POOR DOCUMENT

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The Pillar of Light

BY LOUIS TRACY

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CHAPTTR V—(Continued).

"It is very nice of him to struggle on and have a look at us," said Brand. "He can come close enough to see us, but that is all. Our small megaphone will be useless."

Indeed, the Lapwing dared not approach nearer than the Trinity mooring buoy. By that time the three, protected from the biting wind by oilskin coats, were standing on the gallery. The reef was bellowing up at them with a continuous roar. A couple of acres of its surface consisted of nothing more tangible than white foam and driving spray.

Stanhope, resigning the wheel to a sailor, braced himself firmly against the little vessel's foremast and began to strike a series of extraordinary attitudes with his arms and head.

"Why is he behaving in that idiotic manner?" screamed Enid.

"Capital idea—semaphore—clever fellow, Jack," shouted Brand.

Abashed, Enid held her peace.

The lighthouse-keeper, signalling in turn that he was receiving the message, spelled out the following:

"Is all well?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Bates and Jackson reached hospital. Bates compound fracture. If weather moderates will be with you next tide."

"All right," waved Brand.

The distant figure started again:

"L-o-v-e t-o E-n-i-d."

Enid indulged in an extraordinary arm flourish.

"A-n-d C-o-n-s-t-a-n-c-e."

"That spoils it," she screamed. "It ought to be only kind regards to you, Connie. I believe you are a serpent, a—"

"Do stop your chatter," shouted Brand, and he continued the message:

"Weather looks very bad. Little hope for tonight. Lancelot due at six. Will see personally that no chance is lost. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," was the response.

The Lapwing fell away astern from the vicinity of the buoy.

"Why is he doing that?" asked Constance, close to her father's ear.

"He is too good a sailor to risk turning her in that broken water. A little farther out there is greater depth and more regular seas.

They watched the yacht in silence. At last her head swung round towards the coast. When broadside on, a wave hit her, and the spray leaped over her masts.

"That gave them a wetting," cried Brand, and his calm tone stilled their ready fear. Indeed, there was greater danger than he wanted them to know. But the Lapwing reappeared, shaking herself, and still turning.

"Good little boat!" said Brand. The crisis had passed. She was headed, at full speed, for the Bay. And not too soon. 'Ere she reached the comparative shelter of Clement's Island she was swept three times by green water.

Inside the lantern, their faces ruddy with the exposure, their eyes dancing with excitement, the girls were voluble with delight. Could anything be more thrilling than their experiences that day!

"That semaphore dodge is too precious to be lost," cried Enid. "Connie, you and I must learn the alphabet. You shall teach us this very evening, dad. Fancy me signaling you the whole length of the Promenade: 'Just look at Mrs. Wilson's bonnet,' or 'Here come the Taylor-Smiths. Scoot!' Oh, it's fine."

She whirled her arms in stiff-jointed rigidity and mimicked Stanhope's fantastic posing.

"Why should you scoot when you meet the Taylor-Smiths?" asked Brand.

"Because Mrs. T.-S. hauls us off to tea and gives us a gallon of gossip with every cup."

"I thought your sex regarded gossip as the cream?"

"Sex, indeed! Old Smith is worse than his wife. He doesn't say much, but he winks. One of his winks, at the end of a story, turns an episode into a three-volume novel."

"It seems to me I must teach you the code in my own self-defence," he replied. "And now for tea. Let us have it served here."

They voted this an admirable notion. The girls enlivened the meal by relating to him the doings and sayings of current interest ashore during the past two months. By a queer coincidence, which he did not mention, his relief was again due within a week, just as on the occasion of Enid's first appearance on the rock. The fact struck him as singular. In all probability he would not return to duty. He had completed twenty-one years of active service. Now he would retire, and when the commercial arrangements for the auriscope were completed, he would take his daughters on a long-promised Continental tour, unless, indeed, matters progressed between Stanhope and Enid to the point of an early marriage.

He had foreseen that Stanhope would probably ask Enid to be his wife. He knew the youngster well, and liked him. For the opposition that Lady Margaret might offer he cared not a jot. He smiled inwardly—as the convenient phrase has it—when he reviewed the certain outcome of any dispute between himself and her ladyship. He would surprise her.

Brand, the lighthouse-keeper, and Brand urging the claims of his adopted daughter, would be two very different persons.

Of course, all Penzance knew that he was a gentleman, a scientist in a small way, and a man of means: otherwise Constance and Enid would not have occupied the position they held in local society. Those unacquainted with English ways ofttimes make the mistake of rating a man's social status by the means he possesses or the manner of his life in London. No greater error could be committed. The small, exclusive county town, the community which registers the family connections of many generations, is the only reliable index. Here, to be of gentle birth and breeding—not bad credentials even in the court of King Demos—confers Brahminical rank, no matter what the personal fortunes of the individual.

Brand, it is true, did not belong to a Cornish county family, but there were those who conned him shrewdly. They regarded him as a well-meaning crank, yet the edict went forth that his daughters were to be "received," and received they were, with pleasure and admiration by all save such startled elderly mammas as Lady Margaret Stanhope, who expected her good-looking son to contract a marriage which would restore the failing fortunes of the house.

All unconscious of the thoughts flitting through his brain, for Brand was busy trimming a spare lamp, the two girls amused themselves by learning the semaphore alphabet from a little hand-book which he found for them.

When the night fell, dark and lowering, the lamp was lighted. They had never before seen an eight-wicked concentric burner in use. The shore lighthouses with which they were better acquainted were illuminated by electricity or on the catoptric principle, wherein a large number of small Argand lamps, with reflectors, are grouped together.

To interest them, to keep their eyes and ears away from the low-water orgy of the reef, he explained to them the capillary action of the oil. Although they had learnt these things in school they had not realized the exactness of the statement that oil does not burn, but must first be converted into gas by the application of heat. On the Gulf Rock there were nearly 3,000 gallons of colza oil stored in the tanks beneath, colza being used in preference to paraffin because it was safer, and there was no storage accommodation apart from the lighthouse.

Requiring much greater heat than mineral oil to produce inflammable gas, the colza had to be forced by heavy pressure in the cistern right up to the edge of the wicks, and made to flow evenly over the rims of the burner, else the fierce flame would eat the metal discs as well.

He read them a little lecture on the rival claims of gas and electricity, and demonstrated how dazzingly brilliant the latter could be on a dark, clear night by showing them the fine light on the Lizard.

"But in hazy weather the oil wins," he said, with the proper pride of every man in his own engine. "Fishermen sailing into Penzance along a course equidistant from the two points tell me that if they can see anything at all on a foggy night they invariably catch a dull yellow radiance from the rock, whilst the Lizard is invisible. The oil has more penetrative power. Its chemical combination is nearer the mean of nature's resources."

At the proper time he banished them to the kitchen to prepare dinner, a feast diverted from the hour of noon by the chances of the day. He adopted every expedient to keep them busy, to tire them physically and mentally, to render them so exhausted that they would sleep in blissful calm through the ordeal to come.

As he could not leave the lamp, and they refused to eat apart from him, the dinner, in three courses, was a breathless affair. Going up and down five flights of stairs with soup, joint and pudding, whilst one carried the tray and the other swung a hand lantern in front, required time and exertion. They were cheerful as grigs over it.

Enid, whose turn it was to bring up the plates of tapioca, pleaded guilty to a slight sensation of nervousness.

"I could not help remembering," she said, "what an awful lot of dark iron steps there were beneath me. I felt as if something were creeping up quickly behind to grab me by the ankles."

"You should go up and down three times in the dark," was Brand's receipe. "When you quitted the door level for the third ascent you would cease to worry about impossible grabs."

Constance looked at her watch.

"Only eight o'clock! What a long day it has been," she commented.

"You must go to bed early. Sleep in my room. You will soon forget where you are; each of the bunks is comfortable. Now I will leave you in charge of the lamp whilst I go and lock up."

They laughed. It sounded so home-like.

"Any fear of burglars?" cried Enid.

"Yes, most expert cracksmen, wind, and rain, and—sleet," he added quietly. "I must fasten all the storm-shutters and make everything snug. Don't stir until I wake you in the morning."

"Poor old dad!" sighed Constance. "What a vigil!"

He was making new entries in the weather report when she remarked thoughtfully:

"It is high-water about half past one, I think?"

He nodded, pretending to treat the question as of no special import.

"From all appearances there will be a heavy sea," she went on.

"Just an ordinary bad night," he said coolly.

"Do the waves reach far up the lighthouse in a gale?" she persisted.

Then Brand grasped the situation firmly.

"So that your slumbers may be peaceful," he said, "I will call your kind attention to the fact that the Gulf Rock light has appeared every night during the past twenty-five years, or since a date some four years before you were born, Constance. It contains 4,000 tons of granite and is practically monolithic, as if it were carved out of a quarry. Indeed, I think its builder went one better than nature. Here are no cracks or fissures or undetected flaws. The lowest course is bolted to the rock with wrought-iron clamps. Every stone is dove-tailed to its neighbors, and clasped to them with iron, above, below and at the sides. If you understand onic sections I could make clearer the scientific aspect of the structure, but you can take it from me you are far safer here than on a natural rock many times the dimensions of this column."

"That sounds very satisfactory," murmured Enid, sleepily.

"I am overwhelmed ," said Constance, who grasped the essential fact that he had not answered her question.

Soon after nine o'clock he kissed them good-night. They promised not to sit up talking. As a guarantee of good behavior, Enid said she would ring the electric bell just before she climed into her bunk.

The signal came soon and he was glad. He trusted to the fatigue, the fresh air, the confidence of the knowledge that he was on guard, to lull them into the security of unconsciousness.

The behavior of the mercury puzzled him. In the barometer it fell, in the thermometer it rose. Increasing temperature combined with low pressure was not a healthy weather combination in January. Looking back through the records of several years, he discovered a similar set of conditions one day in March, 1891. He was stationed then on the Northeast coast and failed to remember any remarkable circumstance connected with the date, so he consulted the lighthouse diary for that year. Ah! Here was a possible explanation. The chief-keeper, a stranger to him, was something of a meteorologist.

He had written: "At 4.15 p. m. the barometer stood at 27.16 deg., and the thermometer at 45.80 deg. There was a heavy sea and a No. 7 gale blowing from the S. S. W.. About five o'clock the wind increased to a hurricane and the sea became more violent than I have seen it during five years' experience of this station. Judging solely by the clouds and the flight of birds, I should imagine that the cyclonic centre passed over the Scilly Isles and the Land's End."

Then, next day:

"A steady northeast wind stilled the sea most effectually. Within twenty-four hours of the first signs of the hurricane the Channel was practicable for small craft. A fisherman reports that the coast is strewn with wreckage."

Brand mused over the entries for a while. With his night glasses he peered long into the teeth of the growing storm to see if he could find the double flash of the magnificent light on the Bishop Rock, one of the Atlantic breakwaters of the Scilly Isles. It was fully thirty-five miles distant, but it flung its radiance over the waters from a height of 143 feet, and the Gulf Rock lamp stood 130 feet above high-water mark. A landsman would not have distinguished even the nearer revolutions of St. Agnes light, especially in the prevalent gloom, and wisps of spindrift were already striking the lantern and bluring the glass.

Nevertheless, he caught the quick flashes reflected from clouds low, but unbroken. As yet, there was a chance of the incoming tide bringing better weather, and he bent again over the record of the equinoctial gale in 1891. Soon he abandoned thi hope. The growing thunder of the reef as the tide advanced gave the first unmistakable warning of what was to come. As a mere matter of noise the reef roared its loudest at half-tide. He understood now that a gale had swept across the Atlantic in an irregular track. Howsoever the winds may rage the tides remain steadfast, and the great waves now rushing up from the west were actually harbingers of the fierce blast which had created them.

Of course, the threatened turmoil in no wise disconcerted him. It might be that the rock would remain inaccessible during many days. In that event the girls would take the watch after the lamp was extinguished and they must learn to endure the monotony and discomfort of existence in a storm-bound lighthouse. They would be nervous unquestionably—perhaps he had forgotten how nervous—but Brand was a philosopher, and at present he was most taken up with wonderment at the curious blend of circumstances which resulted in their presence on the rock that night.

Ha! A tremor shook the great pillar. He heard without the frenzied shriek of the first repulsed roller which flung itself on the sleek and rounded wall. Would the girls sleep through the next few hours? Possibly, if awake, they would attribute the vibration of the column to the wind. He trusted it might be so. Shut in as they were, they could not distinguish sounds. Everything to them would be a confused hum, with an occasional shiver as the granite braced its mighty heart to resist the enemy.

But what new note was this in the outer chaos? An ordinary gale shuddered and whistled and chanted its way past the lantern in varying tones. It sang, it piped, it bellowed, it played on giant reeds and crashed with cymbals. Now—he loked at the clock, after midnight—there was a sustained screech in the voice of the tempest which he did not remember having heard before. At last the explanation dawned on him. The hurricane was there, a few feet away, shut off from him by mere sheets of glass. The lighthouse thrust its tall shaft into this merciless tornado with grim steadfastness, and around its smooth contours poured a volume of unearthly melody which seemed to surge up from the broad base and was flung off into the darkness by the outer sweep of the cornice.

The wind was traveling seventy, eighty, mayhap a hundred miles an hour. Not during all his service, nor in earlier travels through distant lands, had he ever witnessed a storm of such fury. He thought he heard something crack overhead. He looked aloft, but all seemed well. Not until next day did he discover that the wind-vane had been carried away, a wrought-iron shank nearly two inches thick having snapped like a piece of worsted at the place where the tempest had found a fault.

He tried to look out into the heart of the gale. The air was full of flying foam, but the sea was beaten flat. If the growling monster beneath tried to fling a defiant crest at the tornado, the whole mass of water, many tons in weight, was instantly torn from the surface and flung into nothingness. Some of these adventurers, forced up by the reef, hit the lighthouse with greater force than many a cannon-ball fired in battles which have made history. Time after time the splendid structure winced beneath the blow.

If Stephen Brand were ever fated to know fear he was face to face with the ugly phantom then. The granite column would not yield, but it was quite within the bounds of possibility that the entire lantern might be carried away, and he with it.

He thought, with a catching of his breath, of the two girls in the tiny room beneath. For one fleeting instant his mortal eyes gazed into the unseen. But the call of duty restored him. The excessive draught affected the lamp. Its ardor must be checked. With a steady hand he readjusted the little brass screws. They were so superbly indifferent to all this pandemonium. Just little brass screws, doing their work, and heeding naught beside. Suddenly there came to him the triumphant knowledge that the pure white beam of the light was hewing its path through the savage assailant without as calmly and fearlessly as it lit up the ocean wilds on a midsummer night of moonlight and soft zephyrs.

"Thank God for that!" he murmured aloud. "How can a man die better than at his post?"

The ring of iron beneath caught his ears. He turned from the lamp. Constance appeared, pale, with shining eyes. She carried the lantern. Behind her crept Enid, who had been crying; she strove now to check her tears.

"Is this sort of thing normal, or a special performance arranged for our benefit " said his daughter, with a fine attempt at a smile.

"Oh, dad, I am so frightened," cried Enid. "Why does it howl so "

CHAPTER VI.

The Middle Watch.

It says a good deal for Stephen Brand's courage that he was able to laugh just then, but it is a fine thing for a man, in a moment of supreme danger, to be called on to comfort a weeping woman.

The next minute might be their last—of that he was fully conscious. Even before the girls reached his side he felt a curious lifting movement of the whole frame of the lantern. Steel and glass alike were yielding to the sustained violence of the wind-pressure. Well were they molded, by men whose conscience need harbor no reproach of dishonest craftsmanship; they were being tested now almost beyond endurance.

Some natures would have found relief in prayer. Gladly would Constance and Enid have sunk on their knees and besought the Master of the Winds to spare them and those at sea. But Brand, believing that a catastrophe was imminent, decided that in order to save the girls' lives he must neither alarm them nor lose an unnecessary instant.

To desert the light—that was impossible personally. If given the least warning, he would spring towards the iron rail that curved by the side of the stairs to the service-room, and take his chance. Otherwise he would go with the lamp. There was no other alternative. The girls must leave him at once.

The laugh with which he greeted their appearance gave him time to scheme.

"I ought to scold you, but I won't," he cried. "Are you plucky enough to descend to the kitchen and make three nice cups of cocoa?"

Just think what it cost him to speak in this bantering way, careless of words, though each additional syllable might mean death to all three.

His request had the exact effect he calculated. For once, Constance was deceived, and looked her surprise. Enid, more volatile, smiled through her tears. So it was not quite as bad as they imagined, this gale. Their father could never be so matter-of-fact in the face of real peril to all of them. Cocoa! Fancy a man giving his thoughts to cocoa whilst they were expecting the lighthouse to be hurled into the English Channel.

He turned again to manipulate the brass screws.

"Now, do not stand there shivering," he said, "but harden your hearts and go. Use the oil stove. By the time it is ready—"

"Shivering, indeed"

Constance, of the Viking breed, would let him see that he had no monopoly of the family motto: "Audeo." She, too, could dare.

"Down you go, Enid," she cried. "He shall have his cocoa, poor man."

He looked over his shoulder and caught his daughter glancing at him from the well of the stairs.

"Bad night," he shouted cheerfully, and he cheated her quick intelligence a second time.

They were gone. Perchance it was his last sight of them in this life. Three times the stalwart frame-work creaked. Once it moved so perceptibly that the curtain rings jingled. Then he remembered the words of Isaiah:—

"For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall."

The blast of the terrible ones! What a vivid pen-picture of the awesome forces of nature. How long would this tornado continue? Already it must have strewed its path with havoc at sea and on land. His physical senses were elevated to the supernatural. He seemed to acquire abnormal powers of sight and hearing. He could see the trees bending before the wrathful wind, hear the crashing tiles and brickwork as houses were demolished and people hurled to death. But there was no ecstasy of soul, no mental altitude. In quick reaction came the fanciful memory of the hardy old salt who cheered his shipmates during a terrific gale with the trite remark:—

"I pity the poor folk ashore on a night like this."

What a curious jumble of emotions jostled in his brain. A step from the sublime to the ridiculous! Not even a step. They were inextricably interwoven, the woof and the warp of things. He recalled the odd expression of an officer who had passed unscathed through the Inferno of Spion Kop.

"I had no sense of fear," said he, "but my teeth began to ache."

Brand, a student, even of himself, discovered that his dominant sensation was one of curiosity.

"If it has to be," said his nervous system, "let it come quickly." He felt like a man lying on the operating table waiting for the chloroform.

Suddenly, the bright flame of the lamp lessened. The use that was his second nature caused him to raise the wicks and admit more draught. Even whilst his deft fingers arranged the complex burner, his ear caught a change in the external din. The shriek of the wind dropped to a thunderous growl. This was a gale, not a tempest. God be praised, the crisis had passed!

The hurricane had lasted thirty-five minutes. A similar tornado sufficed to wreck one-half of the City of St. Louis. This one, as he learnt afterwards, swept around the south of Ireland, created a tidal wave which did great damage to the Scilly Isles and the headlands of the south coast, yet spent itself somewhere in the North Sea. Dwellers in inland cities were amazed and incredulous when the newspapers spoke of its extraordinary violence. A truth is harder to swallow than a lie, all the time.

Up clattered Enid with the steaming beverage; Constance, the lantern-bearer, providing the rear-guard.

"I do believe it is blowing worse than ever," said Enid, striving desperately to be unconcerned. In reality, the angry wind was no longer able to behead the waves. With the rising tide and the gale assisting there would soon be a sea worthy of Turner in his maudest mood.

"Good gracious, dad," cried Constance, "how pale you are. And your forehead is wet. What have you been doing?"

Brand hastily mopped his face with a handkerchief.

"During some of the heavy gusts," he explained, "I was compelled to stand on the trimming stage. And—the micrometer valve required adjustment."

She eyed him narrowly. The margin of suspicion was wider.

"There is nothing else wrong?" she asked.

"He approached and kissed her ear.

"Since when did my little girl begin to doubt me?" he said quietly.

Her eyes filled. Even the hint of a reproach from him was intolerable. For the life of her she could no longer control the flood of terror which welled up beyond restraint.

"Forgive me, dad," she murmured, "but I thought, and I still think, that we were and are in a position of the utmost peril. I cant' help knowing that it is high-water about two o'clock. It is now only a quarter to one. The worst is not over. Do you think I cannot read your dear face! Dad! If there is danger, don't send us away again."

(To be continued).

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Retention of Urine.
Frequent Calls.
Pain in Urinating.
Impure Blood.
Pain in the Joints or Hips.
Swelling of the Feet.
Rapid Loss of Flesh.
Bowels Constipated.
Persistent Headache.
Breath Foul.
Tongue Coated.
Tired, Worn-Out Feeling.
Inability to sleep.
Deranged Digestion.

Remember that Dr. Pitcher's Backache-Kidney Tablets are the prescription of the noted Kidney Specialist, Dr. Zina Pitcher, and cure where other remedies fail to benefit. The price of the Tablets is 50c. a bottle or 3 for $1.25, at druggists or by mail. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto.

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ARE YOU WEARY AND RUN-DOWN? ARE YOU SICK AND DEPRESSED?

Is your blood thin and poor from the long, cold winter? Do you take cold easily? Do you feel shivery and chilly? Do you tire after little exertion? Is your complexion bad? Do you feel life barely worth the living? Nearly everyone has these symptoms in spring, for winter, while apparently bracing, is all the time sapping your strength. Your blood is clogged with disease poisons and in a fit condition to contract typhoid or malaria. Not always sick, but constantly tired physically and mentally, best describes it. This is especially true if you have had La Grippe, Pneumonia, or one of the many common pulmonary diseases, and the above are nature's demands for a tonic, an invigorator and body-builder. To carry you through the changeable, trying, disease-breeding weather of early spring you need Psychine. Psychine purifies and enriches the blood, strengthens the circulation, improves the heart action, steadies the nerves, hardens the muscles, clears the brain and carries health, strength and vigor to every part of the body.

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"MRS. PEGG,
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"MAMIE DRAKE,
"Cornell, Ont."

Psychine is for sale at drug stores, in two sizes, or a sample can be obtained by calling at Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King street west, Toronto. Out-of-town persons kindly write for sample.

HAPPENINGS IN NOVA SCOTIA

AMHERST.

Amherst, March 6—The Bishop of Nova Scotia visited the Episcopal church yesterday, preaching morning and evening. A reception will be held for him this evening.

At the close of the communion in the Baptist church yesterday morning, by unanimous vote, the members decided in favor of Baptist Union.

Dr. Chown, of Toronto, preached a very able sermon on temperance in the Methodist church last evening.

J. H. Abbott, manager of the Royal Bank here is confined to his home by illness. Mr. Howard, of the head office, Halifax, is relieving.

Stanley Dawson, of London (Eng.), has accepted a position in C. L. Martin & Co.'s dry good emporium.

E. H. Keith, who has been with Marton & Co. for the past five years, has with his cousin, H. Keith, entered into partnership under the name of Keith Cousins, to carry on the grocery business.

At the last meeting of Acacia Lodge No. 8 A. F. & A. M. The following officers were elected: W. M., C. McQ. Avard, M. D.; S. W., James M. Hogan; J. W., A. J. Crease; treas., B. D. Bent; secretary, W. Adamson; S. D., J. Ross non, M. D.; J. D., W. T. M. Mackin-Miller, M. D.; S. S., J. W. Clarke; J. S., J. S. Horton; I. G., R. M. Embree; chap., Rev. Geo. Wood; organizer, Wm. E. Pride; tyler, J. McKenzie.

Edward Le Blanc, aged 74, belonging to Memramcook (N.B.), died very suddenly on Saturday evening in the pool room of his son-in-law, Patrick Sonier. Deceased was playing pool at the time and complained of a sudden pain. He was assisted to a settee and medical aid summoned, but without avail. Rev. Fr. Michau was called in and administered the rites of the church. Death took place in about a half hour from the time he first complained. The physician decided an inquest unnecessary. The body was taken to Memramcook today for interment.

DIGBY.

Digby, N. S., March 8—(Special)—The first train seen in Digby for three weeks arrived here last night at 6.25, having been on the road two days from Annapolis. It left for the west at 8 o'clock and is at Hectanooga tonight, and will probably reach Yarmouth tomorrow. The regular express from Halifax arrived here at 2.40 this afternoon, and left again for Halifax at 4 o'clock. The suburban train arrived from Annapolis at 11.30 a. m., and left here at 5.10 p. m. with mails, passengers and express stuff for Weymouth and stations along the line. If favorable weather continues all trains will probably be moving on schedule time tomorrow.

Rain began here early this morning and has continued all day. The snow is melting rapidly.

The failure of the Bank of Yarmouth has caused considerable loss among the residents of Brier Island, who had their money invested in that institution. One of Granville's monied men is also a loser. Digby county people, as a general thing, have kept clear of Yarmouth banks and Yarmouth industries, although a number lost more or less money invested in the old Yarmouth Steamship Company.

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office, $60 a month with advancement; steady employment; must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each Province. Apply at once giving full particulars. THE VETERINARY SCIENCE ASSOCN, London, Canada.

Stomach Heart Kidneys

Slaves of the Inside Nerves

Our lives, from moment to moment, depend on a set of tiny, delicate nerves which are so small that fifteen hundred of them could lie side by side in an inch! Ten times more tender and sensitive than the pupil of the eye!

Yet, night and day, unguided and unseen, these little nerves must keep the stomach, the heart, the kidneys, in healthy action. For these organs have no power—no self control. The power is in the nerves. The nerves are the Masters. The organs are their slaves.

Understand first that we have two entirely seperate nerve systems. When we walk, or talk, or act, we call into play a certain set of nerves—nerves which obey our mental commands. That is why the arm can be raised, or the mouth opened, or the eye shut, at the slightest desire. That is why your fingers can delicately pick up a pin one moment, and hold a heavy hammer the next.

But these are not the nerves we are to consider here.

It is the inside nerves that manage and govern and actuate the heart and the stomach, the kidneys and the liver and all of the vital functions. You can control these nerves. By no supreme exertion of mind can you make your heart stop or start—nor can you even make it vary by a single beat a minute. And so with the stomach and the liver and the kidneys and the bowels—they are automatic—they do their work at a certain set speed whether you are awake or asleep—whether you want them to or not.

It is on these inside nerves that life and health depend. So long as these nerves perform their proper duties we are well and strong. When they fail, we know it by the inevitable symptoms—stomach, heart, liver, kidney troubles.

Thus, we find that most forms of illness are, after all, only symptoms of the real trouble—inside nerve trouble.

For instance, indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles—diabetes, Bright's disease and other kidney disorders—heart troubles, liver troubles, bowel troubles, nervousness, fretfulness, sleeplessness, irritability—all of these ailments are due to this single cause. Painful, disagreeable to be treated as such. They are merely outward signs of inward trouble.

There are different centers and branches of this inside nerve system (frequently called the Sympathetic Nervous System) But each branch is so closely connected with the others that breakdown anywhere usually means breakdown everywhere.

This explains why stomach trouble develops into heart trouble—why indigestion brings on nervousness—why diseases become complicated. It explains, too, why ordinary medical treatments are wrong—why medicine so frequently fails.

My Free Dollar Offer

Any sick one who has not tried my remedy--Dr. Shoop's Restorative--may have a Full Dollar's Worth Free. I ask no deposit, no reference, no security. There is nothing to pay, either now or later. I will send you an order on your druggist which he will accept in full payment for a regular, standard size Dollar bottle. And he will send the bill to me.

C. I. Shoop, M. D.

For, despite the discoveries of science, the common remedies of the day are designed to treat the organ, not the nerve—the symptom instead of the cause.

Don't you, though you may not know medicine at all, see that this is wrong? That it is mere patchwork? That while the suffering organ is enjoying its temporary relief, the nerve that is really sick may be getting worse and worse? Does this not explain to you why relapse so frequently follows a supposed cure? Does this not account for the uncertainties of medicine?

More than thirty years ago this thought came to me:

"If life and health depend upon perfect heart action, upon proper stomach digestion, upon correct kidney filtering, why does not life itself depend upon these life governing power nerves—these inside nerves ."

I realized, too, that all ailments which result from one cause may, of course, be cured by one remedy. I resolved not to doctor the organ but to treat the one nerve system which operates them all.

For those who treat only the symptoms need a different remedy for each. Such treatments are only palliative, the results do not last. A cure can never come in disease of the stomach, heart, liver or kidneys, until the inside nerve power is restored. When that is done, Nature removes the symptoms. There is no need of doctoring them.

My remedy—now known by Druggists everywhere, as Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it and makes it well.

There is no mystery—no miracle. I can explain my treatment to you as easily as I can tell you why cold freezes water and why heat melts ice. Nor do I claim a discovery. For every detail of my treatment is based on truths so fundamental that none can deny them. And every ingredient of my medicine is as old as the hills it grows on. I simply applied the truths and combined the ingredients into a remedy that is practically certain.

In more than a million homes my remedy is now known, and relied upon. Yet you may not have heard of it. So I make this offer to you, a stranger, that every possible excuse for doubt may be removed. Send no money—make no promise—take no risk. Simply write and ask. If you have never tried my remedy, I will send you an order on your druggist for a full dollar bottle—not a sample, but the regular stadard bottle he keeps constantly on his shelves. The druggist will require no conditions. He will accept my order as cheerfully as though your dollar lay before him. He will send the bill to me.

Will you accept this opportunity to learn at my expense absolutely how to be rid forever of all forms of nervousness—to be rid not only of the trouble, but of the very cause which produced it? Write today.

For a free order for a full dollar bottle you must address Dr. Shoop, Box 11, Racine, Wis. State which book you want.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book 2 on the Heart.
Book 3 on the Kidneys.
Book 4 for Women.
Book 5 for Men.
Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases are often cured by a single bottle. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative