

Lame Back for Four Months.

Was Unable to Turn in Bed Without Help.

Plasters and Liniments No Good.

This was the experience of Mr. Benjamin Stewart, Zionsville, N.B.

TWO-THIRDS OF A BOX OF Doan's Kidney Pills CURED HIM.

He tells of his experience in the following words: "For four months I was troubled with a lame back and all this time was unable to turn in bed without help. I tried plasters and liniments of all kinds but with no effect. At last I was induced to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and by the time I had used two-thirds of a box my back was as well and as strong as ever and has kept so ever since."

Backache, Frequent Thirst, Scanty, Cloudy, Thick or Highly Colored Urine, Puffing under the Eyes, Swelling of the Feet and Ankles, are all symptoms of kidney trouble that Doan's Kidney Pills will cure.

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Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

In the only safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all cases of skin disease, including eczema, psoriasis, and other eruptions, Cook's Cotton Root Compound is the only remedy that can be used with absolute safety. It is the only remedy that can be used with absolute safety. It is the only remedy that can be used with absolute safety.

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LOGGERS.



WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A.F. & A.M., G.R.C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y. GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

Moran of the Lady Letty

By FRANK NORRIS.

Author of "The Octopus," "The Pit," etc.

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"Well, sonny, you've had a fine mess aboard here," said Kitchell. The boy—he might have been two and twenty—stared and frowned.

"Clean loco from the gds. Get him into the dory, son. I'll try this bloody cabin again."

Kitchell turned back and descended from the poop, and Wilbur, his arm around the boy, followed. Kitchell was already out of hearing, and Wilbur was bracing himself upon the rolling deck, steadying the young fellow at his side, when the latter heaved a deep breath. His throat and breast swelled. Wilbur stared sharply, with a muttered exclamation.

"Heavens, it's a girl!" he said.

CHAPTER IV.

MORANWHILE Charlie had brought the Bertha Milner up to within halting distance of the bark and had hove her to. Kitchell ordered Wilbur to return to the schooner and bring over a couple of axes.

"We'll have to knock holes all through the house and break in the skylights and let the gas escape before we can do anything. Take the kid over and give him whisky. Then come along back and bear a hand."

Wilbur had considerable difficulty in getting into the dory from the deck of the plunging derelict with his dazed and almost helpless charge. Even as he slid down the rope into the little boat and helped the girl to follow he was aware of two dull, brownish green shadows moving just beneath the water's surface not ten feet away, and knew that he was being stealthily watched. The Chinamen at the oars of the dory, with that extraordinary absence of curiosity which is the mark of the race, did not glance a second time at the survivor of the Lady Letty's misadventure. To them it was evident she was but a forlorn hand. However, Wilbur examined her with extraordinary interest as she sat in the stern sheets, sullen, half defiant, half bewildered and bereft of speech.

She was not pretty—she was too tall for that—quite as tall as Wilbur himself, and her skeleton was too massive. Her face was red, and the glint of blue ice was in her eyes. Her eyelashes and eyebrows, as well as the almost imperceptible down that edged her cheek when she turned against the light, were blond almost to whiteness. What beauty she had was of the fine, hardy Norse type. Her hands were red and hard, and even beneath the coarse sleeve of the oilskin coat one could infer that the biceps and deltoids were large and powerful. She was coarse fibered, no doubt, mentally as well as physically, but her coarseness, as Wilbur guessed, would prove to be the coarseness of a primitive rather than of a degenerate character.

One thing he saw clearly during the few moments of the dory's trip between bark and schooner—the fact that his charge was a woman must be kept from Captain Kitchell. Wilbur knew his man by now. It could be done. Kitchell and he would take the Lady Letty into the nearest port as soon as possible. The deception would have to be maintained only for a day or two.

He left the girl on board the schooner and returned to the derelict with the axes. He found Kitchell on the

WAS IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.

System was Run Down.

FELT DROWSY AND MISERABLE.

Burdock Blood Bitters

BUILT UP THE SYSTEM AND ADDED TEN POUNDS IN WEIGHT.

Mr. Ed. J. Harris, Newbridge, Ont., was in poor health, but has now been restored to full health and vigor. Here is what he writes us: "Last spring I was in a very critical condition, my system was all run down. I felt drowsy and miserable, and thought I would surely die if I did not get something to build me up. After reading one of your almanacs I decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and before I had taken two bottles I had gained ten pounds in weight, and am now in perfect health, and I can certainly recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to build up the system."

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Is the best Spring medicine on the market to-day. You may need one this Spring, if so, get B.B.B.

house, just returned from a hasty survey of the prize.

"She's a daisy," vociferated the captain as Wilbur came aboard. "I've been having a look round. She's brand new. See the date on the capst's head? Christiana in her hull's port—built there. But it's her papers I'm after. Then we'll know where we're at. Now's the kid?"

"She's all right," answered Wilbur before he could collect his thoughts. But the captain thought he had returned to the Bertha.

"I mean the kid we found in the wheel box. He doesn't count in our salvage. The bark's been abandoned as plain as paint. If I thought he stood in our way," and Kitchell's jaw grew taut. "I'd shot him in the cabin with the old man a spell till he'd copped off. Now, then, son, first thing to do is to chop water in this yere house."

"We can do better than that," said Wilbur, restraining Kitchell's fury of impatience. "Slide the big skylight off. It's loose already."

A couple of the schooner's hands were ordered aboard the Lady Letty, and the skylight removed. At first the pour of gas was terrific, but by degrees it abated, and at the end of half an hour Kitchell could keep back no longer.

"Come on!" he cried, catching up an ax. "Rot the difference!" All the plundering instincts of the man were aroused and clamoring. He had become a very wolf within a scent of his prey, a veritable hyena nursing about its carrion.

"Lord!" he gasped. "To think that everything we see, everything we find, is ours!"

Wilbur himself was not far behind him in eagerness. Somewhere deep down in the heart of every Anglo-Saxon lies the predatory instinct of his viking ancestors, an instinct that a thousand years of respectability and taxpaying have not quite succeeded in eliminating.

A flight of six steps, brass bound and bearing the double L of the bark's monogram, led them down into a sort of vestibule. From the vestibule a door opened directly into the main cabin. They entered.

The cabin was some twenty feet long and unusually spacious. Fresh from his recollection of the grime and reek of the schooner, it struck Wilbur as particularly dainty. It was painted white, with stripes of blue, gold and pea green. On either side three doors opened off into staterooms and private cabins, and with each roll of the derelict these doors banged like an irregular discharge of revolvers. In the center was the dining table, covered with a red cloth very much awry. On each side of the table were four armchairs screwed to the deck. One somewhat larger at the head. Overhead in swinging racks were glasses and decanters of whisky and some kind of white wine. But for one feature the sight of the Letty's cabin was charming. How, ever, on the floor by the sliding door in the forward bulkhead lay a body, face upward.

The body was that of a middle aged, fine looking man, his head covered with the fur, ear lapped cap that Norwegians affect even in the tropics. The eyes were wide open, the face discolored. In the last gasp of suffocation the set of false teeth had been forced halfway out of his mouth, distorting the countenance with a hideous simian grin. Instantly Kitchell's eye was caught by the glint of the gold in which these teeth were set.

"Here's about \$100 to begin with!" he exclaimed, and, picking up the teeth, dropped them into his pocket with a wink at Wilbur. The body of the dead captain was passed up through the skylight and out on to the deck, and Wilbur and Kitchell turned their attention to what had been the stateroom.

The captain's room was the largest one of the six staterooms opening from the main cabin.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Kitchell as he and Wilbur entered. "The old man's room, and no mistake."

Besides the bunk, the stateroom was fitted up with a lounge of red plush screwed to the bulkhead. A roll of charts leaned in one corner; an alarm clock, stopped at 1:15, stood on a shelf in the company of some dozen paper covered novels and a drinking glass full of cigars. Over the lounge, however, was the rack of instruments, sextant, barometer, chronometer, glass and the like, securely screwed down, while against the wall, in front of a swivel leather chair that was frozen to the deck, was the locked secretary.

"Look at 'em; just look at 'em, will you?" said Kitchell, running his fingers lovingly over the polished brass of the instruments. "There's a thousand dollars' worth of stuff right here. The chronometer's worth a hundred alone. Bennett & Sons' own make." He turned to the secretary.

"Now!" he exclaimed, with a long breath.

What followed thrilled Wilbur with alternate excitement, anxiety and a vivid sense of degradation and sacrilege. For the life of him he could not make the thing seem right or legal in his eyes, and yet he had neither the wish nor the power to stay his hand or interfere with what Kitchell was do-

ing. The captain put the blade of the ax in the chink of the secretary's door and wrenched it free. It opened down to form a sort of desk and disclosed an array of cubbyholes and two small doors, both locked. These latter Kitchell smashed in with the ax head. Then he seated himself in the swivel chair and began to rifle their contents systematically, Wilbur leaning over his shoulder.

The heat from the coal below them was almost unbearable. In the cabin the six doors kept up a continuous ear shocking fusillade, as though half a dozen men were fighting with revolvers. From without, down the open skylight, came the singing salt of the Chinamen and the wash and ripple of the two vessels, now close by side. The air, foul beyond expression, tasted of brass. Their heads swam and ached to bursting; but, absorbed in their work, they had no thought of the lapse of time nor the discomfort of their surroundings. Twice during the examination of the bark's papers Kitchell sent Wilbur out into the cabin for the whisky decanter in the swinging racks.

"Here's the charter papers," said Kitchell, unfolding and spreading them out one by one, "and here's the clearing papers from Blyth in England. This year's the insurance, and here, this is—rot that, nethin' but the articles for the crew; no use to us."

(To Be Continued.)

FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR

A Complete Cure for Bladder Troubles in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

James Atwell Tried Other Medicines and Bandages But They Failed—Dodd's Kidney Pills Didn't.

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"For five months of the time the pains in my bladder were very severe and in passing my urine would hurt me so as to almost cause tears to come to my eyes."

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All bladder diseases are caused by disordered kidneys. There is just one natural way to cure them—by curing the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

AWKWARD MISTAKE.

Mr. Gusch (looking at family portraits)—Ah, what a strong face your grandpa had. Was he a soldier? Miss Thrash—Sir! Soldier! That isn't grandpa! That's grandmama!

Leaver's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

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Vin St. Michel

St. Michael's Wine.

The Great French Tonic Wine

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These substances give Vin St. Michel its remarkable properties of enriching the blood, invigorating the whole system, and giving new life and energy to the weak, nervous and run down.

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