POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

Under the Rose

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,

Author of the "Strollers,"

CHAPTER XXIII. (Continued).

"This man was the duke's fool," screamed the dwarf, "and was imprisoned by order of the king! His companion who is here with him was formerly jestress to the princess. She is a sorceress and bewitched the monarch. Then her fancy seized upon the heretic, and by her dark art she opened the door of the cell for him. Together they fled—she from the court, he from prison."

The commandant looked curiously from the hunchback to the accused. If this were acting, the dwarf was indeed a master of the art.

"Besides, his haste to leave the village," eagerly went on Triboulet. "Why was he dressed at this hour? Ask the landlord if he did not seem unduly hurried."

At this appeal the innkeeper, who had been an interested spectator, now became a not unwilling witness.

"It is true he seemed hurried," he answered. "When he first came down he ordered breakfast. I happened to mention the duke was at the chateau, whereupon he lost his appetite with suspicious suddenness, called for his horses and was for riding off with all haste."

From the commandant's expression this testimony apparently removed any doubts he may have entertained. Above the heads of the troopers massed in the doorway the duke's plaisant saw Jacqueline standing on the stairs, with wide open dark eyes fastened upon him. Involuntarily he lifted his hand to his heart. Across the brief space glance melted into glance.

Persecuted Calvin maid—had not her fate been untoward enough without this new disaster. Had not the king wrought sufficient ill to her and hers in the past? Would she be sent back to the court, the monarch? For himself, he had no thought but for her, who was nobler than her birthright. He had been thrice a fool who had not heeded portentous warnings—the sight of Triboulet, the clamour of the troopers—and had failed to flee during the night. As he realized the penalty of his negligence would fall so heavily upon her, a cry of rage burst from the fool's lips and he sprang toward his aggressors. The young girl became yet whiter. A moment she clung to the baluster, then started to descend the stairs. A dozen swords flashed before her eyes.

She drew in her brath sharply, when, as if by some magic, the anger faded from the face of the duke's fool, the hand he had raised to his breast fell to his side, his blade remained sheathed.

"Your pardon, my lord," he said to the commandant. "I have no intention of resisting the authority of the law, but if you will grant me a few moments' private audience in this room I promise to convince you the Duke of Friedwald never signed that writ."

"Let him convince the council that examines heretics," laughed Triboulet.

"I will give you my sword, sir," went on the jester. "Afterward, if you are satisfied you shall return it to me. If you are not, on my word as a man of honor I will go with you without more ado."

"A Calvinist, a jester, a man of honor!" cried the dwarf.

But narrowly the vicomte regarded the speaker. "Parbleu!" he exclaimed gruffly. "Keep your sword! I promise you I can look to my own safety." And in spite of Triboulet's remonstrance he waved back the troopers and closed the door upon the plaisant and himself.

Outside the dwarf stormed and stamped. "The jester is desperate. It is the noble count who is a nonny. Open, fool soldiers!"

This command not being obeyed by the men who guarded the entrance, the dwarf began to abuse them. A considerable interval elapsed. The hunchback, who dared not go into the room himself, compromised by kneeling before the keyhole. At the foot of the stairs stood the girl, her strained gaze fastened upon the door.

"They must be near the window," muttered Triboulet in a disappointed tone, rising. "What can they be about? Surely will he try to kill the commandant."

But even as he spoke the door was suddenly thrown open and the vicomte appeared upon the threshold.

"Clear the hall!" he commanded sharply to the surprised soldiers. "If I mistake not," he went on, addressing the duke's jester, "your horses are at the door."

"You are going to let them go?" burst forth Triboulet.

"I trust you and this fair lady"—turning to the wondering girl, who now stood expectantly at the side of the foreign fool—"will not harbor this incident against our hospitality," went on the vicomte, without heeding the dwarf.

"The king will hang you!" exclaimed Triboulet, his face black with disappointment and rage, as he witnessed the plaisant and the jestress leave the tavern together. "Let them go and you must answer to the king. One is a heretic who threw down a cross; the other I charge with being a sorceress."

A terrible arraignment in those days, yet the vicomte was apparently deaf. Hat in hand, he waved them adieu. The steeds sprang forward, past the soldiers and down the street.

"After them!" cried the dwarf to the troopers. "Dolts! Joltheads!"

Whereupon one of the men, angered at this baiting, reaching out with his iron boot, caught the dwarf such a sharp blow he staggered and fell, striking his head so violently he lay motionless on the walk. At the same time, far above, a body of troopers might have been seen issuing from the gates of the chateau, and leisurely wending their way downward.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Some part of the interview with the commandant which had resulted in their release the jester told his companion as they sped down the sloping plain in the early silvery light which transformed the dewdrops and grassy moisture into veils of mist. Behind them the chateau was slowly fading from view; the town had already disappeared.

"Upon the strength of the letter from the emperor the vicomte took the responsibility of allowing us to depart," explained the fool. "In it his majesty referred to his message to the king, to the part played by him who took the place of the duke, and what he was pleased to term my services to Francis and himself."

So much the plaisant related, but he did not add that the commandment, with Triboulet's words in mind, had at first demurred about permitting the jestress to go. "Vrai Dieu!" that person had exclaimed. "If what the dwarf said be true? To cross the king! And yet," he had added cynically, "it sounds most unlike. Did Aladdin flee from the genii of the lamp? Such a magician is Francis. Chateau, gardens—'tis clearly an invention of Triboulet's!" And the fallacy of this conclusion the duke's plaisant had not sought to demonstrate.

Without question the young girl listened, but when he had finished her features hardened. Intuitively she divined a gap in the narrative—herself! From the dwarf's slur to Caillette's gentle look of surprise constituted a natural span for reflection. And the duke's fool, seeing her face turn cold, attributed it perhaps to another reason. Her story recurred to him; she was no longer a nameless jestress; an immeasurable distance separated a mere plaisant from the survivor of one of the noblest, if most unfortunate families of France. She had not answered the night before when he had addressed her as the daughter of the constable; motionless as a statue had she gazed after him, and, remembering the manner of their parting, he now looked at her curiously.

"All's well that ends well," he said, "but I must crave indulgence, Lady Jacqueline, for having brought you into such peril."

She flushed. "Do you persist in that foolishness?" she returned quickly.

"Do you deny the right to be so called?"

"Did I not tell you the constable's daughter is dead."

"To the world! But to the fool—may he not serve her?"

"Poor service!" she retorted. "A discredited mistress!"

"One I am minded for," he replied, a sudden flash in his eyes.

She looked away. Her lips curved.

"For how long?" she said, half mockingly, and touched her horse before he could reply.

What words had her action checked on his lips?

To serve her seemed a happiness that drowned all other ills; a selfish bond of subordination. Her misfortunes dignified her. Her worn gown was dearer in his eyes than courtly splendor, the disorder of her hair more becoming than nets of gold and coifs of jewels. He forgot their danger. The broad plain lay like a pleasure garden before them.

At the sight of a bush, white with flowers, she uttered an exclamation of pleasure and broke off a branch covered with fragrant blossoms as they rode by. Out of the depths of this storehouse of sweets a plundering humming bird flashed and vanished, a jewel from nature's crown! She held the branch to her face, and he glanced at her covertly. She was all jestress again. The cadence of that measured motion shaped itself to an ancient lyric in keeping with the song of birds, the blue sky and the wild roses.

"Hark, hark,
Pretty lark!

Little heedest thou my pain."

He bent his head, listening. He could scarcely hear the words. Was it a sense of new security that moved her, the reaction of their narrow escape, the knowledge they were leaving the chateau and all danger behind them?

"Hark, hark,
Pretty lark!"

Boom! Far in the distance sounded the discharge of a cannon, its iron voice the antithesis to the poet's dainty pastoral. As the report reverberated over the valley, from the grass innumerable insects arose; the din died away, the disturbed earth dwellers sank back to earth again. The song ceased from the young girl's lips, and, gazing quickly back, she could just distinguish above one of the parapets of the chateau a wreath, already nearly dissolved in the blue of the sky. The jester, who had also turned in his saddle, met her look of inquiry.

"It sounds like a signal of some kind, a salute, perhaps," he said.

"Or a call to arms?" she suggested. And he made no answer. "It means—pursuit!"

Silent they rode on, but more rapidly. With pale face and composed mien she kept by his side; her resolute expression reassured him, while her glance said, "Do not fear for me." Gradually had they been descending from the higher slopes of the country of which the chateau mount was the loftiest point and now were passing through the lower stretches of land.

Here the highway ran above fields inundated by recent rains and marshes converted into shining lakes. Out of the water arose a grove of trees, spectral-like; screaming wild fowl skimmed the surface or circled above. The pastoral peace of the meadows, garden of the wild flower and home of the song bird, was replaced by a waste of desolation and wilderness. Long they dashed on through the loneliness of that land—a depressing flight. But more depressing than the abandoned and forlorned aspect of the scene was the consciousness that their steeds had become road worn and were unable to respond. Long, long, they continued this race, a strained period of suspense, and then the fool drew rein.

"Look, Jacqueline," he said. "The river!"

Before them, fed by the rivulets from the distant hills, the foaming current threatened to overflow its banks. Already the rising waters touched the flimsy wooden structure that spanned the torrent. Contemplatively he regarded it and then, placing his hand for a moment on hers, said encouragingly:

"Perhaps, after all, we are borrowing trouble?"

She shook her head. "If I could but think it," she answered. Something seemed to rise in her throat. "A moment I forgot and—was not unhappy! But now I feel as though the end was closing about us."

He tightened his grasp. "You are worn with fatigue—fanciful," he replied.

"The end!" she repeated passionately. "Yes, the end!" and threw off his hand. "Look!"

He followed her eyes. "Waving plumes!" he cried. "And drawing nearer! Come, Jacqueline, let us ride on!"

"How?" she answered in a lifeless tone. "The bridge will not hold."

For answer he turned his horse to it, proceeded slowly across. It wavered and bent. Her wide opened eyes followed him. Once she lifted her hand to her breast and then became conscious he stood on the opposite bank, calling her to follow. She started. A strange smile was on her lips, and, touching her horse sharply, she obeyed.

"Is it to death he has called me?" she asked herself.

In her ears sounded the swash and eddying of the current. She closed her eyes to keep from falling, when she felt a hand on the bridle, and in a moment had reached the opposite shore. The jester made no motion to remount, but remained at her horse's head, closely surveying the road they had traveled.

"Must we go on?" she said mechanically.

"Only one of them can cross at a time," he answered, without stirring. "It is better to meet them here."

"Oh," she spoke up, "if the waters would only rise a little more and carry away the bridge!"

He glanced quickly around him, weighing the slender chance for success if he made that last desperate stand, and then, grasping a loose plank, began using it as a lever against one of the weakened supports of the bridge. Soon the beam gave way and the structure, now held but at the middle and one side, had already begun to sag when from around the curve of the highway appeared Louis of Hockfels and a dozen of his followers.

The free baron rode to the brim of the torrent, regarded the flood and the bridge, and stopped. He was mounted on a black Spanish barb whose glistening sides were flecked with foam. A cloak of cloth of gold fell from his brawny shoulders; his heavy, red face looked out from beneath a sombrero fringed with the same metal. A glance of grim recollection shone from his bloodshot eyes as they rested on the fool.

"Oh, there you are!" he shouted, with savage satisfaction. "Out of the frying pan into the fire, or, rather—for you escaped the fagots at Notre Dame—out of the fire into the frying pan!"

Above the tumult of the torrent his stentorian tones were plainly heard. Without response the jester inserted the plank between the structure and the middle support. The other, perceiving his purpose, uttered an execration that was drowned by the current and irresolutely regarded the means of communication between the two shores, obviously undetermined about trusting his great bulk to that fragile intermedium. Here was a temporary check on which he had not calculated. But if he demurred about crossing himself the free baron did not long display the same infirmity of purpose regarding his followers.

"Over with you!" he cried angrily to them. "The lightest first! Fifty pistoles to the first across!" And then, calling out to the fool: "In half an hour you, my fine wit cracker, shall be hanging from a branch. As for the maid—she is a witch, I am told—we will test her with drowning."

Tempted by their leader's offer, one of the troopers, a lank, muscular looking fellow, at once drove the spurs into his horse. Back and forth moved the lever in the hands of the jester. The soldier was midway on the bridge when it sank suddenly to one side. A moment it acted as a dam; then bridge, horse and rider were swept away with a crash and carried downward with the driving flood. Vainly the trooper sought to turn his steed toward the shore; the debris from the structure soon swept him from his saddle. Striking out strongly, he succeeded in catching a trailing branch from a tree on the bank, but the torrent gripped his body fiercely and, after a desperate struggle, tore him away.

As his helpless follower disappeared the free baron gave a brief command, and he and his troops posted rapidly down the bank. The young girl breathed a sigh of relief. Her eyes were yet full of awe from the death struggle she had witnessed. Fascinated, her gaze had rested on the drowning wretch—the pale face, the look of terror—but now she was called to a realization of their own situation by the abrupt departure of the squad on the opposite shore.

"They have gone!" she cried in surprise as the party vanished among the trees.

"But not far." The jester's glance was bent down the stream. "See where the torrent broadens. They expect to find a fording place."

Once more they set forth; he knowing full well that the free baron and his men, accustomed to the mountain torrents, unbridled by the melting snows, would in all likelihood soon find a way to cross the freshet. His mind misgave him that he had loosened the bridge at all. Would it not have been better to force the conflict there, when he had the advantage of position? But, right or wrong, he had made his choice and must abide by it.

To add to his discomfiture, his horse, which at first had lagged, now began to limp, and as they proceeded this lameness became more apparent. With a twinge of heart he plied the spur more strongly, and the willing but broken creature responded as best it could. Again it hastened its pace, seeming in a measure to recover strength and endurance, then, without warning, lurched, fell to its knees and quickly rolled over on its side. Jacqueline glanced back; the animal lay motionless; the rider was vainly endeavoring to rise. Pale with apprehension, she returned and, dismounting, stood at the head of the prostrate animal. Determinedly the jester struggled, the perspiration standing on his brow in beads. At length, breathing hard, he rested his head on his elbow.

"Here am I caught to stay, Jacqueline," he said. "The horse is dead. But you—you must still go on."

With clasped hands she stood looking down at him. She scarcely knew what he was saying; her mind seemed in a stupor; with apathetic eyes she gazed down the road. But the accident had happened in a little hollow, so that the outlook in either direction along the highway was restricted.

"My emperor is both chivalorus and noble," continued the plaisant quickly. "Go to him. You must not wait here longer. I did not tell you, but I think the free baron will have no time to lose. Go, and—goodby!"

"But—he had a long way to ride—even if he could cross," she said, and she dropped on her knees and took his head in her arms.

The sound of horses' hoofs beat upon the air.

"Jacqueline, go! There is yet time!"

Abruptly she arose. He held out his hand for a last quick pressure, a godspeed to this stanch maid comrade of the motely.

"God help you, mistress!"

Standing in the road gazing up the hollow, she neither saw his hand nor caught his words of farewell. An expression of bewilderment had overspread her features. Quickly she glanced in the opposite direction.

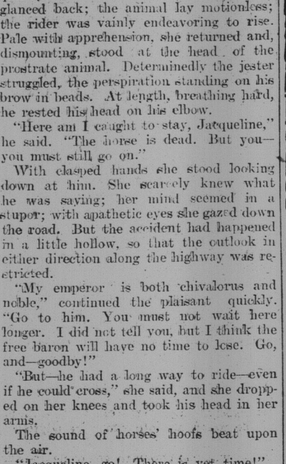
"See, see!" she exclaimed excitedly.

But he was past response. Overcome by pain in a last desperate attempt to regain his feet, he had lost consciousness. As he fell back, above the hill in the direction she was looking appeared the black plumes of a band of horsemen.

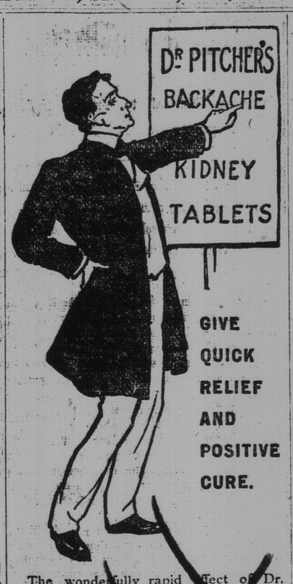
"No; they are not"—

Her glance rested on the jester lying there motionless, and, hastening to his side, she lifted his head and placed it in her lap. So the troopers of the Emperor Charles—a small squad of outrides—found her sitting in the road, her hair disordered about her, her face the whiter against that black shroud.

(To be continued.)



Bridge, horse and rider were swept away



GIVE QUICK RELIEF AND POSITIVE CURE.

The wonderfully rapid effect of Dr. Pitcher's Backache-Kidney Tablets in curing the severest kidney, bladder and urinary troubles, make those affected rejoice. Such diseases and disorders as lame or weak back, swelling of the feet, puffiness under the eyes, gravel, brick deposits in the urine, scalding, frequent calls during the day or night, pain in the joints, uric acid in the blood, drowsiness, headache, rapid loss of flesh, habitual constipation, liver torpor, weakness of the urinary organs in children and the aged—are all quickly relieved and permanently cured.

Mr. E. Dawson, Main St., Kincardine, Ont., says: "Hard work and constant stooping, together with exposure to cold, brought on severe backache and Kidney trouble. The secretions were thick and scanty. Nothing relieved me until I got a bottle of Dr Pitcher's Backache-Kidney Tablets. They soon stopped the pain and soreness. The Kidney action became normal and healthy. I am exceedingly grateful, and glad to add this testimony to the expressions of goodwill I have heard others give utterance to."

It is no wonder Dr. Pitcher's Tablets cure so well. They are the prescription of a Kidney specialist and contain ingredients not found in common kidney pills. 50 Tablets in a bottle. Price 50c. or 3 for $1.25, at druggists or by mail. The Dr Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

Fuddy—"Wonder why it is they always speak of the 'blushing' bride?"

Duddy—"Nothing very remarkable about it, considering the kind of men women marry."

PIANO PRICES

FOR A FEW MORE DAYS ONLY

The following are the best bargains ever offered for cash:

Karn, medium size, walnut case, full compass . $233
Berlin, in stock since September . . 227
Layton Bros., used at a few concerts, walnut case 175
Heintzman & Co., made in Canada, guaranteed to last 134
Haines Bros., square grand in handsome rosewood 118
J. & C. Fischer, an old reliable American make 106

This, our last Bargain List of our Stock-Taking Sale, is decidedly our best.

Easy payments will be accepted on any of above at a slight advance, or will be shipped anywhere in Canada for 10 days free trial to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Write at once.

LAYTON BROS.
Department I.
144 Peel Street Montreal

Contracted Bad Cold. Doctor Said, Serious!

Wanted To Send Him Three Hundred Miles To The Winnipeg Hospital.

Bottle and a Half of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

Cured.

Read what Mr. A. G. Wheeler, Wasagewa, Man., has to say about it: "Please let me thank you for the great good that both my husband and my children have received from Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. One night when my husband came home from work he had contracted a very bad cold. He became so bad that he had to go to bed and send for the doctor. When the doctor came he pronounced it a very serious case, and wanted me to send him to the Winnipeg Hospital. This, I would not do, as it is about 300 miles to Winnipeg. I decided to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and got four bottles of it. He only took one-and-a-half bottles before he was all right again and only lost a few days' work. I always keep it in the house for the children. Even the baby, seven months old, takes it and seems to like it, and as for myself I do not know what I would do without it. I think that every good housekeeper should keep a bottle on hand, for I know it will save many a doctor bill."

Price 25 cents. Put up in a yellow wrapper and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes.

THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

HAPPENINGS IN NOVA SCOTIA

DIGBY.

Digby, Jan. 30.—Word has reached here of the death of Isabella Marion, wife of Dr. Arnold Sanford, of New York, a former Westport lady. She leaves besides a son and daughter, one brother, Frank P. Payson, of New York. The late Chas. H. Payson, for many years collector of customs at Westport, was a brother of the deceased.

Fred L. Jones, chief customs inspector of the dominion, contemplates building a summer cottage at Digby, having a few years ago purchased a pleasant and valuable site on Montague street, near J. L. Peters' new residence.

Wm. Cahoon has purchased from J. A. Van Tassell his building on Water street, which consists of topsorial rooms on the first floor with tenement above.

A driving accident occurred at Bear River Sunday evening. While driving to church the sleigh in which were Mrs. Henry Dunn, her son Willie and Miss Jennie McKay, upset in front of Ezra Miller's, throwing the occupants out and dislocating Mrs. Dunn's shoulder.

Another accident occurred in Bear River Friday afternoon. While coasting on the east side of the bridge four boys on a double runner ran into a sleigh in front of Clarke Bros.' store, badly injuring Willard, son of Charles Garnham. The others escaped with bruises. One of them, Grafton Carter, had his clothes striped from his body. It was a miraculous escape from a fatal accident. It has caused the authorities to forbid any more coasting on the public streets of that village.

A telephone message from Westport reports Con Ledge buoy out of position.

Mrs. Jane Denton, widow of the late Edward Denton, died at her home in Westport, Thursday, aged 71 years. She is survived by two sons and one daughter.

Gordon, the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Forbes Tupper, died at his home in Clementsvale Friday afternoon. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved parents.

E. R. Berry, manufacturer of stock for apple and fish barrels at Clementsvale, is putting in a new engine and boiler and adding improved machinery which he is importing from St. John.

Iona, the little daughter of Stanley Outhouse, of Tiverton, burned her face badly by falling on the cook stove. It is thought she will recover.

The Campbell Lumber Co. have moved into their new offices opposite the custom house at Weymouth Bridge.

The Weymouth river is frozen solid. The steamer Westport is unable to call even at the mouth of the river, owing to the large quantities of ice in St. Mary's Bay.

A coasting accident occurred on Waymouth Hill Saturday which resulted in the injury of sons of Wallace Blackadar and Mr. Hayes.

Mr. Berry, an aged resident of Lower Granville, passed away on Monday. He had been suffering with heart trouble for several months.

Miss Lilian McLeod of Kentville was severely injured a day or two ago by the bursting of the water pipes in the kitchen range, a fire in which had been lighted when the pipes were frozen. The range was demolished by the explosion.

Miss May Prince, on the same day, had a narrow escape from burning to death. A tongue of flame shot out from the stove, catching her apron. Her call for help brought her father, who rolled her in a snow bank and extinguished the blaze, but not before she was seriously burned about the chest and back.

An explosion caused by a defective fuse at the Torbrook mine resulted in David Herbert and S. T. Pierce being severely injured about the face.

John McDonald, a well known resident of Baddeck, and former customs oficial, fell down stairs and sustained a fracture of his skull, from which, after a week's suffering, he died.

Capt. William Smith, of Five Houses, Lunenburg, county, was found dead recently in the woods, where he had gone for a load of wood. It is supposed he died from cramp, to which he was subject.

The schooner E. M. Roberts, Captain Knowlton, while on a voyage from Port Williams to Havana, lost her maintopmast and springstay, and the jibstay parted, and several of her sails were badly torn.

George Begin, of Mahone, was lost from the schooner Australia, owned by McLean and Sons, while on the passage from Newfoundland. When taking in sail he was caught by a heavy sea, and swept off, but the next wave threw him back again. Hayward Venson, of Newfield, a shipmate, made an effort to rescue him, but was himself swept away and drowned. Begin leaves a wife and three young children in poor circumstances.

At the consolidated schools, Middleton, an experiment is being carried on. Each day the children from one of the vans are being given a hot dinner for three cents, a careful account of the cost of which is being kept. The food is prepared by the pupils, and the tomatoes used in the soup were grown in the school garden and canned at the school. The ratepayers of the consolidated sections are being asked to tax themselves twenty-five per cent. additional, this year, to provide a fund to defray the additional cost of the school, when, at the end of the third year, the Macdonald assistance is withdrawn. The proposal is meeting with some vigorous opposition, but on the whole is considered advisable and right.

Digby, N. S., Jan. 31.—(Special)—The following civic nominations were filed today: For mayor, the present acting mayor, W. W. Hayden, also J. L. Peters. For councillors, B. Harvey, R. A. Abramson, C. P. Godard. The latter three go in by acclamation. The only election will be for mayor and it promises to be an interesting one.

Schr. J. W. Cousins, Capt. Arthur Casey, has arrived in Yarmouth with 25,000 lbs. fresh fish. She was out during the entire storm and her owners and relatives of those on board were getting anxious to hear of her safe arrival. The captain says he experienced a rough time.

AMHERST.

Amherst, N. S., Jan. 31—(Special)—Today was nomination day for civic offices and judging from the number of names handed in, the next week will witness the hottest civic campaign since incorporation. The election takes place on Tuesday, Feb. 7, and is for mayor and three councillors.

There are three candidates for chief magistrate and eight for councillors. Chas. R. Smith, K. C., one of the mayoralty candidates, publicly declined the nomination but his friends thought otherwise and his nomination was duly filed.

The other candidates for the office are ex-Councillor Arthur W. Moffatt and Thomas P. Lowther.

For councillors the following were nominated: William W. Black, Clarence E. Casey, Mark Curry, Harold N. Stevens, ex-Councillor J. Nelson Fage, ex-Councillor Netis D. Ackles, William Lowerson and William McCallum, the last three names being supported by sections of the local labor unions.

Amherst, Feb. 2—Roy C. Doull, son of George M. Doull, a former Amherst boy, has lately been appointed third officer on one of the ocean liners in the British India steamship service, sailing between India and Australia. Young Doull since leaving Amherst has been in the employ of the William Thomson S. S. Company, of St. John (N. B.) After leaving them he passed his examinations and received his certificate at Calcutta.

St. Stephen's Presbyterian church hold their annual meeting tomorrow (Thursday) evening. The total receipts for church expenses and benevolent purposes was $5,243, besides $1,300 paid on account of church debt. Among the disbursements was $1,539.37 for missions and other benevolent objects. The membership is about 400. Rev. George Wood is pastor.

Amherst, N. S., Feb. 2—(Special)—Judge Morse today sentenced John McAuliffe to two years in the penitentiary at Dorchester for stealing a fur coat from the store of Hoffman & Co. W. T. Pipes, K. C., appeared for the crown. The prisoner was not represented.

Evidence was produced identifying the accused as the man leaving the coat, which was identified by Mr. Hoffman as the one stolen, at Barker's store, to be called for.

The prisoner denied all knowledge of the matter, and pleaded not guilty. McAuliffe belongs to St. John (N. B.), but has resided in Sydney (N. S.) for some time. He is a man of middle age.

An Excellent Opportunity

Every lady likes to have a nice home and nice furnishings in her home, and especially is this the case in regard to dishes for the table. Every lady is interested in nice dishes. You should read the advertisement of the Dr. Armour Medicine Co., which apears in another part of this paper. They are giving away 97 piece dinner sets free to introduce their remedies. Write to them today

1-14-tf-d&w-a

Will Wait for Pulitzer's Death.

New York, Feb. 2—The New York Tribune will tomorrow say that the actual establishment of the school of journalism at Columbia University, which Joseph Pulitzer endowed, will be deferred until the donor's death.

Nine Nations

Now Use Liquozone. Won't You Try It—Free?

Millions of people, of nine different nations, are constant users of Liquozone. Some are using it to get well; some to keep well. Some to cure germ diseases; some as a tonic. No medicine was ever so widely employed. These users are everywhere; your neighbors and friends are among them. And half the people you meet—wherever you are—know some-one whom Liquozone has cured.

If you need help, please ask some of these users what Liquozone does. Don't blindly take medicine for what medicine cannot do. Drugs never kill germs. For your own sake, ask about Liquozone; then let us buy you a full-size bottle to try.

We Paid $100,000

For the American rights to Liquozone. We did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, after proving, in thousands of different cases, that Liquozone destroys the cause of any germ disease.

Liquozone has, for more than 2[illegible] years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research. It is not made by compounding drugs, nor with alcohol. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissue, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Every physician knows that medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Asthma	Hay Fever—Influenza
Abscess—Anemia	Kidney Diseases
Bronchitis	La Grippe
Blood Poison	Leucorrhea
Bright's Disease	Liver Troubles
Bowel Troubles	Malaria—Neuralgia
Coughs—Colds	Many Heart Troubles
Consumption	Piles—Pneumonia
Colic—Croup	Pleurisy—Quinsy
Constipation	Rheumatism
Catarrh—Cancer	Scrofula—Syphilis
Dysentery—Diarrhea	Skin Diseases
Dandruff—Dropsy	Stomach Troubles
Dyspepsia	Tumors—Ulcers
Eczema—Erysipelas	Typhoid—a-a
Fevers—Gall Stones	Tumors—Ulcers
Goitre—Gout	Varicocele
Gonorrhea—Gleet	Women's Diseases

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In negative debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please, accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and $1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to The Liquozone Company, 558-564 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is.....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

.....

.....

2 3

B A .....

Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.