom they claim to be the son of heaven, Jan-ee.

You bet she is Owen! They may steal themselves into the emperor's favor by such assiduous claims, but never into heaven's.

The many windows of the palatial residences shone dimly in the bright moonlight like clusters of rising, or setting stars, just above the dreamy oriental, boris, Bill strains of music, issuing through open windows harmonized the thoughts of the retreating shipmates. Sweet female voices singing in the air, once heard coming from a sort of big bamboo lattice-work pavilion standing far in from the road in a bower of evergreens and flowers, thrilled Owen with infinite longing for the sound of a voice forever still.

What's that—that cry as of a woman in pain and distress, ohm? said Jantie, fixed his hand for an instant on the reins.

Owen now caught the sound, not only of muffled, tense male voices mingling with the female cries, but the intense footsteps of several men on the other side of a clump of bamboo which they were passing.

His Bozer man killum Millikin—Chinese Christian—I no know, said the head bearer, in frightened tones, his men meantime turning back to retreat.

All urging and threats were alike ineffectual upon the bearers. So, bidding their leader keep them as well in hand and as close as possible, Owen called on Jantie to follow him, springing out of the palanquin.

We must save that woman, Jantie, if possible, said Owen, as they ran towards the scene of the noise.

We may have our heads full saving ourselves among such a crowd of heathen devils, Jantie was not eager for the fray, already in flight, with self a score of bloodthirsty fanatics. But he could not think of Owen's having occasion to doubt his courage, for the reason that he was sure that that would lose him his friendship.

What's that love life—my man when—? They were in the midst of the mob of Bozers, and Owen could flash his saw of which he was fond. Could you have seen how effectively he changed into the man of action, you would think better of his placidities. Neither he nor Jantie had other arms than those God gave them. Yet with their well trained fists, and stimulated by the groans of the woman, while Jantie held it up, that they were both sure she must be a percentage of great wealth and distinction. Owen was quick to see that externally she was unharmed. But from sheer fright she had lost her balance.

(To be continued.)

Prince Edward Island Railway

Commencing on May 18th, 1912, trains on this Railway will run as follows:

Table with columns: Trains Outward, Trains Inward, Day, Time, Station, Ar, P.M.

Table with columns: P.M., Noon, Ar, P.M., Station, Ar, P.M.

Table with columns: P.M., Ar, P.M., Station, Ar, P.M.

Table with columns: P.M., Ar, P.M., Station, Ar, P.M.

Table with columns: Day, Sat, Ar, P.M., Station, Ar, P.M.

H. McEWEN, Supt. P. E. I. Railway. Railway Office, March 28, 1912.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Cured It.

Min. C. Davidson, Bowman River, Minn. writes:—Last fall I had a very bad cough and a tickling sensation in my throat. It was so bad I could not sleep at night, so I went to a druggist and told him I wanted something for my cough, and he advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup which I did, and after taking one bottle I was completely cured. Let me recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to anyone who suffers from a cough or throat irritation.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup without a doubt one of the greatest cough and cold remedies on the market to-day, and so great has been its success there are numerous preparations put up to imitate it. Do not be imposed upon by taking one of these substitutes, but by looking on the label given "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it. Price, 25 cents a bottle put up in a yellow wrapper; three also bears the trade mark; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Meloney: Is your husband a Tariff Reformer or a Free Trader? Mrs. Flanagan, Oh, a trader right enough, he's a dealer in fish out of sea! I'm exactly free 'cos 'tis just got three months' ard.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia. 'I trust that I am a person of intelligence.' 'Ah I see!' 'See what?' 'What an elevating saying faith be.'

That is a pretty big book when asked for a boy of your size, said papa at breakfast to Jimmie-boy. It looks big, said Jimmie-boy, but really it isn't. It's got lots of purposes in it.

A Sensible Merchant. Milburn's Sterling Headache Powder gives prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

She—They say that an apple a day will keep the doctor away. He—Why stop there? An onion a day will keep everybody away.

There is nothing harsh about Lax Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Diarrhoea, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spells without griping, purging or sickness. Price 25c.

The Oysio—I suppose she is all the world to you? The Lover—Not exactly; but she's all I want of it—five thousand acres and an Elizabethan mansion.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. Nervous Old Lady: You know, Miss, I have such a dread of premature bald. Have you ever found anyone like when you are buying them? Old Graveligger (who likes his little joke): Well, mum, my 'learning' hair's as keen as it used to be.

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Had Palpitation of the Heart Weakness and Choking Spells. When the heart begins to beat irregularly, palpitate and throbs, beats fast for a time, then so slow as to seem almost to stop, it causes great anxiety and alarm. When the heart does this many people are kept in a state of morbid fear of death, and become weak, worn and miserable. To all such sufferers Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief. Mrs. John J. Downey, New Glasgow, N.S. writes:—Just a few lines to let you know what your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. I was troubled with weakness and palpitation of the heart, would have severe choking spells, and could scarcely lie down at all. I tried many remedies but got none to answer my case like your Pills. I can recommend them highly to all having heart or nerve troubles. Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. For sale at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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