

# LA GRIPPE

This distressing and unfortunately very common malady easily takes rank among the very "meanest" of the diseases to which people living in this climate are liable.

La Grippe is no respecter of persons; it attacks the young and the old, the rich and the poor with the utmost impartiality.

Except in the cases where Pneumonia develops, La Grippe is seldom directly fatal; the real danger lies in the after effects. Even when the patient has fairly well recovered from an attack (and it is very hard to tell just when he has fully recovered), the muscles are relaxed, the nerves unstrung, the heart and lungs weak, the throat and bronchial tubes irritable and tender and the whole system depressed, run-down and in no condition to resist the attack of any other disease to which it may be exposed.

This condition is fraught with danger and demands instant and intelligent attention, the system must be built up and restored to a normal and healthy condition—advice easy to give, often very hard to follow.

The appetite is liable to be poor and the digestion impaired so that it is almost impossible to consume and digest sufficient ordinary food to do the work quickly and effectively. What is required is a concentrated food, palatable, easy to digest and containing the elements necessary to repair the waste which La Grippe has committed.

Just such a food is found in

# FERROL

a scientifically prepared emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, Iron and Phosphorus, palatable, digestible and effective. FERROL contains just what the run down system needs and all it requires. Cod Liver Oil to restore the lost flesh and make what is left firm and healthy, Iron to enrich the impoverished blood and restore elasticity and firmness to the relaxed muscles, Phosphorus to tone the nerve and brain as nothing else will.

Two or three bottles of FERROL, taken after the acute stage of La Grippe has passed, will do more to repair damages than can possibly be accomplished in any other way. Try it and see.

S. N. WEARE. Medical Hall, Bridgetown

## The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY  
Copyright, 1903, by Edward J. Clode

"You must break the plague wine you are here, Miss Deane. It is often very cold at night in this latitude. A chill would mean fever and perhaps death."

She covertly watched his preparation. He tore a dry leaf from a notebook and broke the bullet out of a cartridge, damping the powder with water from a pitcher plant. Smearing the composition on the paper, he placed it in the sun, where it dried at once. He gathered a small bundle of withered spines from the palms and arranged the driftwood on top, choosing a place for his bonfire just within the shade. Then inserting the touch paper among the spines he uncrawled one of the leashes of the binoculars, converted it into a burning glass and had a fine blaze roaring merrily in a few minutes. With the aid of pointed sticks he grilled some slices of ham, cut with his clasp knife, which he first carefully cleaned in the earth. The biscuits were of the variety that become soft when toasted, and so he balanced a few by stones near the fire.

Iris forgot her annoyance in her interest. A most appetizing smell filled the air. They were having a picnic amidst delightful surroundings. Yesterday at this time—She almost yielded to a rush of sentiment, but forced it back with instant determination. Tears were a poor resource, unkindly of God's goodness to herself and her companion. Without the sailor, what would have become of her, even were she thrown ashore while still living? She knew none of the expedients which seemed to be at his command.

"Can I do nothing to help?" she exclaimed. So contrite was her tone that Jenks was astonished.

"Yes," he said, pointing to the dish cover. "If you polish the top of that with your sleeve it will serve as a plate. Luncheon is ready."

He neatly dished up two slices of ham on a couple of biscuits and handed them to her with the clasp knife.

"I can depend on my fingers," he explained. "It will not be the first time."

"Have you led an adventurous life?" she asked, by way of polite conversation.

"No," he growled.

"I only thought so because you appear to know all sorts of dodges for prolonging existence—things I never heard of."

"Brotted ham—and biscuits—for instance?"

At another time Iris would have snapped at him for the retort. Still humbly regretful for her previous attitude, she answered meekly:

"Yes, in this manner of cooking them, I mean. But there are other items—methods of lighting fires, finding water, knowing what fruits and other articles may be found on a desert island, such as plantains and coconuts and certain sorts of birds."

When the meal was ended Jenks sprang lightly to his feet. Rest and food had restored her faculties. The girl thought dreamily, as he stood there in his rough attire, that she had never seen a finer man. He was tall, sinewy and well formed. In repose his face was pleasant, if masterful. His somewhat sultry, soft contained expression was occasional and acquired. She wondered how he could be so energetic. Personally she was consumed with sleepiness.

He produced a revolver.

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Are noted for their ease in operation. For perfect skimming. Easy cleaning only one piece bowl to clean they do not clog tips as other inferior machines do. They have a square gearing. The bowl is supported at top and bottom. Don't buy a cheap Separator that will soon give out. Satisfied—that word means a lot but it expresses no more than is felt by every user of the famous Magnet Separator.

Write or telephone me for catalogue and prices.

F. B. BISHOP, Lawrencetown, N. S.

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Also Rennie's Field and Garden Seeds. Seed Oats, Blue Vitriol, Paris Green and Lime

ALL AT VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH

It will pay you to get our prices

W. E. PALFREY, LAWRENCETOWN

"Do you mind if I fire a shot to test these cartridges?" he inquired for "The powder is all right, but the fulminate in the caps may be damaged."

She agreed promptly. He pointed the weapon a cluster of coconuts, and there was a loud report. Two nuts fell to the ground, and the air was filled with shrill screams and the flapping of innumerable wings. Iris was momentarily dismayed, but her senses confirmed the sailor's explanation—"See him?"

"Can you use a revolver?" he asked. "My father taught me. He thinks every woman should know how to defend herself in need."

"Excellent. Well, Miss Deane, you must try to sleep for a couple of hours. I purpose examining the coast for some distance on each side. Should you want me, a shot will be the best sort of signal."

"But you?"

"Oh, I am all right! I feel restless—that is, I mean I will not sleep until night comes, and before we climb the hill to survey our domain I want to find better quarters than we now possess."

Perhaps she was less fatigued she would have caught the vague anxiety, the note of distrust in his son's western position and sleep. Her eyes, which she lay very seductive. Her eyes closed. She nestled into a comfortable position and slept. Her eyes, which she lay very seductive. Her eyes closed. She nestled into a comfortable position and slept.

The man moved the revolver out of harm's way to a spot where she must see it instantly, pulled his son's western coat over his eyes and waited quietly.

They were flung ashore on the north-west side of the island. Except the reef, the reef formed by the coral reef, with its mysterious palm tree growing sparingly in the midst of the waves, the shape of the island was not unlike that of the concave side of a bow, the two visible extremities being about three-quarters of a mile apart.

He guessed by the way in which the sea raced past these points that the land did not extend beyond them. Behind him it rose steeply to a considerable height, 150 or 200 feet. In the center was the tallest hill, which seemed to end abruptly toward the southwest.

Five hundred yards away Iris Deane was sleeping. He ought not to have left her alone. And then with the devilish ingenuity of coincidence, a revolver shot awoke the echoes and sent all manner of wild fowl flurrying through the trees with clamorous outcry.

Panting and wild-eyed, Jenks was at the girl's side in an inconceivably short space of time. She was not beneath the shelter of the grove, but on the sands, gazing, pallid in cheek and lip, at the group of rocks on the edge of the lagoon.

"What is the matter?" he gasped.

"Oh, I don't know," she walked brokenly. "I had a dream, such a horrible dream. You were struggling with some awful thing down there."

"I was not near the place," he said laboriously. It cost him an effort to breathe. His broad chest expanded inches with each respiration.

"Yes, yes, I understand. But I awoke and ran to save you. When I got here I saw something, a thing with waving arms, and I was killed, and then you came."

The sailor walked slowly to the rocks, where it shivered steeply from the shore.

Iris followed him. "See?" she cried excitedly. "I was not mistaken. There was something here."

A creepy sensation ran up the man's spine and passed behind his ears. At this spot the dreary Lascars were lying. Like an inspiration came the knowledge that the cuttlefish, the dreaded octopus, abounds in the China sea.

His face was livid when he turned to Iris. "You are overwrought by fa-

Delighted with this discovery, more precious than diamonds at the moment—for he doubted the advisability of existing on the water supply of the pitcher plant—he cast his eyes to the excavation. The well had been properly made. Ten feet down he could see the reflection of his face. Expert hands had tapped the secret reservoir of the island. By stretching to the full extent of his arm he managed to plunge the stick into the water. Tasting the drops, he found that they were quite sweet. The sand and porous rock provided the best of filter beds.

He rose, well pleased, and noted that on the opposite side the appearance of the shrubs and tufts of long grass indicated the existence of a grown over path toward the cliff. He followed it, walking carefully, with eyes seeking

prospect beyond, which sometimes rattled and cracked beneath his feet. Looking down, he was horrified to find he was tramping on a skeleton.

Had a venomous snake coiled its glistening coils around his leg he would not have been more startled. But this man of iron nerve soon recovered. He frowned deeply after the first involuntary heart thro.

With the stick he cleared away the undergrowth and revealed the skeleton of a man. The bones were big and strong, but oxidized by the action of the air. Jenks had injured the left tibia by his tread, but three fractured ribs and a smashed shoulder blade told some terrible unwritten story.

Beneath the mournful relics were fragments of decayed cloth. It was blue serge. Lying about were a few blackened objects, brass buttons marked with an anchor. The dead man's boots were in the best state of preservation, but the leather had shrunk, and the nails protruded like fangs.

A rusted pocketknife lay there, and on the left breast of the skeleton rested a round piece of tin, the top of a canteen, which must have reposed in a coat pocket. Jenks picked it up.

Some curious marks and figures were punched into its surface. After a hasty glance he put it aside for more leisurely examination.

No weapon was visible. He could form no estimate as to the cause of the death of this poor unknown nor the time since the tragedy had occurred.

Jenks must have stood many miles before he perceived that the skeleton was headless. At first he imagined that in rummaging about with the stick he had disturbed the skull. But the most minute search demonstrated that it had gone—had been taken away, in fact—for the plants which so effectively screened the lighter bones would not permit the skull to vanish.

Then she frowned on the sailor's face became threatening, thunderous. He recoiled and ran away. Individual memories of strange tales of the China sea crowded unbidden to his brain.

"Draks!" he growled fiercely. "A ship's officer, an Englishman probably, murdered by head hunting Dyak pirates!"

If they came once they would come again.

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Revealed the skeleton of a man. "What you saw was probably a seal." He knew the ludicrous substance would not be questioned. "Please go and lie down again."

"I cannot," she protested. "I am too frightened! By a dream! In broad daylight!"

"But why are you so pale? What has alarmed you?"

"Can you ask? Did you not give the agreed signal?"

"Yes, but—"

(To be continued)

CASTORIA  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson

## Verdict for Dr. Pierce

AGAINST THE Ladies' Home Journal.

Sending truth after a lie. It is an old maxim that "a lie will travel seven leagues while truth is getting its boots on," and no doubt hundreds of thousands of good people read the unwarranted and malicious attack upon Dr. R. V. Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription" published in the May (1904) number of the Ladies' Home Journal, with its great black display headings, who never saw the humble, growing retraction, with its inconspicuous heading, published two months later. It was boldly charged in the standard and libelous article that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of woman's weaknesses and ailments, contained alcohol and other harmful ingredients. Dr. Pierce promptly brought suit against the publishers of the Ladies' Home Journal, for \$50,000.00 damages.

Dr. Pierce alleged that Mr. Bok, the editor, maliciously published the article containing such false and defamatory matter with the intent of injuring his business; furthermore, that no alcohol, or other poisonous, or habit-forming, drugs are or were used, contained in his "Favorite Prescription"; that said medicine is made from native medicinal roots and contains no harmful ingredients whatsoever; and that Mr. Bok's malicious statement were wholly and absolutely false.

The retraction printed by said Journal they were forced to acknowledge that they had published the article with the intention of injuring Dr. Pierce's business, and that they had published the article with the intention of injuring Dr. Pierce's business, and that they had published the article with the intention of injuring Dr. Pierce's business.

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