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MOIR'S Chocolates

Made by Moirs Limited, Halifax, Canada

"KYRA,"

OR,
The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER XI.
The Indian Maid.

"Now, are you satisfied?" said Percy Chester. "And now I have conceded so much to your social prejudices, supposing you yield something to mine. Shall we shake hands? Do you understand?"

Evidently she did, for she put her paw into his outstretched palm and smiled again.

"Good!" he said; "and now for the church catechism." And in broken Choctawese he asked her name.

She looked at him and shook her head.

Then he touched his heart, and said:

"Paleface wants moccasins, wants redskins."

A gleam of intelligence shot from her eyes, and pointing to the darkness she shook her head, then touched her handbag arm.

"Redskins much fight. Picaninny hide—picaninny much run."

He nodded.

"I see. Warpaint and hatchet, squaws taken prisoner by the other tribe, and you gave them the slip. That is plain enough. It is also too clear that there is no chance of finding any wigwags that are not dry timber in this neighborhood, and no settlement near perhaps, for a hundred miles, and only one more meal left in the wallet. There is a novelty about this, Percy, my boy, which is absolutely refreshing!" and with a grim smile he stirred the fire.

There was a minute's silence; then the girl looked up and glancing at the horse, said:

"Paleface catch the water-dog," meaning to imply that her host was a fur-trapper.

"No," said Percy.

"Paleface buy skin," she asked.

"No," he answered.

"Paleface buy land? Paleface come for buffalo?"

"No," he answered again.

Girl a Nervous Wreck at Eleven Years of Age

Was Tired Out, Pale and Sallow—Would Tremble Till the Bed would Shake—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Cured Her.

In the schools of to-day there is found an alarming proportion of weak, nervous children who have little chance of developing into healthy, useful men and women. Nature requires the assistance of such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to help them over a trying period and set them on their feet.

There would be fewer wearing glasses if the nerves were invigorated less irritation in the school and home, more robust health and a greater pleasure in the school tasks.

This letter bears a cheering message to parents whose children are weak, puny and nervous. It shows you what may be expected from the use of this great restorative.

Mrs. Stephen Hartman, Italy Cross, Lunenburg Co., N.S., writes:

"My little sister at eleven years of age became nervous, irritable and seemed all tired out. She had no

The girl's beautiful eyes opened to the fullest extent.

"What for paleface come then?" and she looked round at the dismal scene with expressive wonderment.

"Strange!" he murmured, with a cynical smile. "But that is the question I have been asking myself all day; every time the old mare stumbled, every time the cursed snow got down the back of my neck and froze my marrow, every time I thought of that salmi of wild fowl they used to do so nicely at the club. And now this ungrateful young cub must turn on me with it."

"Paleface not know!" she exclaimed, with intense surprise. "Paleface not one big fool!" she added, with incredulous reluctance.

"Yes, I regret to admit that he is one very great big fool!" retorted her companion, grimly.

"No Kyra no think that!" she murmured, looking at him with a strange, deep look of gratitude.

"Disabuse your mind of all doubt," he said; "it's as true as you sit there, Kyra—that's a pretty name, whoever gave it you. I am—to use your expression—a great big fool. It is strange that this is the first time the conviction of my insanity has broken in upon me, knocked into me by a young Indian cub!" he muttered, stroking his mustache and staring at her. "Yes, there is novelty about this. It is not every man who travels some thousands of miles, who leaves civilization, who goes hungry, and wet, and cold, and more miserably neglected of himself than a prairie dog, to be told his true character by a half-breed Indian, whose highest art ideal is a smoking scalp, and whose highest ambition is the possession of unlimited whiskey."

"Kyra, my child of wisdom, my Pawnee Solomon, my epitome of candor, throw that cloak round you, and go to sleep. Spare me, I beseech you, or, in self-defence, I shall have to drag out the last twelve months from their grave to explain how I became the great big fool you so properly designate me."

The Indian girl looked at him with fixed eyes and half-parted lips, during this self-accusing harangue, then, when he had finished, she nodded in her complexion grew pale and sallow. Finally she had to keep her bed and have somebody with her all the time. She was afraid of everything would get excited and tremble till the bed would shake. As she seemed to be getting worse under the doctor's treatment, mother decided to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. After she had used about four boxes improvement was noticeable, and it was wonderful to see how much brighter and stronger she grew week by week. She used ten boxes altogether, and they cured her. She got fat and rosy, and went to school every day with an ambition that she never seemed to have before. I do not hesitate to recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to anyone, for it was indeed wonderful what it did for her."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$3.00, all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

telligently, and touched her lips. "Paleface chief much talker; Kyra much hear good!"

The man regarded her with a grim smile.

"How universal is the curiosity of woman!" he muttered. "So you like to hear me talk, although you can't understand one word in five of what I say? Strange! What an inclination I have to go over the past to-night and pour out my woes! So you like to hear the paleface talk? Very well, perhaps it will send you off to sleep."

Then he began, and in moody fashion recited the story of how he had left home and came to find a balm for his tortured heart in the loneliness of the Far West.

"Fool!" he muttered finally. Fool to waste a life upon a woman false as perdition, fickle as a weathercock, mercenary, treacherous! How I loved her! How I love her still! Ah, my Lily! My Lily, so fair, so like an angel; so black, so devilish!"

With an oath he raised his hand and let it fall to his side, with the vehemence of passionate self-reproach.

"Fool! fool! Mad, raving fool! I hug my shame to my heart like a slave, when I should rise and cast it back in their teeth! Enough!" he groaned with a gesture of self-scorn. "I am not the only man who has loved and been betrayed! If hunger and cold, peril and weariness, cannot cast the past, let self-respect come to my aid and save me from myself."

For a moment he stood staring at the fire, then with a gesture as if he were throwing the past from off him like an evil spirit, he bent over the Indian girl.

"Asleep!" he muttered, with a short laugh. "All my heroics were lost, thank Heaven. Poor child! The 'much talker, talker,' has done some service, at least, it has served as a lullaby."

Then, wrapping the cloak still closer round her he threw himself down beside the fire and closed his eyes.

Exhaustion, both mental and physical, soon demanded its requital, and the deep, long breathing proclaimed that sleep had given him temporary forgetfulness, at least.

Then, in the faint flicker of the firelight, the Indian girl rose, serpent-like, and crouching like a tiger, drew herself to where her preserver lay, and bending over him, wrapped the cloak with which he had covered her round his outstretched form. Then, crouching beside the fire, she sat wide-eyed and motionless, watching over the paleface who had succored her as a mother watches over her child.

How piteously pathetic and touching a sight that slight, girlish figure watching so earnestly over the outstretched form of the sleeping man presented no tongue can say, no pen describe. It was that one touch of love's nature which makes the whole world—white man or red man—kin.

Watch on, Kyra! for a life beyond the wildest of your childish Indian dreams is dawning for you, with the dawn which, creeping over the snow white prairie, tells your tireless eyes the morning is near.

CHAPTER XII.

When Percy Chester awoke the following morning he thought that he had been dreaming; but the little, lithe figure curled up under the horse-cloth instantly asserted its reality.

Then he remembered wrapping his cloak round the child, and was not a little puzzled at finding it over himself, for self-denial in an Indian is as rare as oranges in Siberia. However, there is little time for reflection in the life of a North American traveler under such circumstances, and Percy set about making up the fire.

Then, the child still sleeping, he took up his rifle and went into the bush to hunt for breakfast, for at present the bill of fare consisted of a piece of bread, stale; a small hunch of buffalo hump, staler; and a piece of pemican, staler.

In a quarter of an hour he returned, with failure written on his face, and behold, the child had gone.

Only for a moment, however, for with the sudden stealthiness of her race, she appeared before him, extending two small birds ready for cooking.

"Welcome, Diana, the huntress!" he said, nodding at her with a smile.

Tiring, Ceaseless Back-Ache Can be Rubbed Away To-Night

Relief is Almost Unfailing from Even the First Application.

RUB ON NERVILINE.

Cold has a vicious way of finding out aching muscles or weak joints. How often pain settles in the back, causing inflammation and excruciating soreness. Stiffness and aching all over follows.

An application of Nerviline at the start gives immediate relief and prevents worse trouble.

When the pain is very acute, Nerviline has a chance to show its wonderful penetrating and pain-subduing power. It strikes in deeply, and its strike-in-deep quality proves its superiority to feeble remedies.

Then this goodness is magnified by its strength, easily five times greater than most liniments.

"Where did you get them? I had no idea Leadenhall Market was so near."

"Kyra catch birds!" she replied, and extended the other brown paw with an Indian snare, made of a bent twig and a piece of moccasin string.

"Good!" said Percy, patting her head, and eliciting thereby a smile as bright and fleeting as a sun ray.

"And now to cook them!"

With a little decisive shake of the head, she snatched her hand back, and, darting to the fire, thrust a spit through the birds and commenced cooking them.

"Very good!" said Percy; "it shall be a division of labor;" and he gravely proceeded to fill the cooking can with snow, placed it on the fire, and set about making a very mild cup of coffee, a small quantity of which he had found at the bottom of his knapsack.

In a very little time the breakfast was ready, and after a little discussion between them as to which should wait on the other, both being very firm, not to say obstinate, Kyra bowed to his superior will, and suffered him to help her to the repast.

The horse stood by and munched its breakfast of snow-grass, and a bird, probably the second cousin of the unfortunate roasted ones, stood in the tree above them and looked on.

With the same, almost ridiculous gravity the little maiden nibbled at her bread and gnawed at the pigeon, every now and then glancing up shyly, but keenly, at the bronzed face near her.

Presently Percy took out his knife and cut his pigeon in two, putting one half aside in his wallet, and eating the other with his penknife. A moment afterward Kyra drew an Indian knife from her belt, and did the same with her bird.

Percy said nothing, but pursed his lips with a nod of satisfaction.

"Short commons, little redskin. Cold pigeon will be acceptable for dinner; I'd give something to know at what particular place that meal ought to come off; for I've no more idea in which direction civilization lies than you have apparently. What do you

say, shall we start?" and he nodded at the horse.

The child sprang to her feet and raised the saddle.

"Excuse me," said Percy, taking it from her gently; "the paleface does not, as a rule, approve of female grooms. You shall snare birds, beast and fishes, and cook them if you like; but we will draw the line at that. In the miserable land of the paleface it is the good man who is the slave, the squaw who wields the whip; wrong, I am aware, but you must give way to the girlish prejudice of early breeding and permit me to wait on you. Now, lassie!" and, vaulting into the saddle, he bent down, and catching her up, placed her in front of him.

Her insignificant weight was the very smallest consequence to the good, stout horse, and the sensible beast threw up her head with a cheerful snort, as if she wished to express her delight at the extra load and her satisfaction with things in general.

"Now," said Percy, as he turned the horse, "we'll make for the west and chance it."

(To be Continued.)

Surely so powerful and curative a liniment as Nerviline offers perfect security against pain.

Nerviline is the only guaranteed pain remedy sold in Canada. Forty years of success in many countries warrants its manufacturers saying. If it does not relieve, get your money back.

No curable pain, not even neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism can resist the magic power of Nerviline. Try it to-day. Rub it on your tired back, let it ease your sore muscles, let it take the swelling and stiffness out of your joints. It's a marvel—thousands say so that use Nerviline.

The large 50c. family size bottle of Nerviline is more economical than the 25c. trial size. Buy the larger size to-day. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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(To be Continued.)

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The commonest cause of appendicitis is constipation. Every doctor says so. When you require physic, don't use a cheap drastic pill—get Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are made from the private formula of one of the greatest physicians. Dr. Hamilton's Pills strengthen the stomach, regulate the bowels and prevent any tendency to appendicitis. In one day you feel the tremendous benefit of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. By purifying the blood and cleansing the system they prevent headaches, lift depression and drive away weariness. No medicine so successful as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Sold everywhere in 25c. boxes, with yellow cover; get the genuine.

How to Wash Your Face

If you wash your face in the wrong way every day for a year you won't be as pretty a girl at the end of that time as you were at the beginning.

Your skin will be coarsened and your color spoiled, and if you look at yourself in a good light you will see many little wrinkles.

This is the right way of washing your face:

Start by bathing it in clear hot water.

Apply a little good, pure soap to a soft flannel or your fingers, and go thoroughly well over your face with this.

Rinse the soap off again with hot water.

Sponge your face lightly with cool—not cold—water.

Dry your face downward. Perhaps you don't know that by careless rubbing upward you can very soon spoil the shape of your nose.

Brush or comb your eyebrows, which will have become a little rumpled with the drying of your face. If you leave them as they are they will grow into bad lines.

It is not necessary to use soap on your face more than once a day. If you come home at night with a thoroughly grubby face and neck, you can cleanse them best by rubbing a little pure toilet cream all over them and then taking this off again with a bit of soft rag. The grease will bring the dirt away wonderfully. After you have wiped it all off, bathe your face in warm water.

If you are very pale it is a good thing to splash cold water up into your face when you have finished washing. Throw it up briskly with both hands from the basin.



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