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USE

Kendall's Spavin Cure

Bone Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, Blood and Bog Spavin, Thoroughpin, Curb, Capped Hock, especially if of long standing and obstinate—will not yield to ordinary liniments or blisters.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE is an extraordinary remedy that gives extraordinary results. It cures old, stubborn cases that many times veterinarians have given up—takes away every sign of lameness—does not scar or kill the hair—and leaves the horse sound and smooth.

Bzarro, Man, Sept. '06
"I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for 20 years—
and it never failed me once." JOHN MCKENNA.

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"Pa, do you cut your eye teeth on silver spoons or ivory rings, or what?"
"You cut them on gold bricks, my son."—Nashville American.

Education is the cheap defence of nations.

Give counsel to him who asks it, but force counsel upon none.

Mistress—"Babetta, when I was driving in the park the other day I saw a nurse allow a policeman to kiss a child. I hope you never allow such a thing."

Babette—"Non, madam, no policeman would think of keezing ze child ven I vaz zere."

**CHEW
PAY
ROLL
BRIGHT PLUG
TOBACCO**

CARMICHAEL

(Continued from page 1793).

"You can do nothing here," said Carmichael. "The doctor has been sent for. See to the house!"

At once they went out, and I, unable to bear the terrible scene longer, ran after them. At a few paces from the apple-house door I crouched down in a little forlorn bundle on the wet grass, and gave myself up to uncontrollable weeping. It seemed as though I were passing through some terrible nightmare wherein nothing was real, and yet I remember how, as the howling wind veered, there came upon me now the cold wet blasts of the night, and now belches of heat from the burning house.

The first grain of comfort came to me when a cold nose was thrust between my hands, and a warm tongue began licking my face.

"Jap! Jap!" I said, "Oh, Jap!" and throwing both my arms about the dog I strained him to me. He was warm and loving, and helped to soothe me so that I could look about. I could not see the burning barn, but only the dull red glare from it which was growing dimmer as the frame work burned down. At the house the fire had not spread to the front, although Mr. and Mrs. Might were still running in and out, carrying whatever they could lay hands on, and placing it in the garden. Above, the thunder clouds had passed, and the sky was covered with ragged, drifting masses of vapour that fled ever and ever to the eastward like driven, tortured spirits, just parting, here and there, to reveal glimpses of the far-off sky and the stars. Over the wet trees the red light flickered and waned strangely, and in the garden wherever a bush or a tree intervened, black shadows elongated themselves and withdrew again like moving, living things of darkness. It was a terrible sight, strange and weird, but not so terrible to me, not so weird as was that pale steady light shining from the door of the little apple-house where I knew not what dreadful thing was happening.

I could not go near it. Perhaps my father was dying, dead—and death was an awful thing to me. And so I crouched there, shivering from head to foot, and icy cold, until there was a rattle of wheels in the lane, which told of the doctor's arrival.

With the first rattle—perhaps it was the association of ideas with the lane which thrust it upon me—a terrible thought came to me.

Again I saw in the lightning flash, Carmichael's huge form making its way homeward. And now my brain began to work feverishly, darting from scene to scene, and bringing each before me like moving pictures in a panorama; my father hastening through the hall with its east window at the very time in which I had seen Carmichael; my father's terrible look of accusation at the very moment on which he fell; Carmichael's great fist uplifted toward my father at Jamieson's raising, and his threat, "I'll be even with you yet Mallory!"

Clearly, pointedly the whole sequence mapped itself out before me, for, child though I was, this terrible night seemed to have aged me by years, and I sat very erect forgetting to respond to Jap's caresses, lost in a judgment which threw my childhood years far, far behind me. Yes, without doubt my father blamed Carmichael for setting the barn afire. Carmichael must have done it, else why had he been there in the middle of the night? And Carmichael had, perhaps, killed my father.

Lost in the horror of it all, I scarcely realised when Dick came, or when he put his coat about me, telling me that I was nearly frozen.

I looked at him and said solemnly, "Dick, your father set our barn on fire!"

"My father!" gasped Dick. "He never did! Shame on you, Peg Mallory!"

"But I saw him going away from the barn, 'n' father saw him too! He said he'd get even with father! You heard him yourself!"

"Well! I guess he wouldn't sneak around this way to do it!" said Dick

in burning indignation; but whatever else he might have said was checked by Mr. Might's calling to him to help out with something.

After that I remember little definitely. I seemed to be not myself, nor the world the world I had known, as I sat there, vaguely conscious, that the doctor had gone again, his buggy wheels rattling down the lane, and that Mr. and Mrs. Might and Dick had ceased from their labours and gone into the apple-house.

Mr. Might came quickly out again and set off toward home, and then Miss Tring came to me.

"Come, dear, we are to go to Mrs. Might's," she said.

Shivering from head to foot I got up, and let her put some clothes on me then I followed her past our dear old home, now but a mass of glowing coals with but part of the walls erect, and the chimneys standing up like monuments, and down the little garden where the late hydrangea was still in bloom and the wet dripping from the trees like tears. After that, sadly and silently along the dark, muddy road, with the wind sweeping over it as though it had been November.

"Where is my mother?" I asked.

"She will come with Mrs. Might, dear," and Miss Tring squeezed my hand until it pained.

On the way we met Mr. Might coming back with his democrat.

"Is father—dead?" I asked of Miss Tring.

"He is sleeping very peacefully."

"You mean he is dead" I said, fiercely; and for answer Miss Tring stooped down, took me in her arms, and kissed me on the lips.

I did not see my father when he came to Might's that night, for Miss Tring had hurried me into a bed with soft, woolly blankets, but I heard the democrat driven slowly up to the door, and the sound of feet carrying a heavy burden. Then, after a long time, my mother and Mrs. Might came into my room, Mrs. Might carrying a lamp. One would scarcely have known either of them, neither Mrs. Might in her dishevelled dress, with her thin hair, minus its usual "switch," all blown in wisps across her forehead, nor yet my mother with her pale face and her eyes with the wild, frightened look in them, like those of a hunted doe. But from Mrs. Might the primness was all gone, and she was very motherly as she kissed me, and tucked the blankets better about me merely for the sake of doing something. As for my mother, she suffered herself to be put to bed like a little child, and then she lay until morning with wide-open eyes, and her arms wound tightly about me as though she were afraid of losing me with the rest.

I do not know clearly why it was that I did not tell my mother nor anyone, neither that night nor at any other time, of my having seen Carmichael that night in the lane. I think I was afraid of some dreadful trouble coming on Dick if I did, that his father, perhaps, might be hanged, and that his mother might die of the shock of it. However that may be, I kept my secret, though it trembled on my tongue many and many a time in the days that followed, and at times, came to haunt me as a nightmare. But I found an outlet to the strain of it in hating Henry Carmichael with all my heart. After all my father had been right, and I had been wrong in ever thinking well of this dreadful man.

But to go back. Toward morning I fell asleep, and when I awoke my mother was still lying by me staring up at the ceiling.

Presently Mrs. Might came in with a cup of tea, which my mother scarcely tasted.

"It's well the stock was nearly all out o' the barn," she said, with a hopeless attempt at comforting my mother, "n' Adam's jist been over to git the things we carried out."

There's a fine lot, beddin' 'n' si'h, 'n' yer sewin' machine, 'n' chairs, 'n' yer parlour lamp with the dangles on. I carried that out with my own hands