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GOING WEST
Accommodation, 75 8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express, 13 1 16 p.m.
Accommodation, 22 6 44 p.m.

GOING EAST
Accommodation, 80 7 32 a.m.
New York Express, 4 11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 15 2 47 p.m.
Accommodation, 112 5 16 p.m.
C. Vail, Agent, Watford

The Vindication

By Saidee Estelle Balcom

The shades of the house were lowered and the place bore a general atmosphere of gloom. In one room, alone, and her tears falling as she mechanically counted the stitches in some embroidery she was working at, Myra Lane bent her head like a crushed being, consumed with a woeful misery for which there seemed to be no surcease.

A mile away, confined in a prison cell her father paced up and down the narrow confined space, comprehending that if within a week some evidence in his favor was not produced, he was at the mercy of a jury composed of men likely to follow the influence of ignorance and prejudice.

A square away, a man who had just left the former prisoner, his hands clasped behind him, his walk slow and measured, his eyes bent to the ground, was revolving over and over in his mind a plan to assist the client he had just left. Lawyer John Bird fancied he saw a single gleam of light in the vague dimness of the environment of the unfortunate man accused of murder.

His steps led him to the lobby of a hotel, where he sat down in one of the armchairs at rest, to continue his cogitations. Grouped together a few feet away, engaged in casual conversation and at times joking and reciting drill stories, were four young men. Lawyer Bird knew them, and had nodded as he passed them. He raised his head as he seated himself, and his wise, critical eyes took them in as though their presence suggested some idea in relation to his present train of thought.

He was a keen observer of humanity and an expert analyst. While each of the young men was of a different temperament, they were on an average of a respectable, well-behaved class. The infection of their tones caught his hearing.

Ned Wing, the fat, jolly fellow of the group, uttered a bluff, hearty "Ha! Ha!" at the relation of a funny story, indicating little depth of character outside of taking things as they came, with a trend of mind difficult to impress with any sense of responsibility or serious attention to the practical things of life.

Frank Carter, with his indifferent "Ho! Ho!" betrayed a cynical, half-hearted regard for passing events, and to the mental view of the lawyer could not be relied on to stir far from a routine of selfishness in his comprehension of the duty of man to man.

The "He! He!" of diminutive, zoppish Gwyn Lavelle was suggestion of his petty grasp of life. The fourth of the coterie smiled only. He spoke always in a low, unobtrusive tone, like a man who knew the art of listening and was a thinker.

"He is my man," murmured the lawyer and arose and approached the quartette. "Can I speak with you for a moment?" he spoke aloud.

"Certainly, Mr. Bird," responded Alwyn Prescott promptly. "Excuse me," he directed at his friends, and courteously followed Mr. Bird to some seats at a distance.

"I am in need of some assistance, or rather co-operation," spoke the lawyer gravely, and the clear, earnest eyes of the young man evidenced close attention. "I must find some one to execute a difficult mission for me, and I hope you are so situated that you can give me your services for a week. I am authorized to pay the person who will undertake the task the sum of one thousand dollars."

The announcement naturally startled Prescott, but the lawyer, as he knew, had appeared in some very important cases where wealthy clients did not stint the fees. "I am fixed so I can leave my regular work for the period of time you name," he said at once. "Are you sure I am the man for the task?"

"I know you, and I have selected you as just the man," replied the lawyer. "You and your three friends know Miss Lane and admire her, I well know. You are aware of the terrible trouble and peril that has come to her father. It

may the more interest you, if I tell you that the whole future happiness of father and daughter depends upon what you may do through my instructions in their behalf."

Immediately a quick flash came into the eyes of the young man, a slight flush transfused his face, his lips quivered. The astute old barrister had not missed his mark. Alwyn Prescott loved Myra Lane, although she had never shown any more preference for his company than for that of his three friends.

"The evidence against Mr. Lane," proceeded the lawyer, "seems to show that after a quarrel here with Matthew Blair, he went down to Gresham to demand of him a settlement of an account, where he claimed Blair had grossly swindled him. There were high words, recriminations. Threats passed between the two men. Mr. Lane came back here that same evening. Blair was found shot through the heart in the yard of his home an hour later. You know what followed. The accusation, the arrest. Yesterday a woman who lives a short distance from the

home of Blair came to my office. She said she had been haunted with a secret that was driving her distracted. Her cousin, a rough mountaineer named Zel Danvers, had been visiting her for a week. The night of the murder, acting strangely and excited, he had come home and hurried to his room. The next morning she found him gone. Connecting his strange behavior with the tragic event of the night, the suspicion forced itself upon her mind that Zel Danvers, a member of a community noted for its lawless deeds, might have been concerned in some knowledge of the murder. The ties of relationship were not strong enough to silence her conscience. "I have learned where Danvers can be found. It is almost worth a man's life to invade the community in which he lives with hostile intent, but he must be seen, his story wormed out of him. If necessary, he must be kidnapped and brought here. Will you undertake the commission? You will be well provided with money, a power in furthering such a plan."

Alwyn Prescott arose to his feet. There was a glowing flicker of resolve and enthusiasm in his eyes. "If I should never come back," he said simply, "tell Miss Lane that I was glad to be of service to her."

"Prescott," spoke the old lawyer, and there was a tremor in his tones, "I wish I had a son like you!"
Six days later Alwyn Prescott trod the edge of a ravine a hundred miles from home, with buoyant step and proud confidence of soul. Within an inner pocket he carried that which would free Mr. Lane from all charge of crime, and would bring joy and healing to the crushed heart of the woman he loved.

He had been so anxious to reach home with his glad, wonderful news, that he had essayed to walk a short cut across a wild desolate stretch to reach the nearest railroad station. Thus proceeding, suddenly his foot caught on a vine. He plunged forward, fell nearly thirty feet, was stunned by the fall and returned to consciousness to find himself bruised and bleeding and one arm broken. He had landed in a sort of immense pit or shut-in space, enclosed within almost perpendicular walls of rock. He chilled as he realized that there was no hope of getting out of this grewsome prison place unaided.

The day passed in weary solitude. Night came on. It was the next morning when Prescott was surprised and startled to see a hunting dog appear suddenly. The animal, holding up one foot, limped appealingly toward him. Whence had it come? through what hidden inlet?

Prescott found a long thorn deeply imbedded in the foot of the dog and removed it. The animal licked his hand in gratitude. He followed it as it started to leave the spot. It crawled through a vine-covered space he had failed to explore. His spirits rose as he crept forth out of his prison place.

Prescott telegraphed the lawyer when he reached a railroad station. In six hours he was in the office of Mr. Bird. He carried his arm in a sling and the old attorney regarded him solicitously.

"You wired that you had good news?" he intimated.

"Yes, the confession of Zel Danvers, whom I found dying. He told a strange story. He was assaulted with a knife by Blair, who evidently mistook him for Mr. Lane. Danvers drew a revolver to defend himself. It went off accidentally, and he fled. There is the document that will give your client his freedom and his vindication in the eyes of all men."

There was a sob of joy, and from an inner room Myra Lane appeared. She fairly tottered toward Prescott to thank him, and to sustain her he caught her in his good arm, and there she rested, content, looking up into his face and murmuring the gratitude that was the sure precursor of love.

Mexicans as Travelers.
The Mexicans of the poorer classes are great travelers. In American

states, like New Mexico and Arizona they are to be found in the day coaches in numbers out of all proportion to their part of total population, and they are similarly inclined to railway journeys in their own land. They are restless people with little thought for the morrow, writes a correspondent, and when they get a little money through some stroke of fortune, they are as likely to spend it on railway fares to some neighboring city as anything else. A Mexican family boards the train with its belongings tied up in varicolored bundles. The old days of overland travel, not so very far away, still show their influence in the way the bundles are tied and roped, with hitches fit for the pack saddle. Food is always carried along, and the cars are soon full of the odor of it, mingled with cigarette smoke. There is not much talk; the lower class Mexican has too much Indian blood in his veins to be loquacious. Men, women and children sit in stolid silence, except for an occasional outburst of shrill scolding descending on the head of some child, or a bit of violent bargaining with a vendor of sticky sweets at a way station.

Squid Meat.
In connection with experiments in the drying of squid as an article of food, the United States bureau of fisheries has made several determinations of the water, nitro, ash and fat, and ascertained the time of artificial digestion. Squid meat consists of about 77 per cent water. Of the solids, about 5 per cent is fat, 7 1/2 per cent ash and 87 per cent protein. The last figure is exceptionally high. Squid meat digests more slowly than herring, mackerel and boiled egg white.

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. It seldom fails.

Wanted to Advertise.
The military authorities reject the name "Londonview" proposed to be given the new million-dollar hospital to be erected south of the city and a committee will now make a selection from a list of battle names. The military folk object to the institution being made to serve advertising purposes.

Whisky and Religion.
Leon Swift was fined \$10 in a St. Catharines police court recently, the result of a quarrel over religion that developed on a G.T.R. train after the doctrinal disputants had filled up on Niagara Falls whisky.

Small Dog, But of Great Heart.
At Sardis, B.C., recently a little Irish terrier jumped a cougar bent on robbing the henery and held on as Irish terriers do. When the alarmed head of the household reached the scene the cougar had escaped, but Pat had a mouthful of cougar hide and hair to submit as circumstantial evidence of the visitor's identity.

Victoria Has Youngest Bondholder.
Victoria, B.C., lays claim to possession in Master John Charles Lawrence, aged four months, the youngest Victoria Loan bondholder in Canada.

Gruesome Curiosity.
Mr. James Irving, of Renfrew, while employed by the Colonial Lumber Co. at a small northern lake camp, recently picked up on the shore an old-fashioned boot containing a decomposed foot and part of a man's leg. The sock was still on the long-dead foot.

Booming the Perfume Trade.
Vilhjalur Stefansson, the northern explorer and scientist, is coaxing the Canadian Government to encourage development of the Arctic islands he has recently added to the Dominion, especially by the raising of musk ox thereon.

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To Avoid and Relieve Influenza

BY DR. FRANKLIN DUANE.

Many people have been frightened by what they have read or heard of influenza. The more you fear the disease, the surer you are to get it. Go right about your business and forget it. As the disease is spread principally by contact with sneezing, coughing or spitting, many health authorities have advised that everyone wear a gauze, which is daily washed and saturated with a one to five hundred solution of zinc sulphate in water, and then dried before wearing over the nose and mouth. You should avoid crowds, common drinking cups and public towels. Keep your strength up by taking lots of exercise in the open air and plenty of nourishing food.

If you have any of such symptoms as chilliness, nasal obstructions, flushed face, headache, feverishness, restlessness, weakness, or irritating cough, give up work as strength to help overcome the disease. Put your feet in hot water for fifteen minutes. Thoroughly loosen the bowels with some such mild and non-irritating physic as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Drink principally of hot lemonade and then cover up with plenty of clothes in bed so as to get a good sweat. When sweating is free and the fever reduced take a dose of two Anurie Tablets every four hours, followed by drinking at least a glass or two of hot water. Anurie Tablets help quickly to relieve the soreness of the muscles and bones from which most patients complain and help the kidneys flush out the poisons.

To relieve nasal obstructions and excessive discharge from the nose, probably nothing is better than such a mild, soothing, antiseptic wash as Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will give great relief. Employed as a gargle, in same strength as made up for use in the nose, and as hot as can be borne, it quickly arrests soreness and dryness in the throat. Influenza weakens the patient's resistance to disease, so that there is danger of bronchitis and pneumonia developing. To combat this tendency and fortify the patient's strength insist that he keep in bed at least two days. Probably nothing will at this stage hasten the recovery and strengthen the patient more than an iron tonic tablet called "Irontic" or that well known herbal tonic, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which has been used by thousands in the past two generations.

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