

### The Only Perfect Emulsion

Any well made emulsion of good Cod Liver Oil is good as far as it goes, but if it lacks Iron it is not a perfect emulsion, because Iron is even more necessary and more valuable than the oil.

# FERROL

is finer, more palatable and easier to digest than any other preparation of Cod Liver Oil. Anyone can take Ferrol; few can take Cod Liver Oil in any other way.

Every intelligent person knows that three of the greatest remedial agents known to science are Cod Liver Oil, Iron and Phosphorus. To get them in combination and in proper proportion you must have Ferrol. There is no other way.

Sufferers from Anemia, Bronchitis, Chronic Coughs and Colds, Lung Troubles of any kind, Nervous Prostration, Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, General Debility, Loss of Weight, Whooping Cough, Croup, La Grippe or any of the ailments known as wasting diseases, can take Ferrol with the confident assurance that it will cure them if a cure is possible.

Each dose of Ferrol contains a full medicinal dose of Iron and in no other way can Iron be properly administered.

FERROL is not a patent mystery. The formula is freely published. It is prescribed by the best Physicians. It is endorsed by the most eminent Medical Journals. It is used in prominent Hospitals, Sanitariums, etc.

S. N. WEARE. Medical Hall, Bridgetown

Advertisement for 'Wool' featuring the text 'WE WANT WOOL' and 'Hewson Tweeds'. It includes a small illustration of a sheep and a person.

Advertisement for 'Laxative Bromo Quinine' with the headline 'Always Remember the Full Name Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.' It includes a small illustration of a person.

Advertisement for 'Ladies' and Gents' CLOTHS' by Chas Hearn, Tailor Repair Rooms. It includes a small illustration of a person.

Advertisement for 'CANADIAN PACIFIC' featuring 'Summer Tourist Travel' and 'NOW ON SALE'. It includes a small illustration of a train.

Advertisement for 'Isaac Pitman's' 'Short Course in Shorthand'. It includes a small illustration of a person.

Advertisement for 'S. KERR & SON' featuring 'The Game Laws' and 'The Pleasant Purgative Effect'. It includes a small illustration of a person.

## The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY

CHAPTER VII.—Continued. It was not more than four feet deep, beautifully carpeted with sand and secluded by rocks on all sides. Not the faintest crab or fish was to be seen. It provided an ideal bath.

Iris was overjoyed. She pointed to the beach and said, "I will be with you at teatime."

He gathered all the tin he was able to carry and strode off, enjoining her to fire her revolver if for any reason she wanted assistance, and giving a parting warning that if she delayed too long he would come and shoot to her.

"I wonder," said the girl to herself, watching his retreating figure, "what he is afraid of. Surely by this time we have exhausted the most surprising of the island. Anyhow, now for a splash!"

She was hardly in the water before she began to feel the cold embrace of Jenks. Suppose anything happened to him while she was thoughtlessly enjoying herself here! So strongly did she think of the possibility of this that she dressed again and ran off to find him.

He was engaged in fastening a number of bayonets transversely to a long piece of timber.

"What are you doing that for?" she asked.

"Why did you return so soon? Did anything alarm you?"

"No. On the other hand, I am trying to make trouble for any unwelcome visitors," he replied. "I intend to set this up in front of our cave in case we are compelled to defend ourselves against an attack by savages. With this barring the way they cannot reach the position."

On the nineteenth day of their residence on the island the sailer climbed, as was his invariable habit, to the Summit rock while Iris prepared breakfast. At this early hour the horizon was clear, and the sun shone brightly.

He replaced the glasses in their case and divided into the water of a special pitcher. He thought to the fact that the wind, after blowing steadily from the south for nearly a week, had veered round to the northeast during the night.

"Let me help you," said Jenks. "I am not very busy this afternoon."

"No, thank you. I simply won't allow you to touch that shrub. The dear thing looks quite good to me. It drinks up the water as greedily as a thirsty animal."

Iris had been gone perhaps five minutes when he heard a distant shriek, twice repeated, and then there came faintly to his ears his own name, not "Jenks," but "Robert," in the girl's voice. Something terrible had happened. It was a cry of supreme distress.

"You are not hurt?" he gasped, his eyes blazing into her face with an intensity that she afterward remembered as appalling.

They were either visiting the island to procure turtle and beche-de-mer or had merely called there en route to some other destination, and the change in the wind had unexpectedly compelled them to put ashore.

Probably when he went to Summit rock that morning the savages had lowered their sail and were steadily paddling north against wind and current. The most careful scrutiny of the sea would fail to reveal them beyond a distance of six or seven miles at the utmost.

After landing in the hidden bay on the south side they crossed the island through the trees instead of taking the more natural open way along the beach. Why? The fact that he and Iris were then passing the grove over tract leading to the valley of death instantly determined this point.

"I didn't allow for the sun on the side of the forest," he said, or perhaps I am a bit shaky after the run. In any event they can't go far."

"They are escaping," she said.

"No fear of that," he replied, turning away from her.

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the discovery of certain unmistakable evidences on the beach showed that the Dyak leader had lost two if not three fingers of his right hand.

"So he has something more than his passion to nurse," mused Jenks. "That at any rate, is fortunate. He will be in no mood for further enterprise for some time to come."

He dreaded lest any of the Dyaks should be only badly wounded and likely to live. It was an actual relief to his nerves to find that the improvised dumchans had done their work too well to permit anxiety on that score.

He gathered the guns, swords and creases of the slain, with all their uncounted belts and ornaments. In presence of a vaguely defined plan of future action he also divested some of the men of their coarse garments and collected six queer looking hats shaped like inverted basins. These things he placed in a heap near the pitcher plants. Thereafter for half an hour the placid surface of the lagoon was disturbed by the black dorsal fins of many sharks.

His guess at the weather conditions demanded by the change of wind was right. As the two partook of their evening meal the complaining surf lashed the reef, and the tremulous branches of the taller trees roared the approach of a gale. A tropical storm—not a typhoon, but a belated burst of the periodic rains—deluged the island before midnight. Hours earlier Iris retired, utterly worn by the events of the day.

The very fury of the external turmoil acted as a lullaby to the girl. She was soon asleep, and the sailor was left to his thoughts.

"Sleep he could not. He smoked steadily, with a magnificent prodigality, for his small stock of tobacco was fast diminishing. He ransacked his brains for some method of escape from this enchanted island, where fairies jostled with serpents and hours of utter happiness found their lapse in moments of frightful peril.

Of course he ought to have killed these fellows who escaped. Their sloop might have provided a last desperate expedient if other savages effected a landing. Well, there was no use in being-wise after the event, and, as he might, he could derive no way to this, he felt certain, would take place at night. The Dyaks would land in force, rush the cave and but and overpower him by sheer numbers. The fight, if fight there was, would be sharp, but decisive. Perhaps if he re-

ceived some warning Iris and he might retreat in the darkness to the cover of the trees. A last stand could be made among the boulders on Summit rock. But of what avail to purchase their freedom until daylight? And then—

If ever man wrestled with desperate problem, Jenks wrestled that night. He smoked and pondered until the storm passed, and, with the changefulness of a poet's vision, a full moon flooded the island in glorious radiance.

He rose, opened the door and stood without looking steadily at the brilliant luminary for some time; then his eyes were attracted by the strong lights thrown upon the rugged faces of the precipice into which the cavern burrowed. Suddenly he uttered a startled exclamation.

"By Jove!" he murmured. "I never noticed that before!"

"(To be continued.)"

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength, building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials to the Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists. The Family Pills for constipation.

"How do you find your uncle, doctor? It appears he is very low."



In the grasp of two ferocious looking Dyaks.

They had secured, a young and beautiful white woman so contentedly leaning about the shores of this fetid land. With the slow speed advised by the Roman philosopher the back sight and fore sight of the rifle came into line with the breast of the coarse brute clutching the girl's face.

Then something bit him above the heart and simultaneously tore him of his black and safety.

Again and yet again the rifle gave its short, sharp snarl, and two more Dyaks collapsed on the sand. Six were left, their leader being still unconsciously preserved from death by the figure of the flying girl.

A fourth Dyak dropped.

The survivors, cowed and crestfallen, were looking at the chief and ran with all her might along the beach to Jenks and safety.

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## The Better Way

The tissues of the throat are inflamed and irritated; you cough, and there is more irritation—more coughing. You take a cough mixture and it eases the irritation—for a while. You take

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

and it cures the cold. That's what it cures. It soothes the throat because it reduces the irritation; cures the cold because it drives out the inflammation; builds up the weakened tissues because it nourishes them back to their natural strength. That's how Scott's Emulsion deals with a sore throat, a cough, a cold, or bronchitis.

WE'LL SEND YOU A SAMPLE FREE. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ont.



Had done their work too well.

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