BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XVI-CONTINUED

"Your proof of this marriage," sneered the father, "is your word. Against it stands my denial. Which will the world accept? Which will stand in any court of justice of civilized regions?"

Yours," replied the son, without a moment's hesitation. "But in your heart lies the knowledge that when you deny my words, you lie. Your conscience is my proof against

George Martins laughed. The other looked upon him, his gray head, his life-lined face, with an expression half contemptuous, half pitiful. Then

"I called you a muraerer, and you are. When you said to me, a half-wild youth who had gone to you, my lawful father, to claim my sonship, 'Give me wealth and I will give you the recognition you demand! and I asked if I should bring to you my mother's gold bracelets and jewels, you mocked me and demanded of me vhat were such trinkets beside Gerald Martins' rich tract of land. When I said, 'If Gerald Martins were dead, would this be yours?' You answered, that if Gerald Martins' wife and child were dead, it would be yours. I looked into your eyes and you looked into mine. Mine asked, 'If I kill them and give their wealth thus to you, will you recognize me as your son?' and your eyes said, 'I will!' bthought ught me, your white blood or my ural instinct told me to obtain a verbal commission for my work. vernal commence to the sease of I should remove these obstacles to your desire, and you bade me to do so, and gave me the pearl ornamented purse, made for you by my mother, as a token of our Afterwards, moved by what motive I know not, you told me not to kill them, but to carry them off to my people, and commanded me to do this while you were absent from this while you were absent from Lexington. I hung around the cabin for those six weeks, waiting my opportunity to capture the woman and child, and when the time of your home coming drew near, I began to desperate. That evening chance favored me when Gerald Martins quit his work to look for flowers for his I saw her standing at the door told her that her husband had been killed by a falling tree. She started to get the baby to take it with her into the wood, and I laughed for joy. But something must have warned her of her danger, for she fastened the door on the child. Then she came to me and we went together to the forest. As I was hurrying her

the knowledge that I could not expect you to redeem your promise, mad-dened me and I thrust my knife into r heart. I was not a savage when she was dead. I was a white man and I hated you as one of your Chris-tian souls must hate the devil that ed it to its damnation; so, when I hid her in the tree, I placed my mother's purse in her dress, hoping that it might be found, and, recognized as yours, would be evidence against you as the author of the crime. I fled. I would not return to my mother's people, so I went to the Americans broke out, I joined with the Indians and British in our common cause of hatred-I have called murderer." he continued, turning from his subject, "and I here repeat that you are as guilty of the death of Gerald Martins' wife as I."

Where is your proof?" demanded George Martins, but the sneer was gone from his voice, and the tones ned to shiver into each other. My words," he returned.

"What are your words against

mine?" "And your purse, which must have been found in the folds of her dress," added the Indian, not noting the interruption.

Who could state that that purse was mine ?'

The wife of Halpin, the tavernkeeper. As I waited for you at the door of his hostelry one evening I heard her remark on its beauty and value, as you drew it out to pay her for a supper for yourself and a friend. You told her that you had bought it from an Indian woman."

A paleness crept over the face of the listener, but he instantly said, with his old effrontery. Where is that purse now? Who

The finder will appear when he

is called for," returned the other coolly, and as George Martins remembered who that fluder was, he shook.

I have called you a thief," went on the young man, "and you are. Because you could not find the hiding-place of Gerald Martins' daughter you overruled by your gold the scruples of a poor mother, and bought her dead child's body to fill a grave for Amy Martins. Then you came into the full enjoyment of Gerald Martins' property, while his daughter was living upon the charity of

strangers.'

dear sir. But, as I asked about your other charges, where is your proof?"
"Here," replied the other, and he took a leathern case from his pocket and opening it, unfolded a sheet of paper, which he spread on the table. "Advance, and see my proof.—Gerald Martins' will and testament! No. Martins' will and testament! No. It has never left my person since I took it from your dead cousin's breast the night of the Raisin

Massacre."
Trembling, his face ghastly, George Martins leaned over the table, but as his eyes fell on the opening address, "To St. John Worthington, loyal gentleman and noble friend," he drew

himself up and cried out,
"Tie a forgery! St John Worthington, was Gerald Martins' rival and

'Read on," commanded the "If it is a forgery, St. John Worthington will decide, not you." George Martin's eyes fell again on the paper, and what he read made the ashen hue of fear whiten his face, the film of despair darkened his eyes. The son watched him with the clear, pene-trating gaze and the immovable calm of his mother's race. He had as much to gain as the other had to lose, but he betrayed none of the white man's emotion. When the reader's eyes reached Gerald Martin's ignature, the son's hands turned the long paper, and as the blood-

creamlike surface, he said:
"Do you recognize here the handwriting of your young pupil? Not very creditable to my teacher, very very creditable to my teacher, unlike his delicate, fashionable manship which was my boyish de-light and envy as I pored over it as light and envy as I pored over it at the low tent door; still there are circumstances which excuse its badness. The ink was not good, the pen blunt, and death was staring me in the face:" and as he folded up the paper and returned it to its leathern case he related the instant which had given the will into his hands.

scrawled letters blazed up from the

"When I read the paper," he con-tinued, "I realized that I had a game on hand which was well worth the playing, but I likewise knew that I was not the equal of my white opponent, in shrewdness. I saw that Gerald Martins' secret was sate. I inferred the same of his daughter. There was no need for bringing the game to an issue. Time strengthens what it does not destroy. I knew that it was necessary to be your in-tellectual equal and I set about to become such in a systematic way, as I have told you. While I never returned to Kentucky I kept myself informed about you. I knew that you were rich, honored and happy, and I said it is well. Every day added to my power, and I waited until your son and heir had grown to manho to include him in your downfall. At the time appointed by myself I have become and I find you areentered upon the supreme effort of your life, and away we heard the husband singing. She started to run, but I caught her. against you is the man whom your She began to scream, and in her terror pulled the gold ring out of my nose. Fear and pain, and above all cousin's will appoints your accuse and prosecutor. Fate! Fate!" he broke out. "She is the supreme deity. She sits and weaves

destiny of men now as she has done

may, there is no escaping her hour. George Martins, her hour for you has

from the beginning. Strive as we

He paused at the words, and lifting his hands, one of which was holding the leathern case, folded them on his breast. Standing thus, he gaze steadily at the man on the other side of the table, and for a moment that man quailed before the speaker's attitude and words. He appeared thirsty foe of the pale face. When the war between the English and the Americans broke out I is a superior of the Fate both believed in and turn in which direction he might, George Marting saw no escape from her decree. like the incarnation of the Fate both so shall they reap. It seemed a trifling thing to win the love of an Indian woman, marry her according to a ceremonial whose sacredness and right he neither admitted nor respected, and by her bring a man child into the world. When he had grown weary of life among the gentle Natchez, without a pang of regret he had forsaken the mother and son leaving her to soothe her sorrow in second affection; him, to grow up in the ignorance and paganism of his people. But there was no second love nor longer life for the too faith-ful Indian woman, and when she was no more, her son had come up to the Dark and Bloody Ground to find his white father. He found him-the usband of another wife, the parent of another son; and his love had changed to savage hate. In memory of his wronged mother, for the repudiation of his shame, he had sworn revenge. The hour of its fulfilment had arrived and there was that in the son's face and manne which made the father realize that as he had shown no mercy, he need

expect to receive none. In the pause that followed the concluding words, the voices of Mrs. Martins and Preston came to the two men, in a soft murmurous flow; and as they listened to it, the last gleam of light died in the eyes of George Martins, while a smile of exultation illumined the dark face of his com

"Well?" Unable longer to endure the thoughts suggested by the echo of those voices on the piazza, George Mar-

tins spoke. "I asked you to acknowledge me as your son, as a matter of justice.

Now," and he held out his right hand, on whose open palm rested the leathern case, "with your knowledge of what this contains, when I George Martins broke into a laugh, harsh, brutal laugh.

that woman that her place by his side had woman that her place by his side had once been filled by another, and that other a low barbarian! Tell that mother that her son, the son she had given to him, had not the first claim on his fatherhood! Tell her these truths! He would rather face a prison cell or ignominous scaffold, than see the annihilation of his wife's love in the proud, unrelent-

ing abhorrence of her eyes.
"I still refuse!" He lifted his head
as he uttered the words, color came
back to his face, and the Indian saw that his opponent would not yield tamely. He smiled, withdrew his hand, opened his coat and dropped the case into his pocket. Then he refastened the buttons, and taking up

his hat, said:
"Very well, sir. My business with
you is concluded. I am sorry to have detained you so long and unneces-sarily from the society of your family

But George Martins detained him by a sweeping motion of his hand.
"What are you going to do? At least, I have a right to a knowledge of your intentions."
"Certainly," he responded. "I am

going to Lexington, where, in a quiet way, I shall find out all I want to know about the public's reception of the death of Mrs. Martins, and who secured the purse I left in her dress If any suspicions were aroused by the circumstances of her death, men will hesitate less to refer to them now than they might have done after the commission of the deed. When I have learned all that is to be learned, I shall go down to this convent of Loretto, and secure information as to the whereabouts of Gerald Martins' daughter. When I meet her, I shall tell her all. She shall go to St. John Worthington with her father's last testament and my confession, and—well, trust a woman and a political foe to make your fall complete and irrevocable And I shall so arrange my plans that I may return in safety to my Spanish friends and rich plantations, leaving you to bear my share of the crime

with your own." It was coolly and frankly said, but George Martins met it with even greater coolness and frankness. It was a desperate game; there was but the shadow of a chance for him to win, yet he grasped at that shadow. This man prided himself on the bravery of his Indian mother, he should see that his father was no

"I can tell you what you want to know. St. John Worthington found the purse. I saw him pick it up. Doubtless it is still in his possession You may spare yourself the trouble of inquiring about the suspicions of the people. Kentuckians do not admit strangers into that confidence which the betrayal of never uttered suspicious thoughts implies. You must further reflect that there were but two men upon whom such suspi-cions could fall—St. John Worthington the woman's discarded lover, and myself, heir at law to Gerald Martins after his wife and child. That these suspicions were never held, at least had nothing to sustain them, is evident; else he and I would not be the people's gubernatorial choice. Kentuckians call upon to be their ruler must be above suspicion Nor need you journey to Loretto Convent to find Gerald Martins' daughter. She is here, in this house. She is the young lady you met on the lawn with my son. What my political foe may do when he gains cossession of that paper, I do not know; but I do know that Gerald Martins' daughter will do nothing against the father of the man she oves, whom she is going to marry."

concluding words and looked steadily into the face of his enemy. For a moment, what had been so coolly spoken, surprised his hearer into silence. He had said that he knew men well, but this sudden shifting of George Martins surprised him. It ring move and he felt a dewas a gree of admiration for the adversary

"Thank you," he said, "it takes a dash of the highest courage to put a pursuer on our track. Even the braves cover their foot prints with dead leaves. This may cause a complication—this attachment between your other son and Gerald Martins' daughter. Still I believe that you are too optimistic in your statement regarding the future conduct of the lady. You must not forget that that father is the murderer of her mother and the robber of herself. Love is strong but not godlike."

Which shows that you know a woman's love," said nothing o George Martins. "Pardon me, but I do. My mothe

loved you better than herself: yet she cursed you in her dying hour." " I am talking of Christians not

pagans," said Martins, in clear cut-ting tones, for it made him angry with an anger that had in it an awful fear, told that the dying Indian woman should have called upon her gods to wreak justice on him.

" And I am talking of women, Christian or pagan," he answered in an even voice. "I know that the love of the pagan woman stood every strain until she found that her human "I know that the love idol was unworthy her homage; then t failed her. Is the Christian wife's love stronger ? Ah! is it as strong She might bear your crime, your dis-grace, would she bear the knowledge that the right to call you husband was not hers, before herself and her God for nearly four years after her marri-age? If she knew that you had

to speak of the Christian wife," he added, before George Martins' fury permitted him to utter a word. "I ask you to remember this: my Indian mother's name is shrined as sacredly in my soul, as is the Christian wife's in yours. And by whatever gods there be! he who speaks of her in words other than respectful, need not expect me to honor the name of the voman he reveres!" and he folded his arms and gazed with proudly flashing eyes upon his father. There could be no mistaking the depth and sincerity of his filial devotion, and a long dead feeling began to stir in a secret recess of George Martins' heart—a spark from the ashes of reckless youth and boyish passion. to partake of it."

The face had kept its calm, and

It made him generous enough to say from manhood, sanctified by purest "I recall and ask you to forget any word I said derogatory to her - your

When he saw the rare, tender light that fell over the other face, he knew that with all his cunning and knowl-edge of humanity, he had acted the part of a fool. It was too late now to pick up this suddenly found key to the storehouse of this man's pity and he cursed himself for his want of insight; he could now only defend himself with what arms he possessed against a foe whom he had made relentless. That foe was saying now, after the proud bow with which he had acknowledged his father's apol-

ogy.
"This lady, Gerald Martine' daugh ter, does not, I presume, know her true name and parentage?" She does not. Nor did I until

read that paper of yours." "Of course not." The face was inscrutable and the tones were tan-talizing in their uncertainty. He The face was knew not whether they were ironical or sincere but in either case he saw upon reflection, they were insulting "She is, I suppose," he continued

dependent upon her own efforts for a livelihood?" "Yes. She is a teacher of music."
"Ah! Still, this poor, unknown girl s welcomed as the betrothed wife of the rich, influential Mr. Martins' only son and heir!" There was a world of insinuation in the words and voice

which uttered them, but the other

man passed it unnoticed. "It is painful for a proud man or woman to receive all and be able to give nothing in return. The young lady, if one of those highly strung natures, must often have felt the bit terness of her position-think you that she will readily forgive the one who placed her in it?"

You forget, sir," said Mr. Martins with well veiled caution, "that I knew nothing of her whereabouts and could not discover her hiding-

" And because you could not discover it, and destroy the only barrier between you and the wealth you craved, you made that other woman give up her dead child, to fill Amy Martine' grave. It is no wonder that you are a favorite of fortune, my father, for you have played her with boldness and impetuous hardihood It surprises you that that other secret of yours is also shared by me? Have you lived to your time of life and not discovered that he or she whom gold can buy once can be bought again, yes as often as there is a purchaser? When I heard the story of the finding of the dead child-I was then in New York-I communicated with the woman. I was a chivalrous impressionable young man who had struck by a newspaper account of her honesty and loyalty. Would she come East and let me be her friend? She did come and has been my pensioner these many years. When I couch and looking wildly around ed her she will not fail me.

The clock on the mantel began to strike and George waited until it had counted its six strokes before replying. Then he said :

" I have heard you, and you have heard me. You have made your de-mand, and I have given you my answer. If you are willing to arrange this matter between us, each pledging secrecy, any demand you make upon me, except one, will be to me as a matter of personal concern. You have wealth, but if you desire more, I shall share mine with you. If you wish to enter upon a political career in this State, I shall political career in this state, a state serve you as a faithful friend and ally. I shall seek your success as I would my own and whatever tends to your advance. ment in worldly interests and happi ness, I shall bend every energy to secure for you. If none of these offers will tempt you to forego the effort to force a recognition, which I shall never give, not even though it were in your power to send me to the scaffold, then there is to be sworn enmity between us two. You have proof, absolute proof, of none of your charges, save the signed suspicions of a dead man, who, many believed, was crazed by grief; and it is St. John Worthington's word against mine that the purse did, or did not, drop from the folds of Amy Martins' dress. My word is as good, as worthy of credence, as his. The world knows that I sought for my cousin's daughter and there is only a disnonest and disreputable woman's word against mine that I deceived it in burying another child. The pre-sumption that she sought to make capital out of her scheme,—and did, according to your assistance of her, and her signed receipts to me for money — will outweigh her story. Take this to the court now, and in the eyes of half this commonwealth whose representative I am, it becomes a political plot to ruin me and defeat the party. Remember, in addition, that I am richer than St. Lahn Worthington, and more powera harsh, brutal laugh.

"I amuse you?" said the other calmly.

"You do. Your inventive genius would do credit to a fictionist, my would do credit to a fictionist, my as your solution of the soul of her husband. Tell age? If she knew that you had a ge? I

this out, if I have to carry it to the highest court of the land. While I have an acre or a slave to call my own, or my wife's relatives have a dollar, they will go to save me from disgrace. And furthermore, remember, and believe that it is as true as the Scripture man reversing in this the Scripture men reverence; in this conflict, in spite of all that may be said, brought forward, even proven, Gerald Martins' daughter will cling closer to me than my own son. Make your choice, but take time for consideration. And permit me to offer you the hospitality of my house for the night, or as long as you may wish

what effect those coolly uttered statements had upon his enemy, George Martins could not divine. Without pausing for a moment, he

I thank you for your invitation and will accept it for this night and

The family and guests are assem. bling for supper," then said Mr. Martins. "We had better join them. Martins.

Permit me to ask your name?" "The name by which my father was known in the Indian camp—Roderigo Martinez," answered he, with a peculiar, subtle smile, and as he heard it, the heart of George Marting grow faint. It was the Martins grew faint. It was the name of the Spanish Captain that he had ever accepted as the founder of his family, and in a superstitious belief in the legend on the tombstone of the long dead Teresa Martinez, he had assumed it on leaving Virginia for the frontier. Last New Year's eve, in Mrs. Barton's ball room, the name had come to him as the sound of approaching doom; here again it pealed forth its direful meaning.

"It is a name which suits me in various ways," the man was saying.

My appearance is favorable to the impression of Spanish blood, and coupled with the name, my claim to that nationally have never been questioned. If other explanation to your family or friends is necessary, you may say that I am a Spanish Cuban traveling through the United States on business and pleasure. Is this sufficient ?"

'Quite. It is but right for me to tell you that Gerald Martins entered his daughter at Loretto Convent under the same name. She is known as Teresa Martinez. I hear the servant announcing supper," and he opened the door and escorted the stranger to the parlor, where the family and other guests were assem.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE FIRST EASTER MORN

Charles J. McQuirk, S. J., in Extension Magazine

"God of my fathers, spare my Leave him unto me in mine old age. The stately head fell upon the outtretched arms and only the sobbing of a broken heart was heard in that lofty chamber of death.

Upon a gorgeous couch, covered with the finest linen, lay dying s beautiful boy of some six years.
The dews of death had gathered upon his pallid brow and his eyes were growing dim and glazed. The summer breeze, laden with

thousand perfumes, crept silently in from the gardens with timorous from the gardens with the detection of the dying child.
"Is there nothing to be done?"
mourned the father, rising from his kneeling posture at the side of the stand ye idle, ye slaves ?" he cried to a number of gigantic Ethiopians who were in attendance. "Away, away !" and, seizing a richly embossed goblet of gold which was on a table at his side, he flung it at them. The goblet struck one of the men on the

cheek, leaving a gaping wound. At this sudden outburst of violence the slaves fled precipitously from the

apartment. Silence reigned again. The father fell on his knees and clasped the cold hands of the child in his own, gazing with the most unutterable love into the coloriess little face.
"My Lord," softly whispered a voice, "my Lord."

Eleazar glanced up and beheld his favorite body servant kneeling before

asked, angrily.

"My Lord," hurriedly answered and the people against Him. Pilate dare not refuse our demands. Come, the slave, "thou mayest save thy dare not refuse our demands. Come, we'll to the Governor. Come! My noble boy. There is still hope. Thou hast heard of the great Prophet of Galilee. He hath been called the Messiah. Thou hast heard of the Messiah. wonders He hath wrought. It is said that He hath made the lame to walk this Man. Nay," as his master was about to intercupt him, "there is no difficulty in finding Him. At this moment He is without the moment He is wi teaching the multitude. May I not

bring Him within? He can not re-"Go, Isscar! Go, faithful slave!"
cried the rich man, starting to his feet, his whole countenance beaming with the joy of new born hope. "Go quickly; bring this Wonder Worker. If He doth save my child, riches untold shall be His. I will make Him the envy of all Israel. Go! Go!"

The silken draperies gently parted and Jesus entered the apartment. So quietly was His coming that Eleazar was unaware of His pres-

"Thou art the Prophet, Jesus of Nazareth?" cried the father, hastily arising and approaching the Saviour with arms outstretched. "Canst cure my child? See, he fadeth away as a summer flower. He is all have. He is the life of my life, the have. He is the life of my life, the glory and support of mine old age. Thou wilt save him. Thou wilt restore him to health again. Say that Thou wilt!" And he caught the mentle of Jesus. "It Thou restorest him, wealth untold shall be Thine. I am rich. I will make Thee mighty in Jewry. Save my boy, my jewel, my all!" His voice broke and Eleazar wept.

Jesus said no word but there was

Jesus said no word but there was an infinitude of love in the depths of

His sacred eyes.
"Hast nothing to say?" continued "Hast nothing to say?" continued the wealthy nobleman, almost roughly. I can do much for Thee. I can help Thee in Thy work. Gold is farreaching and conquerest all. Speak!"

"Thou art blind and seest not the light; thou thyself art in the midst of death." The words fell slowly, solemnly from the lips of Christ.

"I wedgered Thee not I care

not for Thy riddles. Save my child. I swear by the God of Abraham and Isaac that Thou shall not go unre-quited. It will soon be too late! God fof Israel !" he shricked, as he turned and beheld his child in the last throes of his agony. "He is dying, dying !" And h the couch and snatched the boy to his breast. As he did so the child opened its eyes and looked into those of Christ. A faint smile of celestial joy hovered on the tiny lips; he sighed softly and was—no more.

My child, my child, dead, dead !" The despairing cry was raised on

high. "Dead, dead!"

Eleazer laid the corpse upon the ouch and turning to Jesus, he pointed an accusing finger at Him, shricking in his rage: "Thou wouldst not save my child. They say Thou hast cured others. Bah! 'Tis false; I do not believe it. Thou art not the Messiah. Hence, false Prophet, hence hafore I give Thee to the scourges of my slaves! Hence, I say, and let me know Thee no longer. May all the cur-" but he choked and could utter no more.

And Jesus, with love infinite beaming from His eyes, said no word and departed.

II.

Eleazar stood on the roof of his palace in Jerusalem and watched the surging of the crowds in the narrow streets far below, while his kinsman, Prince Naphael, conversed on the various topics of the day.

"Look! Look!" suddenly ex claimed Eleazar, leaning over the parapet and beckening quickly to his companion. "What is the cause of all that commotion? See, the people are all running in the same direction. Ah! 'tis the soldiers of the Roman Governor with a prisoner in their midst. Who can it be? Surely no common malefactor, for behold some of the people are wringing their hands, while others are shaking their fists. Canst see who-?

At that instant curses and cries of pity and mercy were wafted upward.
"Away with Him! Crucity Him! Crucify Him! Jehovah, save Thy Jesus, Son of David Prophet! esus of Nazareth!"

At the sound of the name of Christ. Eleazar started backward, his countenance turning red and pale by turns nd his eyes flashing with diabolical hatred and revenge.

"At last! At last, O Jehovah, Thou hast heard my humble suppli-cation!" he cried. "At last Thou cation!" he cried. hast brought this wretch to His just deserts. Praise be Thy name for ever from generation unto gener

What hath possessed thee?" in quired the Prince, in surprise. "Hast thou lost thy mind-?"
"Hast forgotten my child?" flercely

interrupted the aged nobleman.
"My boy Zebal! The pride and hope of my life?" His voice shook. "That wretch, the false Prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, allowed him to die! He raised no finger to save him. Thou knowest the story : how His very presence was a curse; how my boy died and I prayed that the Almighty would bring this Man to His doom. For a year I have en-deavored to have Him apprehended, deavored to have him apprenenced, but I always failed. At last, at last, the blow hath fallen!" And Eleazar strode, hastily up and down, smiling cruelly. "He shall die!" he continued, hoarsely. "He shall die! I will incite the priests, Pharisees and the records against Him. we'll to the Governor. Come! My day of victory hath at length arrived! Come!

> Before the raging mob, fresh from the scourging, His Sacred Body one great wound, a ragged white robe

seat, ordered a basin of water to be brought. "I will wash my hands from all guilt of this innocent Man," he said to the people. " Look ye to

And the multitude thundered back His Blood be upon us and upon our children," and rushing forward, they dragged Jesus into their midst.

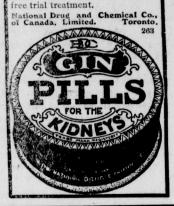
As the soldiers were pushing back the crowd from the Person of the Redeemer, and preparing for the journey to Calvary, Eleazar stepped up to the side of Christ and hissed in His ear: "Dost remember Eleazar and his child, whom Thou wouldst not save? I am he and this day is mine. I have helped to bring Thee "Dost remember Eleazai to this!

Jesus lifted up His thorn-crowned head streaming with blood, and gazed

PERHAPS IT'S THE KIDNEYS

that are making you feel so badly If so, you can easily tell. It head feels dull and achy—if back hurts nearly all the tin our appetite is poorly and you ongue is coated—if the urin burns, is highly colored and offen-sive in odor—if you notice a brick dust deposit or mucus in the urine after standing over night—then you certainly have something the matter with your Kidneys. Get

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A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man

anything about horses much.

And I didn't know the man very well; either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse in't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was a fraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me tinking.

You see I make Washing.

You see I make Washing

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