His manner was so quiet and assured hat Shirley instinctively trusted him. The did not resist his authority; indeed, she was too far spent to make much effort, and, closing her eyes wearily, she was soon in a profound slumber. She had scarcely closed her eyes during the previous night, for the dread of what was coming with the new day had made it impossible for her to sleep; but now tired nature asserted her claims, and it was several hours before she awoke.

Then she was allowed to go to Clif, whom she found looking very comfortable, though, of course, very pale and weak.

He feehly put out his hand to her a

whom she found looking very collisticable, though, of course, very pale and weak.

He feebly put out his hand to her, a fond smile wreathing his lips, and, clasping it, she sat down beside him, although she was, for the moment, too overcome to speak.

"I have not suffered, my darling," he whispered, as he realized the cause of her emotion. "I knew nothing after I began to inhale the ether until I awoke and found myself here. What a blessing to suffering humanity anaesthetics are!" "Oh, I am so glad!" Shirley murmured, in a tone so heartily grateful that tears started to her husband's eyes.

"Poor little wife!" Clifton went on, while he regarded her white face tenferly, "I know that you have been the treatest sufferer from the hard experience; but you must forget it now that it is over." Then, noticing the anxious look in her eyes, he added: "I do not know yet, dear, what the doctors think. Wallace is coming in again toward evening to talk with me about it; but, love, we must be patient. I do not imagine that any one can tell just what the result will be, and since I am safely through with this dreadful ordeal, we can afford to wait and trust, can we not?"

Shirley tried to smile a cheerful assent

Shirley tried to smile a cheerful assent to this; but somehow the vein of patient resignation which seemed to run through his words made her strangely sad; it was as if he had not much faith that he was ever going to be well under any circumstances.

his words made her strangely sad; it was as if he had not much faith that he was ever going to be well under any circumstances.

The nurse came in just then with some nourishment for his patient, and after he had taken it, he was told that he must try to sleep; so there could be no more talking for a time, nor indeed during the remainder of the day, for Clifton slept for many hours, being under the influence of the quieting medicines.

He was sleeping when Dr. Wallace came in toward evening; and Shirley, being unwilling to leave his side, had no opportunity to inquire the result of the operation. The next morning and for two or three days afterward Clif was slightly delirious, a condition caused chiefly by weakness, but from which he would gradually rally as he recovered from the recent shock to his system, Neil told the anxious young wife.

"You will tell me, will you not, what discoveries you made and what your decision is regarding the case?" she ventured to ask him, one morning, as she followed him from te room, feeling that she could not bear the suspense any longer.

"Poor, anxious, little woman!" he said, smiling cheerfully down upon her pale, upturned face, "you look as if you almost dreaded to hear my verdict."

"Oh! I have dreaded it," Shirley returned, with a deeply-drawn breath that ended in a sob, although his cheery smile comforted her greatly.

"It was as I apprehended," Neil remarked, in a professional tone. "We found that a tumor, or false growth—the result of the injury to the back—was pressing upon the spinal cord, and this of course was what caused the numbness, which has been creeping upon Mr. Vining ever since his accident. We have done our best for him," ne went on, without giving her time to ask the question which he saw was trembling on her lips, "and now we must wait for time and nature to make the operation a success, assisted by simple tonics and other agents to build up his general health."

health."

Although he had spoken hopefully and his manner was calm and assured, Shirley could not feel that he had given her very much hope. But it was sevident that he had told her all that he thought best for the present, and she had to be contented.

contented.

When Clifton recovered full consciousness, and something of strength, he also became anxious to have his case explained to him.

Eut it seemed as if fate had conspired the beautiful as a state of suspense for Dr.

to keep him in a state of suspense, for Dr. Wallace was suddenly called to another city for a few days, to take charge of a very critical case, and left him in the cars of one of the other hospital surgeons.

geons.
Shirley had, of course, told him what she had learned from Neil; but she was far from feeling satisfied with such a report, and resolved that he would insist upon having a thorough diagnosis of his condition.

Thus, more than a week elapsed between the constitution and an opportunity

tween the operation and an opportunity to discuss it freely with his surgeon.

When Dr. Wallace made his appearance again, the morning after his return, Clifton greeted him with undisguised

Clifton greeted him with undisguised pleasure.

"It seems as if you had been gone a month." he said, as he shook hands with him, "and I am glad enough to have you back again."

"Such a hearty welcome is gratifying," Neil smilingly replied, "and I can see considerable improvement in your condition, consequently I feel sure that my colleague has been doing his duty faithfully."

"Yes, he has been very attentive, but I do not care to change my medical adviser." Clifton returned. "And now, Wallace" — with a direct, searching glance—"I want the whole truth—I want to know just what you found?"

"A tumor, or false growth, as perhaps Mrs. Vining has told you," was the brief reply. brief reply.
"Yes," said Clif, still looking him

ryes, said clif, still looking the straight in the eye, "but you did not tell Shirley all—you did not fully explain the case to her."

He reached out his hand and laid it upon his companion's arm with an impressiveness that thrilled the young

man.

"Wallace," he continued, "I have grown to feel that you are my good friend as well as my fatthful medical adviser, and I want the truth—I want to know just where I stand. You say you found this tumor or false growth, and now I can understand the numbness which has been growing upon me—the

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of the stomach. There was vomiting
of material that looked like coffee grounds. Great weakness and prestra-Cured over four years ago and

ell today. CANCER OF THE NOSE—A severe case which was cured by our remedy in 1891 and has never returned to this day.

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surgeon.
"It was your plan—your hope to remove it?"
Neil nodded, but his lips tightened slightly in anticipation of Clifton's next

"It was your plan—your hope to remove it?"
Nell nodded, but his lips tightened elightly in anticipation of Clifton's next question.
"Did you remove it?" he inquired.
"Yes—the greater portion of it."
The hand resting on Dr. Wallace's arm closed a little more tightly over it at this reply.
"Not all of it?" he questioned after a moment in a strangely calm voice.
"Not all of it?" he questioned after a moment in a strangely calm voice.
"It will grow again?"
"It—nuay"
"It will. Do not try to keep anything from me, my friend," Clifton urged, with grave appeal. "It is better that I should know; in fact, I have known, or rather, I have felt from the first that there was no help for me. But, for the sake of Shirley, and because"—with a sudden painful contraction of his lips—"life wasted to do everything posson. You kink this grown child that it will." said Neil, regretfully, "and," he added, with evident reluctance, "since you seem almost intuitively to comprehend your case, I may as well tell you that this growth is of a peculiar character; it appears to osify as it grows, and thus it is not flexible, like a fleshy tumor; therefore it is a peculiar case—I think there is only one other like it on record."
"Will it be possible to remove the tumor again." "Will it be possible to remove the tumor again?" and think that another operation would be practicable," was the low, sad reply and Clifton knew that he meant to imply that it would probably prove fatal if attempted.

He did not speak again for several minutes, but lay gravely observing a picture which hung opposite his bed.

It was one that is often seen—a fine engraving of a glory-crowned cross, rising out of a rock foundation, and thone white, perfect arm, while with the other she is helping up from the dark, storm-tossed waters arouther. "Well," he said at last, but quickly repressing the sigh that almost escaped his ported and struggling on the plans and bent an inquiring look upon him, as if he had not fully comprehened him.

"Yes, I mean death," Clifton went on, wi

clearly the invalid seemed to understand his condition.

Clifton, observing the look, smiled again as he said:

"You did not think it was possible for me to know. Ah, well, I think one is sometimes taught things by unseen influences; and possibly those same influences will help me to meet the coming shadows brayely and unshrinkingly. Now, just tell me one thing more, my friend, and then we will not speak of this again:

How long before the—end?"

For a moment the man beside him could not find voice to answer this hard question. There was a mist before his eyes—a huge lump in his throat. But, after an effort at self-control, he said, in a low, compassionate tone:

"I hope it may be some weeks."

"Some weeks!" repeated Clif., with a quick catch in his breath, his white face almost convulsed for an instant.

He covered his eyes with one of his thin hands, and lay thus for awhile, and a solemn stillness brooded over the room. At length he looked up and held out his hands to Nell, a wonderful peace shining through his pain-retined features. "Well, so be it," he said in clear and steady tones, as Neil's hand closed over his in a strong and tender clasp. "I had hoped you would say months; for how can I bear to leave my darling so soon? But we will make the most of what respite there is allowed me. We will not tell Shirley, please—I could not endure to see the dread and grief upon her face, day after day, and she will learn the truth gradually of herself. I—I hope, for her sake, that I may not suffer so very much," he concluded, with a slight shiver.

[To be Continued.]

[To be Continued.]

FEROCIOUS GRAY WOLVES that this tendency is quite in keeping

A Formidable Creature of the Plains and Dangerous Foe to Domestic Animals.

Idb Vincent, one of Wyoming's old-time cow punchers, and now riding on the Powder River ranges, says that the gray wolves of his section are legion in number, and as fearless as they are ferocious. These gray and greedy scourges of the Powder River areas do their raiding in bands ranging in number of from six to thirty, each band being organized and disciplined under the leadership of an old dog wolf especially chosen for his wariness, speed and endurance. To this captain these gaunt and grizzly marauders yield an implicit and unswerving obedience—a statement evidenced by the fact that if one of these wolf leaders is slain or crippled his band at once amalgamates with some other troop possessing a leader of like capacity.

The age or size of their quarry is of little moment with these wolves, as they pull down and devour alike cows, calves, steers, mares, coits and geidings. Their attack is always strategical and systematic, one portion of the band assaulting from the front and fastening on to shoulder, ear or muzzle, and thus giving the big, wild gray dogs who are ever closing in from the rear the objective opportunity of hamstringing the victim. Once hamstrung it is all over with the quarry, and the entire band feasts at leisure. Mr. Vincent has often seen on the Powder River ranges the mere empty hide and polishes bones of what was once a steer or geiding as sad souvenirs of the raid of a gray wolf band.

The cattle herds are open and easy prey to the bold canine bandits, the cattle fleeing from the pursuers and thus rendering individual attack easy and successful. The horses, however, with their superior intelligence, very frequently beat off the wolves by forming en the open ground an equine square, with the mares and colts in the center, the gallant stallions on the corners and the best and bravest geldings distributed on the outer lines of defense. Not only do these equine squares frequently beat off their assaliants, but they sometimes rout the wild dogs entirely, slaying numbers of them by striking, ki [Rocky Mountain News.] Lib Vincent, one of Wyoming's old-time

ers, trotting leisurely around one of these embattled squares and then seeking other and easier prey.

The gray wolf reaches a weight of 125 pounds, and boasts alike brain, brawn, a noiseless, tireless foot, a savage ferocity and an insatiable appetite. It is said of him that he can fun lenger and easier, eat oftener and mere, and display more cunning and ferocity in a given length of time than any known animal.

He is a prolific breeder, eight or ten pups being a not uncommen litter, while there is a Powder River instance of 35 pups being slain as the progeny of three wolf dams.

Up to six months old the gray wolf pup is awkward and unwieldy, and it is a favorite cowboy pastime of the Powder River ranges to locate a gray wolf litter on the prairie and shoot the pups from horseback as they skulkingly roll and tumble from their coverts in the grass and sagebrush. Crack shots with the pistol have been known to get a pup with every bullet from their six-shooters.

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Don't dose him with nauseous castor oil, or other harsh, griping purgatives.

Don't give him "soothing" medicines that in most cases contain poisonous opiates. These things only make him worse.

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are what your little one needs. They are a gentle laxative, and make baby sleep because they make him well. They cool his hot little mouth, ease his sour little stomach, and help his obstinate little teeth through painlessly. They are what every mother needs for her baby---and for the older children too.



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The following is from a lady who graduated as certificated trained nurse from the Western Hospital, Montreal: "Having used Baby's Own Tablets for several years in the course of my professional experience as sick nurse, and latterly with my own baby. I wish to testify to the superiority of the Tablets over any other medicine for babies. They both prevent and cure the ailments to which babies are liable, (Signed) MRS. MARTH'A SOPER. with certainty and promptness.

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Any mother who will send her address on a post card will receive free a handsome little book telling how to treat the ills of little ones and how to help them in the emergencies of every day life. Mention this paper.

MILITARY CONSCRIPTION.

ject—The Barracks From a Noi

Standpoint.

[Springfield, Mass., Republican.] It is noticeable that English newspapers and magazines are printing an increasing amount of matter on the subject of military conscription, and that those who favor conscription are. as well, becoming decidedly bolder in their presentation of arguments. The growth of the influence of the militarist school has lately been so notable, with the time. The feeling is becoming more general in the kingdom that a much larger army is needed, and that period of enforced military service in forced service must be resorted to, if the ranks of the new corps, provided by the Brodrick bill, are not readfly filled under the volunteer system. Most filled under the volunteer system.Most men in England who make a study of military affairs feel that conscription is inevitable if the pay of the private is not increased; and doubtless it was Lord Raglan's conviction that the sol-dier's wages would not be raised that impelled him not long ago to say publicly, in substance, that compulsory military service would not be long in

coming From the standpoint of national necessity it may be easy to argue for conscription in certain countries. In Germany or France the geography of the question and the cross-play of existing international hatreds make a large standing army and a great reserve trained in military tactics es-sential, apparently, to national safety. One power cannot well disarm unless its traditional foe across the border disarms. And so in Great Britain it is possible, notwithstanding the insular position of the country and the preponderate strength of the royal navy, to argue that conscription is now es sential in the army because of the great territorial growth of the empire in disinterests are brought into direct contact with those of rival military nations. This argument from necessity, however-its real force does not no concern us-is not deemed sufficient by he English advocates of compulso military service. They do not relish having it viewed as an evil, even i a necessary evil. They must try to show that the moral and physical advantages of conscription to a country thusiastically expresses it.

"incalculable," as one writer en-It is when the moral argument is advanced that advocates of forced army service become, let us say, hypocritical and nauseating. It is well to point out that soldiers are taught obedience, punctuality and respect for authority, but to say that the life of the barracks is a good school for morals is really somewhat of an imposition upon the public. The French have had as much experience with conscription first and last as any modern nation, and it is of interest to see what they say of it in its moral aspects. There is one delightful thing about the French in this matter—they do not try to make army life a seminary of all the virtues. That roaring nationalist and jingo, Drumont, the anti-Semitic editor of the Libre Parole, has frankly said in a

"Some of the very worst evils which we complain in these days are directly traceable to the barracks.Comdirectly traceable to the barracks.Compulsory military service, far from being a school of morals, is a school of drunkenness, of idleness and debauchery. It is depopulating our fields, and it is overcrowding the cities. It has gone a long way toward ruining our peasantry, and to a large extent it has al-

ready debased them. No young man, however clean he may be upon enter-ing the barracks, can leave them with-English Newspapers Discussing the Subthe saddest, sacrifices that our country calls upon us to bear. But being for France a necessary

sacrifice. It must be borne-such was Drumont's argument. A French Roman Catholic ecclesiastic—and the Roman Catholic Church in France never "attacks" the army, has said: The family in France gives to army a young man clean in body and mind; the army gives back that same young man steeped to the lips in de-bauchery, suffering from disease and degrading vices." And an ex-minister of war, Freycinet, is on record as de-claring: "None but the very strongest characters can for long resist the deadly moral influence of the regi-All agree, apparently, that the whole moral life of France is poisoned by the drunkenness, idleness and licentiousness which characterizes which the conscript passes through, seriously impairs, as Edmond Desmoulins says, the young man's power of initiative and capacity for hard work when he returns to industrial or pro-

Truly it may be said, that the nation that must establish compulsory military service for all of its ablebodied young men is visited with a great calamity, so far as the people's moral character and purity of their domestic ties are concerned. The effort in England to represent conscription as morally valuable illustrates the ease with which arguments are found to defend every monstrosity that seems essential to the maintenance and development of the modern policy of the

WOMAN IN THE DRUG STORE

Little Demand for Her Services-Women Who Own Pharmacies.

New York Sun.1

"In an experience of twenty-seven years in connection with a school of pharmacy," said an employe of a drug store, "I have never known a woman graduate of pharmacy to get a place." "Why," said the reporter, "I thought so many more women had been gradu-

ating recently."
"There has been an increase in the number of graduates. One of the biggest schools of pharmacy in New York or the country has been in existence seventy-two years, and has graduated only thirty women in all that time. Most of those have been within a very few years past. Mary Putnam Jacobi began the trouble back in '58. For forty-five years there wasn't another woman graduate."
"What do they graduate now for, if

"Every woman who has ever yet obtained a license from a board of pharmacy had some male relative in the business, either a father, brother or husband, who has given her the necessary four years' apprenticeship. The law provides that a pharmacy shall not be left in the charge of any person not a licensed druggist. So after a while it becomes convenient to send the daughter or wife to college and have her get a license to save the

can't get taken on as apprentices. A man doesn't like to tell a young girl to clean the bottles or wash up the graduates and mortars; or send her on all sorts of errands. So, not feeling like using her as hard as he would With a clerk there is lifting to be done and ladders to be climbed. A man doesn't want to sit still and see a woman do that sort of thing, and yet, that's what he wants a clerk for. Some of the big drug stores are put-

the women customers; but she is simply a saleswoman, not a graduate of pharmacy.' Then all these women graduates are simply saving the cost of another man in their respective family phar-

ing in a woman clerk now to wait on

"No: some of them have gone into business for themselves. That's the queer part of it. While, so far as I know, not a single women graduate has ever secured employment, there are about twenty successful pharmacies owned by women in Manhattan borough. Then they are multiplying in the smaller towns. Women seem to do as well as men in the same class of stores.

There is one woman in New York who has conducted a pharmacy al-most alone for three years. It is a little corner store in a quiet residence neighborhood; but out of it she has supported herself and child and paid a debt of several thousands of dollars. Her husband died, leaving her with a baby, a drug store and a debt more than equal to the value of the store. She had helped her husband more or less in the store during their married life. Upon his death she got a coach, and in the time between August and February prepared herself sufficiently to pass the examinations before the

state board of pharmacy. "I have customers now," said she,
"who have told me that it was six months or a year after I started here before they would trust me to put up a prescription for them. The first year it was a question whether I would sink or swim. But I have supported myself and my child for three years, and got so far through my debt that I can see the end of it. And my store is 20 per cent better stocked now than

when I began. There is no profession in which I could have done what I have in this store, in the first three years. Of course, I practically never step out of the store. I am in it from 7 in the morning until 11 at night. I live in the room behind, and I never eat a meal without jumping up to come front. I never make a visit or go on an excurshion. I have had neither relaxation nor amusement for three years, and I never can have until I am able to employ a clerk."

Ice Cave Near Flagstaff.

Several years ago a man who was wandering over the lava fields in the pine woods nine miles from Flagstaff, Ariz., discovered a narrow slit in the lava which appeared to lead into a lateral and much larger opening. The slit was wide enough for a man to squeeze his way into it. At the bottom, about twenty feet from the surface, a low chamber opened on one side which was found to extend about 300 feet. At the further end the roof was high enough for a man to stand erect. It was in the month of August, a large bank of ice was heaped against

the farther wall, but the rest of the cavern seemed to be dry.

In the following March the cave was visited again, and found to be as full of ice as it could hold. It is now a source of ice supply for the hot months of summer. The ict melts away as the summer advances, but early in the expense of employing another man."

"But if the women can get a license, why can't they get a job."

"Tor the same reason that they plices, hauled to the same constant that they seem that they plices, hauled to the same constant that they seem th

surface with block and tackle, and carried away by the cartload.

In this hollow under the ground the cold air settles in the winter months, producing temperatures below the freezing point. There are times during the winter when a good deal of water runs into the cave. This is frozen solld, and as water continues to flow in, it is added to the frozen mass until the cave is completely fill-

ed with ice. There are simular ice caves in various parts of the world. One of them is in Iowa. The Ice Trade Journal recently published an account of deep crevices in the basalt near Ehrenbreitstein, Germany, where the air, even in midsummer, is below the freezing point at night, and ice is continuforming.

Migration of Butterflies.

Chicago Record-Herald: For weeks a remarkable migration has been taking place in Southern California, and it is still in progress. The migrant is a brown butterfly, known as Pyrameis

At first the butterflies were noticed in twos and threes, then in dozens, then in countless thousands, all flying in one direction to the northwest and parallel to the Sierra Madre range. Some idea of the numbers can be conceived when it is said that in looking across a lawn 90 by 40 feet four or nive butterflies are continually crossing the line of vision, and this was true, so far as could be learned, of every lot in the vicinity.

The insects move with a regular rate of speed, always in the same direction; now in pairs, again singly or in groups of ten or twelve. Such specimens ex-amined show that they traveled a long distance, and it is thought by some that the migration began in Mexico,

hundreds of miles away..

In attempting to guess at the cause it may be assumed that it has been a favorable year for this butterfly in some region to the south, and that the countless caterpillars have changed into butterflies in such vast swarms that to obtain food they have begun this migration, the direction of which has been governed to some extent by the mountain range.

Self-Absorption.

[Washington Star.]

"Last week while riding in a crowded electric car in Philadelphia my attention was drawn to a man, evidently a journalist, who with a fountain pen was busily engaged in jotting down some ideas on small pieces of paper laid on top of his derby hat," said a literary man to the writer yesterday. "His novel method of working and his apparent unconcern for the noisy surroundings recalled to my mind the fact that genius has frequently had some remarkable workshops. For instance, Robert Burns once went galloping over a remote Scotch moore. His horse on that occasion was not much troubled with the guidance of the rider. Burns was busy brooding over a glorious theme. His lyrical powers touched one of the highest points. The result of his journey was the impassioned national lyric, 'Scots Wha Hae Wi Wallace Bled.' I. S. Mill penned his 'Logic' as he walked from his house to his office and back again. Sir Matthew Hale composed his 'Contemplations' as he rode on horseback about the country on his circuit journeys. "While traveling in the same fashion on his numerous and prolonged preaching tours, John Wesley contrived to accomplish a vast amount of literary work. Byron composed the larger portion of "The Corsair' in a London thoroughfare, as he walked up and down Albemarie street, between Grafton street and Plccadilly, and states himself that he composed 'Eara' not in the study, but at the toilet table. "The Revolt of Islam' took form in Shelley's brain as the poet apparently frittered summer hours lying in a small boat on the bosom of the Thames at Marlow."