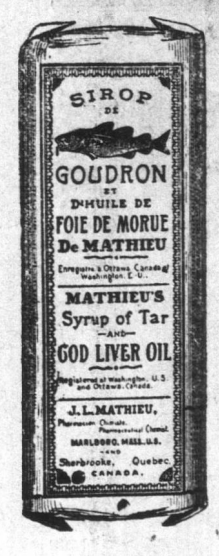


CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

Cannot be cured with ordinary soothing syrups. The disease must be attacked at the root to eradicate the irritation of the lungs, heal the wounds and strengthen the respiratory organs. The composition of MATHIEU'S SYRUP of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and other Medicinal Extracts marks it amongst all other remedies as the true specific for the diseases of the throat, the bronchial tubes and the lungs. Here are a few conclusive proofs:



Waterville, N.S., Dec. 27, '07. Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S. Dear Sirs,—Herewith we enclose our cheque \$15.00 in settlement of our account to date. W. O. COOK & SON.

ST. JOHN, N.B., Jan. 10, '07. Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S. Dear Sirs,—We telegraphed you to-day to ship immediately 5 Gross Mathieu's Syrup. We hope you will send it promptly, but if you are not able to send the whole amount at once, please send us some of our stock in getting low. NATIONAL DRUG & CHEM. CO.

ORANGEDALE, C.B., Aug. 7, '08. Blacking & Mercantile Co., Ltd., Amherst, N.S. Dear Sirs,—We have nothing but good to say of Mathieu's Syrup and can conscientiously describe it as the most popular and successful cough medicine we have handled. Owing to the absence of any drug store in this vicinity there is a great variety of proprietary medicine sold in the course of the year and Mathieu's Syrup presently leads in its own class. Yours sincerely, D. MARTIN.

AGAINST HEADACHE there is no remedy so active as Mathieu's Nerve Powders which contain no opium, morphine or chloral. 25 cents per box of 18 powders. J. L. MATHIEU Co., Sherbrook, Can. JHOS. McMURDO & Co., Wholesale Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

"The Man Who Disappeared."

CHAPTER X. A NEW ACQUAINTANCE. (Concluded.)

"I've been looking about in the art shops and the old book stores," said Mr. Turl, "for a copy of the Boydell Shakespeare Gallery, as it was called. You know, of course, engravings from the Boydell collection of Shakespearean paintings. It was convenient to have them in a volume. I'm sorry it has disappeared from the shops. I'd like very much to have another look through it."

"You can easily have that," said Larcher, who had impatiently awaited a chance to speak. "I happen to possess the book."

"Oh, indeed? I envy you, I haven't seen a copy of it in years."

"You're very welcome to see mine. I wouldn't part with it permanently, of course, but if you don't object to borrowing—"

"Oh, I wouldn't deprive you of it, even for a short time. The value of owning such a thing is to have it always by one; one mayn't touch it for months, but when the mood comes for it, there it is. I never permit anybody to lend me such things."

"Then if you deprive me of the pleasure of lending it, will you take the trouble of coming to see it?" Larcher handed him his card.

"You're very kind," replied Turl glancing at the address. "If you're sure it won't be putting you to trouble. At what time shall I be least in your way?"

"I shall be in to-morrow afternoon, but perhaps you're not free till evening."

"Oh, I can choose my hours; I have nothing to do to-morrow afternoon."

**A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM.** This is a condition of the body which does not give many more, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a break-down of the power of the vital forces that sustain the system. No matter what may be the cause (the body is almost numberless, from pneumonia to the cancer), the most important thing is to get the system re-energized, to get the vitality back, and to get the energy for all the many affairs of life. Now, what is the best remedy for this? It is the celebrated life-reviving tonic.

**VITAL STRENGTH & ENERGY** to show off these morbid feelings, and experience proves that as light succeeds the day this may be more certainly secured by a course of the celebrated life-reviving tonic.

**THE RAPION No. 3** This is a condition of the body which does not give many more, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a break-down of the power of the vital forces that sustain the system. No matter what may be the cause (the body is almost numberless, from pneumonia to the cancer), the most important thing is to get the system re-energized, to get the vitality back, and to get the energy for all the many affairs of life. Now, what is the best remedy for this? It is the celebrated life-reviving tonic.

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"I have sometimes thought of putting myself to it. Illustrating, I mean, as a profession. One never knows when one may have to go to work for a living. If one has a start when that time comes, so much the better."

"Perhaps I might be of some service to you. I know a few editors."

"Thank you very much. You mean you would ask them to give me work to illustrate?"

"If you wished. Or sometimes the text and illustrations may be done first, and then submitted together. A friend of mine had some success with me that way; I wrote the stuff, he made the pictures, and the combination took its chances. We did very well. My friend was Murry Davenport, who disappeared. Perhaps you've heard of him."

"I think I read something in the papers," replied Turl. "He went to South America or somewhere, didn't he?"

"A detective thinks so, but the case is a complete mystery," said Larcher, making the mental note that as Larcher had not known Davenport, it could not be Davenport who had mentioned Turl. "Hastn't Mr. Kenby or his daughter ever spoken of it to you?" added Larcher, after a moment.

"No. Why should they? asked the other, turning over a page of the volume.

"They knew him. Miss Kenby is very unhappy over his disappearance. Did a curious look come over Mr. Turl's face for an instant, as he carefully regarded the picture before him? It did. It passed.

"I've noticed she has seemed depressed, or abstracted," he replied. "It's a pity. She's very beautiful and womanly. She loved this man, do you mean?"

"Yes. But what makes it worse, there was a curious misunderstanding on his part, which would have been removed if he hadn't disappeared. That aggravates her unhappiness."

"I'm sorry for her. But time wears away unhappiness of that sort."

"I hope it will in this case—if it doesn't turn it to joy by bringing Davenport back."

Turl was silent, and Larcher did not continue the subject. When the visitor was through with the pictures he joined his host at the fire, resigning himself appreciatively to one of the great, handsome, easy-chairs, new specimens of an old style—in which Larcher indulged himself.

"A pleasant place you have here," said the guest, while Larcher was bringing forth sundry bottles and such from a closet which did duty as a sideboard.

"It ought to be," replied Larcher. "Some fellows in this town only sleep in their rooms, but I work in mine."

"And entertain," said Turl, with a smile, as the bottles and other things were placed on a little round table at his elbow. "Here's variety of choice. I think I'll take some of that red wine, whatever it is, and a sandwich. I require a wet day for whisky. Your political principles; but not willing to narrow my life down to the resources of any one country. I was born in New York, in fact, but of course before the era of sky-scrapers, multi-storied noises, and perpetual building operations."

"I thought there was something of an English accent in your speech now and then."

"Very probably. When I was ten years old, my father's business took us to England; he was put in charge of the London branch. I was sent to a private school at Folkestone, where I got the small Latin, and no Greek at all, that I boast of. Do you know Folkestone? The wind on the cliffs, the pine-trees down their slopes, the vessels in the channel, the faint coast of France in clear weather? I was to have gone from there to one of the universities, but my mother died, and my father soon after, and the only sorrow I've ever had—and I decided, on my own, to cut the university career, and jumped into the study of pictorial art. Since then, I've always done as I liked."

"You don't seem to have made any great mistakes."

"No. I've never gone hunting trouble. Unlike most people who are doomed to unprofitable happiness, I don't sigh for adventure."

"Then your life has been uneventful since you jumped into the study of art?"

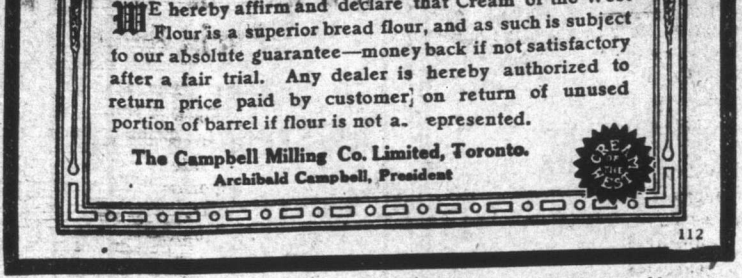
"Entirely. Cast always in smooth and agreeable lines. I studied first in a London studio, then in Paris; travelled in various parts of Europe and the United States; lived in London and New York; and there you are, I've never had to work, so far. But the money my father left me has gone—I spent the principal because I had other expectations. And now this other little fortune, what I meant to use frugally, is in dispute. I may be

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quarters here put me out of conceit with my own."

"Why, you live in a good house," said Larcher, helping himself in turning the other, turning over a page of the volume.

"Good enough, as they go; what the newspapers would call a 'fashionable boarding-house.' Imagine a fashionable boarding-house!" He smiled.

"But my own portion of the house is limited in space. In fact, at present, I come under the head of hall-bedroom young man. I know the half-bedroom has supplanted the sitting-chamber of an earlier generation of budding geniuses; but I prefer comfort to romance."

"How did you happen to go to that house?"

"I saw it advertised in the 'boarders wanted' column. I liked the neighborhood, you know. Not much of the old Knickerbocker atmosphere left. It's my first experience as a 'boarder' in New York. I think, on the whole, I prefer to be a 'roomer' and 'eat out,' I have been a 'paying guest' in London, but I fared better there as a mere 'lodger.'"

"You're not English, are you?"

"No. Good American, but of a roving habit. American in blood and

deprived of it by a decision to be given shortly. In that case, I shall have to earn my mutton chops like many a better man."

"You seem to take the prospect very cheerfully."

"Oh, I shall be fortunate. Good fortune is my destiny. Things come my way. My wants are few. I make friends easily. I have to make them easily, or I shouldn't make any, changing my place so often. A new place, new friends. Even when I go back to an old place, I rather form new friendships that chance throws in my way, than hunt up the old ones. I must confess I find new friends the more interesting, the more so often disappointed on re-visitation. You change, they don't; or they change, you don't; or they change, and you change, but not in the same way. The Jones of yesterday and the Brown of to-day are different men, through different experiences, and don't harbor the same opinions. Why clog the present with the past?"

As he slipped his wine and ate his sandwich, gazing contentedly into the fire while Mr. Turl looked the living justification of his philosophy.

To be continued.

**Cooling Comfort On Hot Days** You need Abbey's Salt just as much as you need ice in summer. A pinch of Abbey's Salt, in a glass of cold water, is the most refreshing, satisfying of summer drinks. It quenches thirst—cools the blood—and does not irritate the stomach.

**Abbey's Effervescent Salt** Try it.

political principles; but not willing to narrow my life down to the resources of any one country. I was born in New York, in fact, but of course before the era of sky-scrapers, multi-storied noises, and perpetual building operations."

"I thought there was something of an English accent in your speech now and then."

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

In the town of Biddeford, Maine, two men and a woman were recently jailed on very serious charges, because the two little daughters of the woman told the sheriff startling stories about a grave out in a graveyard.

Fortunately, the man who was supposed to have been inhabiting the grave appeared in the nick of time and proved that he had not been murdered, and the accused were set free.

And now—courage comrades, this is what I am driving at—the children's father has come forward and declared that his children got their idea of a grave from a story he once told them. To frighten them away from their swamp and brook in which there are some deep and dangerous holes, he says he told the children that a man and two cows were buried in that vicinity.

A rather ludicrous outcome for a near-tragic situation, isn't it?

But I don't believe that father will try again very soon to make up bugaboos for them, do you?

And I just hope that some of the fathers and mothers who read about this woman's narrow escape from a murder trial will also be impressed with the same lesson.

Not long ago an even more terrible tragedy than this was caused by the

same trick. A woman who was crossing the Atlantic with two little children tried to keep the baby from crying by telling him that if he cried again she would throw him out the porthole into the ocean. A few minutes later, while the mother was out of the stateroom, the baby cried and the other child actually carried out its mother threat.

Of course these are unique and horrible examples of the danger of telling lies to children so frighten them into obedience. Let us take a more commonplace one. A prominent doctor has recently written to me to ask if I will protest against using the doctor as the bugbear with which to frighten children. He says he is constantly hampered in his diagnoses of children's diseases by their unreasonable terror because they have been told that if they aren't good their mother will get the doctor to come and cut out their tongues or perform some other "pleasant" little operation. The result is that when they are really sick and the doctor is sent for they run screaming away at sight of him and a careful diagnosis is almost impossible. That really serious results might follow from such a state of affairs anyone can easily see.

Every fear is a fetter to our fullest development and our freest action. We who are older have learned this by hard experience. Then, surely, we ought to try to free our children from any fears that they may naturally have instead of serving our momentary convenience by binding them with new shackles.

Red Cameron

Despair and Despondency

No one but a woman can tell the story of the suffering, the despair, and the despondency endured by women who carry a daily burden of ill-health and pain because of disorders and derangements of the delicate and important organs that are distinctly feminine. The tortures so bravely endured completely upset the nerves if long continued.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for weakness and disease of the feminine organism. IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones and builds up the nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. Honest medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing to urge upon you as "just as good" as any other. It is non-secret, non-alcoholic and has a record of forty years of cures. Ask Your Neighbors. They probably know of some of its many cures.

If you want it, book that tells all about women's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 21 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce, 255 Cent Street, Lowell, Mass. He will send you a free copy of his great thousand-page Blue Book Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date, in paper covers. Handsome cloth-binding, 50 stamps. Address Dr. J. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A rent in a raincoat may be mended by applying a piece of black silk from the paper in which it is wrapped. Draw the edges as nearly together as possible, moisten the plaster, and press it with a cold iron until it is firm.

When the steak is brought from the market remove it. Immediately from the paper in which it is wrapped. Many an inexperienced housekeeper has spotted a fine steak by leaving it in the paper until tastes of the wrapper.

**Household Notes.** Save all the empty spoons, and when any dyeing is done in the household, drop the spoons into the fluid for a few minutes and they will make fine playthings for the children on a rainy day. A new ice-cream freezer should be painted both inside and out before being used. Such treatment will keep the hoops from rusting and make the freezer last a great deal longer as a consequence. A little salt rubbed on the cups will take off tea stains. Use salt and water to clean willow furniture. Apply with a brush and rub dry. A small quantity of salt put into white-wash will make it stick better. A fruit ice is easily made by rubbing a quart of fruit through a colander and adding a cupful of water as sweet as honey. Mix with this the unbraten whites of three fresh eggs and freeze, stirring constantly. Your cake will never stick to the tin if the latter is carefully scoured before putting the batter into it. The cake can be turned out a half minute after it comes from the oven. This plan has never failed. A quick and easy way to gather on the machine is to simply loosen the tension, lengthen the stitch and run a straight seam across the goods; then draw up the straight thread until the desired fullness is obtained.

Be Warned by Headache

It tells of Serious Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys—Try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. You can stop a headache with powerful drugs. But it is not generally wise to do so. A headache almost always warns you of derangement of the digestive system, the liver, kidneys or bowels. Awaken the liver to healthful action by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and you not only free yourself of headache, but remove the cause which will soon lead to more dangerous results than headache. Pains are the result of poison in the system and whether you have headache, backache or aching limbs, you can be almost sure of relief and cure by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They are wonderfully prompt, as well as definite and thorough in action. You can depend upon them, no matter how long-standing or complicated your case. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box; all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

WOMAN'S WORLD

is never done. So run proverb. But with Sunlight Soap as a helper the dirt is quickly over. Dirt before Sunlight Soap the morning mist the rising sun.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

When the earth's baked dry heath a brood scorch the plain, then the farmer stands and he waits for a soaking rain. Our Blessings Jupiter chap, when he wants a rural vote. And he tells us of the rain to his parching crop, but if it rains his crops; "I wish that this rain would stop!" whole blamed sky should be run to raise an of gods should protect my pods and nourish stars should move in the proper groove to favor care how the others fare as the days of shed juleg and the sun produce its heat for my garden sass!

Uncle V THE POET PHIL

That's The Paint For Me

The Paint With The Guarantee

This good, reliable paint bears the guarantee of BRANDAM, HENDERSON & CO. LIMITED

This guarantee says that the white pigment forming the base of B-H ENGLISH Paint is 70% Brandam's Pure White Lead and 30% Pure White Zinc—100% pure.

I know just what I'm getting when I buy "ENGLISH" Paint.

BOWRING BROS. ST. JOHN'S

When making any kind of wash dresses, those for children especially, is a good plan to baste a piece of the material on the inside of the dress, and let it be washed with it. Then when the patch has to be put on it will be the very same color as the dress.

T. J. EDENS

BULLDOG Brand Best M.C. TEA, 5-lbs. at 35 cts. lb. FREE Sample on application.

P.E.I. BUTTER, 2-lb. prints. P.E.I. BUTTER, 10-lb. tins. CROBY BUTTER. FRESH EGGS. Ingersoll Cream CHEESE. New York Corned Beef, 13c. lb.

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