HER SKIN SEEMED ON FIRE

Every Other Treatment Failed But "Fruit-a-tives" Cures

GRAND ÉCLUSE, QUE., Jan. 2nd, 1910.

"My wife was greatly distressed for three years with chronic Eczema on the hands, and the disease was so severe that it almost prevented her from using her hands. The doctor gave her several ointments to use, but none of them did any good. He also advised her to wear rubber gloves and she wore out three pairs without getting any benefit. As a last resort, I persuaded her to try "Fruit-a-tives", and the effect was marvellous. Not only did "Fruit-a-tives" entirely cure the Eczema, but the Asthma, which she suffered from, was also completely cured.

We both attribute our present good health to "Fruit-a-tives". N. JOUBERT.

"Fruit-a-tives" will always cure Eczema or Salt Rheum because "Fruit-a-tives" purifies the blood, corrects the Indigestion and Constipation, and tones up the Nervous System.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices and valuable tonics, and is the greatest of all blood-purifying remedies.

50c. a box—6 for $2.50—or trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

AIM.—The protection of the home, the abolition of the liquor traffic and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law.

MOTTO—For God and Home and Native Land.

BADGE—A knot of White Ribbon.

WATCHWORD—Agitate, educate, organize.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

President—Mrs. J. W. Brown.
1st Vice President—Mrs. (Rev.) Prestwood.
2nd Viceresident—Mrs. (Rev.) Miller.
3rd Vice President—Mrs. Irene Fitch.
Recording Secy—Mrs. L. W. Sleep.
Cor. Secretary—Mrs Charlotte Murray.
Treasurer—Mrs. T. W. Vaughn.
Auditor—Mrs. T. E. Hutchinson.

SUPERINTENDENTS.

Evangelistic—Mrs. G. Fitch.
Mothers' Meetings—Mrs. Prestwood.
Lumbermen—Mrs. J. Kempton.
Peace and Arbitration—Mrs. J. Reid.
Temperance in Sabbath-schools—Mrs. (Dr.) McKenna.
Juvenile Work—Mrs. B. O. Davison.
Parlor Meetings—Mrs. (Rev.) McGregor.
Press Work—Miss Margaret Barss.
Aldershot Work—Mrs. L. Sleep.

Yes or No?

No to the wrong, and Yes to the right,
No to what's dismal, Yes to what's bright;
No to what's folly, and Yes to what's wise;
Seeking to see things with spirit cleansed eyes.
No to all error, and Yes to what's true,
Trusting the earth will bring you safe through;
No to the tempter, and Yes to God's word;
No to mere liking, and Yes to my Lord.
Yes to what's manly, and No to what's mean;
No to what soils me, and Yes to what's clean;
No to what's cowardly, Yes to what's brave;
Eager to help men—eager to save.
No to what crushes, and Yes to what cheers;
Yes to glad hopes, and No to sad fears;
No to all worry, and Yes to hard work;
Yes to plain duty—not once may I shrink.
Yes to what's holiest and noble and pure;
No to what's doubtful, how.v.r se cure;
Yes to the faith the Crucified gave;
No to dishonor—rather Yes to the grave.
No to quick temper, No to false pride,
Yes to sweet patience, learned at His side;
No to ungentleness, Yes to Christ's love;
Yes to all good things that come from above.

—John J. Reed, in the Christian Age.

Wife Beating.

An onlooker writes 'Tidings' on the above subject as follows:

'It is an acknowledged fact that no wife-beater has ever been known to repeat the offence after having once felt the lash. Then who is responsible for repetitions of this shameful crime?

'If those who make and administer our laws were occasionally the help less victims of drunken fury they might come to regard the usual pen alty of $3.00 and $2.00 in a different light.

'Even the legislation fostering the making of drunkards would assume a new meaning if the legislators were liable at any moment to be battered or even done to death by some poor wretch made crazy by law.

The ratio existing between the liquor traffic and suffering wives is demonstrated to a nicety in Kansas City to the prohibition state of Kansas. Carrie Nation founded a home in that city for drunkards' wives and now there are not enough drunkards' wives to be found to keep the home going.

That 'distressing' condition was admitted by Peter W. Goble, president of the Associated Charities.

'It's no use denying it,' Mr. Gobet said, 'the home is a failure. We can't find any drunkards' wives to live in it. What is to be done about it? Nothing, so far as I can see. If our laws discourage the making of drunkards' wives, there isn't anything we can do. We have done our best, but the odds against us were too great.'

The Frog in the Well.

A frog once during a warm and dry summer, while hopping from place to place in search of water, came at last to a verge of a well, at the bottom of which he preceived there was abundance. Having for some time being scantily supplied and being naturally of an indolent disposition, he determined to run no further risk of deficiency, but secure to himself a constant and ample supply for the rest of his life. Having come to this resolution, he plunged down, and reached the bottom in perfect safety. Here, then, he quafled at his ease and leisure, as much as he chose, and nothing further was known of him, except that those who were passing by sometimes heard him croaking at the bottom of the well, where he passed the remainder of his days useless and unknown.

THE MORAL

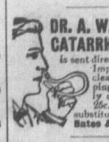
The man who resists not the first inclination to tippling is in danger, at last, of becoming a confirmed drunkard. Having arrived at this stage, he forsakes his home, and neglects his duties. Such an one may frequently be seen sitting in some dirty ale-house corner, where he spends a useless life, and nothing further is known of him, except that the passers by may sometimes hear him, like the frog in the well, croaking out some foolish ballad.—Alliance News.

To Check a Cold.

It is easy to check a cold if you begin in time. Frequent doses of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine keep the cough loose, allay the inflammation and so prevent it spreading to the bronchial tubes and lungs. Mrs. S. M. Moore, Shortreed, B. C., writes: 'I wish to state my gratitude for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, for it cured a cold which a friend said would soon put me in the grave.'

A Sad Calendar.

Jan—et was quite ill one day;
Feb—rile trouble came her way,
Mar—tyr-like she lay in bed;
Apr—oned nurses softly sped.
May—be, said the doct, judicial,
Jun—ket would be beneficial.
Jul—eps, too though freely tried
Aug—ured ill, for Jenet died.
Sep—ulchre was sadly made,
Oct—aves pealed, and prayers were said,
Nov—ices with many a tear,
Dec—orated Janet's bier.



DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c. is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops dropping in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. a box; blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

The Interest.

A train in Arizona was boarded by robbers who went through the pockets of the luckless passengers. One of them happened to be a travelling salesman from New York who, when his turn came, fished out $200, but rapidly took $4 from the pile and placed it in his vest pocket.

'What do you mean by that?' asked the robber, as he toyed with his revolver. Hurridly came the answer. 'Mine frent, you surely would not refuse me two per zent discount on a strictly cash transaction like dis?'

A Wonder Worker.

'It heals like magic,' is a favorite expression when Dr. Chase's Ointment is used. It works quickly, stops all itching at once, often heals in a single night. For eczema, salt rheum, barbers' itch, skin irritations or eruptions, it is a most satisfactory treatment. Being antiseptic, it prevents blood poisoning.

This snow imprisons me; my foolish feet
Refuse to wander on these slippery ways,
And I am prone to sigh for summer days;
But when I hear the children on the street
Shouting with laughter in their winter's glee,
My soul is glad that not for me alone
Were all things made; else might the children lose
Half of their year's joy—if it were mine to choose.

A Pleasant Physic.

When you want a pleasant physic give Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets a trial. They are mild and gentle in their action and always produce a pleasant cathartic effect. Call at all dealers or a free sample.

No power on earth, nor under the earth, can make a man do wrong without his own consent.

No service in itself is small or great,
Though earth it fill;
But that is small which seeks its own,
And great which seeks God's will.

When you have rheumatism in your foot or instep apply Chamberlain's Liniment and you will get quick relief. It costs but a quarter. Why suffer? For sale by all dealers.

Statistics show that about ten thousand people are killed by whiskey, when only one is killed by a mad dog. What of it? Shoot the mad dog, and license the sale of whiskey.

The most common cause of insomnia is disorders of the stomach. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets correct these disorders and enable you to sleep. For sale by all dealers.

Park Orator—Yes, and I can prove to ye why millionaires' money is tainted.

Voice from the crowd—That's easy, mate. Tain't yours an' tain't mine.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and am enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have the backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

Time for Cooking Vegetables.

Potatoes, half an hour, unless small, when rather less; cabbage and cauliflower, twenty-five minutes; peas and asparagus, twenty to twenty five minutes; carrots and turnips, forty-five minutes when young, one hour in winter; onions, medium size, one hour; beets, one hour in summer, one and a half or two hours in winter; French beans, if slit or sliced slantwise and thin, twenty five minutes, if only snapped across, forty minutes. All vegetables should be put into last boiling water and quickly brought to the boiling point again, not left to steep in hot water before boiling which toughens them, and destroys flavor and color. This time table will be found useful if copied and fastened onto the kitchen wall.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

'Would you advise me to encourage my daughter in her desire to take vocal instructions?' asked the wealthy man.

'Well, that would depend,' replied the concientious teacher.

'On what?'

'On whether you expect her to learn to sing or whether your object is merely to keep her out of mischief.'

Wedmore—Before I married I learned to live on half my income.

Singleton—And found it was a wise step, eh?

Wedmore—Yes, only a half was the wrong proportion—I should have made it an eighth.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

'Mrs. Blinks—The lecturer said that when the Zulu husband has words with his spouse he makes for his club.

Mrs. Slinks—That's just what mine does.

Driver (to puffing lady)—I say, marm, would yer like a lift?

Lady—No, thanks; I'm in a hurry.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

'Mr. Wombat, I must leave you to get married. I know a great many girls leave the firm 'to get married. Still, I hope you can fill my place.'

'That will be all right. We have a waiting list of ladies who left us to get married, are now tired of their husbands and would like to come back.'

70 YEARS OLD AND GETTING WELL

Thanks to Gin Pills

61 MADISON AVE., TORONTO.
APRIL 7TH, 1911.

During the past two years, I have been suffering with Kidney Trouble—severe pains in my back at times, and with feet, ankles and legs so very swollen that I found great difficulty in moving around the house even in slippers. I am pleased to tell you, since taking GIN PILLS, the pain has gone, the swelling has subsided, and I again wear my boots—which have not been upon my feet for nearly two years. I am seventy years of age, and am now using my sixth box of GIN PILLS.

E. A. SCADDING.

Old people with lame backs—who suffer with Rheumatism, or Kidney or Bladder Trouble—will find welcome relief in GIN PILLS. Every box guaranteed and money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50—sample free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Dept. N 8 Toronto. 86

Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother, or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section along side his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead of pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

P S Unauthorised publications of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Dec. 29 tf

Nursery Stock.

Before ordering trees, write us for our Catalogue and prices or see our nearest agent. We are the largest growers of Trees in Canada. Full line of Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry and Plum trees. Our trees are noted for fine root system and largest limb growth. Our Nurseries are patronized by the largest and most progressive fruit growers of Canada. Write for an Agency.

Brown Bros. Co., Nurserymen, Ltd.
Brown's Nurseries, Welland Co. Ontario.

ESTABROOKS' RED ROSE COFFEE

A Credit to the Name

If you already know Red Rose Tea you will expect much of Red Rose Coffee became of its name alone. Nor will it disappoint you; for it is worthy of its name.

Blended to combine strength and rich flavor, this fine coffee is crushed new-roasted into small grains, and freed from chaff and dust. These uniform grains readily give the true coffee flavor to a brew which pours clear without any sediment. You may expect rare quality from every tin of

Red Rose Coffee

227

Hutchinson's Express & Livery

UP-TO DATE IN EVERY RESPECT.

Buckboards, Barouches, Single and Double Carriages. Good Horses; Care Drivers; Fair Prices. Teams at all Trains and Boats. Baggage carefully transfered. Boarding Stables. Telephone No 88.

T. E. HUTCHINSON, Prop., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, LA GRIPPE AND LUNG TROUBLE

OLIVEINE EMULSION

THE GREAT HEALTH RESTORER

TAKE NOTICE "YE SICKE, DELICATE AND RUN DOWN PEOPLE": Are you dreading the cold winter weather with its sudden changes, which is so apt to bring back that distressing cough and those terrible chest, side and lung pains, consumption and tuberculosis? These dreaded diseases are no respecter of persons. The old and young, rich and poor, are subject to their ravages. OLIVEINE EMULSION will prevent or stop that cough, and so invigorate the system that the germs cannot secure a foothold. OLIVEINE EMULSION is easy to take, and is so prepared that the most delicate invalids and children of all ages can take it and retain it without any trouble. OLIVEINE EMULSION contains, among other ingredients, Extract of Malt, which is nourishing and strengthening, Extract Wild Cherry, which improves the appetite and strengthens the digestive organs, Hypophosphites, which is admitted by the medical profession unexcelled in all wasting diseases and in building up the system.

Experienced physicians prescribe lots of food in wasting or nervous diseases; OLIVEINE EMULSION produces an appetite, helps digestion, and enables you to receive the full benefit of all your food. Run down business men and women, overworked mothers, delicate boys or girls will show permanent improvement from the use of this preparation.

OLIVEINE EMULSION—Makes the weak strong.
OLIVEINE EMULSION—It is a flesh creator.
OLIVEINE EMULSION—It is a strength producer.
OLIVEINE EMULSION—It is a specific in throat and lung diseases.
OLIVEINE EMULSION—It is a prompt relief for debility at change of life.
OLIVEINE EMULSION—It is a blood purifier
OLIVEINE EMULSION—A Tissue Builder
OLIVEINE EMULSION—It improves the appetite
OLIVEINE EMULSION—It is an ideal tonic and nutrient

It is unsurpassed as a Cough Preparation, it gives strength to the weak and delicate so that all phlegm or waste matter is brought up from the lungs and throat.

BEWARE OF IMITATION

Any product like OLIVEINE EMULSION which is widely employed, is apt to be imitated. Ask and insist on having OLIVEINE EMULSION, and we are the sole owners. Its value depends on our process, on the skill and knowledge employed in its compounding. Those are features which cannot be imitated, and without them the vital elements are lacking. For your own sake when asking for OLIVEINE EMULSION, please be careful, protect yourself and take no other. If your druggist or dealer does not keep it in stock, send us the price and we will send express prepaid to any part of Canada, 3 bottles for $3.00.

FRASIER, THORNTON & CO., COOKSHIRE, QUEBEC, CANADA

Not only this but these as well

DON'T think that concrete can be used only for building bridges, silos, walls and walks; because if you do, you will probably overlook all the places where you can use it now.

T. L. Irving, of North Georgetown, Quebec, used concrete for 81 different purposes on his farm in 1911.

There are probably at least a dozen *profitable* uses for concrete on your farm at the present moment.

Perhaps you haven't thought of Concrete, except for a new barn, or a silo, or some other *big* improvement for which you aren't quite ready yet. That's why you should read

"What The Farmer Can Do With Concrete"

It will open your eyes to the hundreds of uses that other *farmers* have found for this material. In plain language, and with the aid of many photographs, it explains just what these uses are, and how they can be applied to your farm.

Concrete can not only be used for all the purposes to which wood has been applied, but also many others for which wood would never be suitable.

It is not only a building material; it's a "handy" material, something that you'll grow to depend upon more and more, as you learn its possibilities.

So write for this book. You'll find it isn't a catalogue, nor an argument for you to buy our cement. Every one of its 160 pages is devoted to telling you what farmers have done and can do with concrete.

IT'S FREE FOR THE ASKING.

Your name on a postal, or in a letter, will bring the book to you by return mail. Or use the coupon. Address

CANADA CEMENT CO., Ltd.
National Bank Building
MONTREAL

SEND ME YOUR BOOK

THE STANDING ALIBI OF H. STANLEIGH STORME

(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd).

(By Wm. Hamilton Osborne).

by the eastern window.

Suddenly she heard a noise in the hall without. It was the noise of a man creeping stealthily — at least so it seemed to her.

She went to her door and listened. Then she unlocked it and threw it open. "Who is there?" she called.

There was no answer. And then of a sudden she saw what it was.

A slight breeze had sprung up, and the curtain of an open window in the hall was rising and falling with the wind. That, she reasoned, must have been the noise that she had heard.

She smiled at her fears, and shut and locked her door again, and once more resumed her seat. How long she sat there she did not know.

It is said that fishermen mesmerize themselves by watching a cork bob up and down upon the sunlit wave—and that the heavy hours pass almost like minutes with them. Miss Dumont sat in her room in the dead of night, wide awake, and yet dreaming day dreams.

She forgot time and the hour—and forgot herself. She sat awake and open eyed, but she saw nothing immediately about her.

Her thoughts were upon herself and Storme.

Suddenly she came to herself.

What was it that had startled her again? She looked hastily around and tried to collect her thoughts. The air had become chill, and she shivered.

But she did not move. She did not dare — she could not stir. For there at the northern window, was a human hand, carefully, stealthily, noiselessly raising the screen that retarded entrance.

Miss Dumont would have spoken if she could, but her voice failed her. She would have sprung to the door but her limbs seemed paralyzed.

For at the window, that which had been a hand became an arm, and the arm lengthened rapidly into the figure of a man, who leaped silently, subtly, stealthily, into the room—the figure of a man in a long black cloak with a black mask—a man who seemed part and parcel of the night itself.

Suddenly across the blackness of the room there shot a gleam of light. It issued from a lantern in the hand of this silent figure.

Stupidly she watched it play across the bed. Then there was darkness once again.

The dark figure moved silently away from her, and towards the chiffonier.

"This room," it muttered to itself, strange. I thought—"

The man had not flashed his light in the corner where the girl was sitting. He had thought to find a sleeper on the bed.

He must now have concluded that the room was empty, for he became less stealthy in his movements.

The man moved her and there with certainty and rapidity, and never slipped or stumbled.

Assured apparently that he was alone, he raised his hands to his head and with a little click unfastened the mask which concealed his features.

The girl sat speechless and motionless. She did not stir.

The man once more flashed his light but this time directly upon the chiffonier.

He was looking for valuables—that was clear. He first stripped the top of evrything that lay in plain sight—among them the jewels that Miss Dumont had removed that very night. Then he opened each drawer, and with deft fingers examined the contents.

And as he worked, each jewel that he appropriated in turn sparkled in the strong light from his lantern. Every jewel that Miss Dumont possessed was in that chiffonier, and the burglar made a rich haul.

But still she did not move.

Suddenly he turned to the dressing table. He opened a drawer. His light fell upon three letters lying loose within it.

They were the three letters written in the handwriting of H. Stanleigh Storme.

He glanced over the first two carelessly, and laughed as he read them.

"They were wise precautions,' he remarked to himself.

He started when he saw the third.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "what a fool—what an idiot—to leave that here." He placed it with a quick movement in an inside pocket of his clothes. And then he turned once more to his work.

But as he did so, the light from his lantern shone full into the mirror that stood reflection shone full into his face.

"Henry!" gasped a faint voice, issuing from the gloom.

The man turned in the direction of the voice. He flashed his light upon the girl, and for the first time saw her.

He started in surprise. But he recovered himself.

"You called some one," he said in a well modulated voice. "Is there anybody else in the room?"

The girl did not answer his question.

"Henry!" she exclaimed again, in an agonized voice.

The man took a step towards her.

"Whom do you call?" he demanded sternly, but in a low voice.

The girl, by a heroic effort, regained full possession of her faculties. She stepped quickly to the wall and turned a button. The room was flooded with electric light.

"I called you," she replied, facing him. "I called Henry Stanleigh Storme."

The man looked at her stupidly. He stared widely.

He looked as a man does who steps from darkness into light. He stood there gazing at the girl uncertain.

"My name," he responded, "is not Henry Stanleigh Storme."

He said it in a nonplussed sort of way, as though he were confronted by a novel situation.

And the girl kept looking at his eyes. What was there about them that made them look so peculiar — that made the man look as though he had just wakened out of sleep.

An ordinary observer would have said that he was dazzled by the sudden light. Perhaps that was all there was to it—that was more than likely so.

But the girl, agitated as she was, jumped to another conclusion. She said to herself that the man before her was asleep — fast asleep. That explained all.

The man did not move. He still stood regarding her stupidly.

She sprang to the table and picked up the photograph of H. Stanleigh Storme. The man watched her for an instant, saw what she was doing, and then suddenly readjusted his mask to his face, leaped toward the electric bulb and smashed it.

Then all was dark. He moved stealthily toward the window.

He made no attempt to touch the girl. He half suspected what was in her thoughts, and knew perhaps that he was safe.

He reached the window and placed one foot outside. But as quickly he withdrew it.

For there, dimly outlined in the darkness, he saw the head of a uniformed policeman peeping carefully above the roof.

The burglar, once more within the room, and now regardless of the presence of the girl, stepped hastily to the inner door. He would make his exit by another way.

He hastily unlocked it, and tried to throw it open. But he was foiled by his own petard.

His rope outside was fastened to the knob, and the door would not yield. He stepped to the eastern window and looked out.

On the lawn below was another officer standing motionless with something glinting in his hand.

The burglar swore beneath his breath. He halted for a moment and debated with himself.

Then stepping to the foremost of the eastern windows, he put out his head and let forth a blood-curdling scream — a scream that might have been a woman's, so shrill was it in its intensity.

The attention of the officer below was attracted to that window. The burglar immediately dashed out through the northern window upon the extension roof, and brushed aside the officer who was prepared to make an entrance there.

He leaped and sprang to an arbor at the back and jumped to the ground.

The officer fired a shot in the air. "Halt!" he cried in a loud voice.

The burglar laughed a mocking laugh and sprang upon the low wall, cleared it, an disappeared. But as he did so the officer took aim and fired.

The shot was followed by the shriek of a man in agony. The bullet had reached its mark.

But the burglar, though he shrieked with pain, never halted for an instant. He sped on his way.

The officer kept on firing. Then he was startled by the faint screams of a woman.

"Don't — don't shoot that man," pleaded th girl in the window. "Don't hoot him. He's not himself. He's not awake. 'He's fast asleep. Don't hoot.'

Fortunately for her, the officer cared but little of this. His duty was pursuit.

His fellow officer was already speeding after the culprit, and the man on the roof lost no time in following.

The girl's voice trailed off into incoherency, and she slipped down, sinking to the floor. The household was aroused, only to find that each of the occupants was imprisoned in his or her room.

The neighborhood was aroused, and came to their relief. The butler was found just waking from his stupor. Everybody was scared to death.

Away down the street the burglar made good use of his heels. If he had been asleep, he certainly had woken up, for he flew like the wind.

For a while the officers kept sight of him, but finally they lost him. They heard his footsteps, however, and followed on.

He dashed up one street and down

(Continued Next Week.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.

Have used MINARD'S LINIMENT for Croup; found nothing equal to it; sure cure.

CHAS. H. SHARP.

Hawkshaw, N. B., Sept. 1st, 1909.

"Only a Cold"

SNEEZING and running at the nose, stuffed up feelings in the head, sore throat, tickling in the throat and coughing.

This is the natural development of what is in the beginning "only a cold." It is the way in which scores and thousands are allowing colds to develop into bronchitis, pneumonia, or consumption.

If colds were promptly cured there would be no need for sanitoriums and hospitals for consumptives. Because people have weak lungs they need not become consumptives if they will but guard against colds and cure them promptly by using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

This great medicine has proven its right to a place in every home by curing croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma and all sorts of coughs and colds. 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.