EVERY MOTHER SHOULD

Have it in the House

To cure the common ailments that may occur in every family as long as life has woes.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT has been used and indorsed since 1810, to relieve or cure every form of Pain and Inflammation: Is Safe, Soothing, Sure. Otherwise it could not have existed for almost a Century.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Is strictly a family remedy for internal as much as External use. To cure Colds, Croup, Coughs, Catarrh, Cramps and Colic it acts promptly.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN

There is not a medicine in use which possesses the confidence of the public to a greater extent than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. For almost a century it has stood upon its intrinsic merit, while generations after generations have used it. The best evidence of its virtue is the fact that in the state where it originated the sale is steadily increasing. You can safely trust what time has indorsed.

I, S. JOHNSON, Esq.—Fifty years ago this month, your father, Dr. Johnson, left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. I have sold it ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to the present.
JOHN B. RAND, North Waterford, Maine, January, 1891.

Send for our Book on INFLAMMATION, mailed free. Sold by all Druggists. Put up in Two Sizes, Price 25 and 50 cts. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance Agency.

represent the following Companies for Newcastle.

North British & Mercantile Fire Insurance Co. of England.
Atlas Fire Assurance Co. of England.
Alliance Fire Assurance Co. of England.
Phœnix Fire Assurance Co. of Hartford, Conn.
Western Fire Assurance Co. Toronto, Ont.
British-America Fire Assurance Co. of Toronto,
Keystone Fire Assurance Co. of Edinborough,
Standard Life Insurance Co., of Edinborough
Travellers Accident Insurance Co. of Hartford Conn.
Reliance Loan & Saving Co. of Toronto, Ont
April 8

New Carriage Works.

We have leased the Hecla Foundry opposite the Public Square, have moved in and are now ready for business of every description in the carriage line including TRUCK and LIGHT WAGONS, PAINTING and REPAIRING in all its branches. HORSESHOEING done in first class shape.

Many years of experience enables us to give first class work, and anything entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.

J. RUSSLL, W. W. MITCHELL

DENNIS DOYLE.

BOARD AND LIVERY STABLE

Connection with the Waverley Hotel.

New Harness, New Horses, Everything to satisfy the public

.ECIT ON

I have for sale at lowest pri[illegible] lot of American scythes, hay forks, akes, scythe stones, mowing machine oi[illegible] cans machine oil. Have also just received two crates clothes wringers having all the best improvements. The rolls are guaranteed solid white rubber. The ordinary family size I am selling for $2.75.

I have made arrangements to keep constantly on hand the [illegible]ated Willett [illegible] machine, price $4.50. A large [illegible] of preserving kettles from 25c. to $1.00. Creamers and milk pails of the [illegible] quality and lowest prices.

J. H. PHINNEY

Grand Opportunity at the CHATHAM

STEAM LAUNDRY.

To avoid disagreeable work and exposure during the winter months we are offering special rates for Family Washing, the small sum of

One cent a piece for all unstarched Goods

(except flannels which have to be washed by hand,) and starched goods will be done by us

At Reduced Rates,

or washed, dried, and returned to be starched at home; thus avoid all cold and disagreeable work.

Give us one trial

and you will never leave us. All kinds of fancy ironing and fluting done in first-class style.

We also issue Coupons

showing the number of shirts in your parcel. When you have coupons representing 30 shirts we will give you a dollar shirt free.

Chatham Steam Laundry

GO TO Frank Massons FOR

Tinware
Enamalware
Prices Right.

Estimates for metal roofing cheerfully furnished.

Advertise in the Advocate.

Miscellaneous.

The villian peeped over the set rock and watched the heroine gather flowers for the hero.

Turning her face in the direction of the set rock the maiden gazed into the villian's eyes.

'Rubber!' she hissed.

The applause which followed clearly showed that the audience approved the realistic drama.

Plum Puddings and Mince Pies often have bad effects upon the man boy who over indulges in them. Pain-Killer as a nourishing medicine for all such ills is unequalled. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50.

'I have been married for 15 years, and my wife never fails to meet me at the door.'

'Wonderful!'

'Yes; she's afraid I might go in without wiping my feet.'

If Taken in Time the D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. Don't wait 'down' condition, the after effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Bobby—Mamma, do miracles still happen now?

Mamma—Sometimes. Your father came home from the lodge last night, and I didn't smell any cloves.

A CASKET OF PEARLS.—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets would prove a far greater solace to the disheartened dyspeptic if he would but test their potency. They're veritable gems in preventing the seating of stomach disorders, by aiding and stimulating digestion—60 of these health "pearls" in a box—and they cost 35 cents—tested by the people—recommended by most eminent physicians—sure and pure.

Mary—Sure, and he went off in a peel.
Caroline—Whe did?
Mary—The mouse. Our terrier ate him.

We Claim that The D. & L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, or neuralgic pains quicker than any other remedy. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

'Would I have any luck if I should ask her for a kiss?'

'Depends on what you call luck. I asked her the other night, and it took me three hours to break away.'

Tutt's Hacking Cough is a warning not to be lightly treated. Pain-Killer cures with absolute certainty all recent coughs and colds. Take no other. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

'Mrs. Kruger cuts Kruger's [illegible]'

'Gracious! No wonder [illegible] war better than peace.'

Harvard's sons gathered around the banqueting board in the ball room of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, Wednesday night and in song, speech and story renewed the ties of the college days, while wives, sisters and sweethearts looked down from the balconies and joined in the applause.

It was the 24th annual dinner of the Harvard Club of New York city, and there were probably 300 followers of the crimson about the tables. The time-worn flag of the club hung from the balcony in the rear of the room.

'Cousin George,' protested the fair maiden, 'take your face away! Your beard scratches my cheek!'

But Cousin George listened to her with an unmoved countenance.

'Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery.'

The best proof that

MINARD'S LINIMENT

has extraordinary merits, and is in good repute with the public, is, that IT IS EXTENSIVELY IMITATED. The imitations resemble the genuine article in appearance only, they lack the general excellence of the Genuine.

This notice is necessary, as injurious and dangerous imitations, called WHITE LINIMENT, &c., liable to produce chronic inflammation of the skin, are often substituted for MINARD'S LINIMENT by Dealers, because they pay a larger profit.

They all Sell on the Merits and Advertising of Minard's.

One in particular claiming to be made by a former propietor of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which simply is a lie.

INSIST UPON HAVING MINARD'S LINIMENT,

MADE BY
C. C. RICHARDS & Co.,
YARMOUTH, N. S.

MISS CAPRICE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

Author of "Doctor Jack," "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

Continued.

CHAPTER XIV.

This sudden impulse on the part of the young Chicago doctor may be the means of getting him into trouble, for no people are more quick to resent an insult, either fancied or real, to females upon the streets, than those of Algeria, Egypt or Turkey.

Woman is not an equal there, but a highly prized possession, and must never appear upon the street with her face unveiled, so that any man caught tearing the foutah of a lady from her face would be severely dealt with.

John, of course, is only desirous of seeing whether this may be his mother, but the public will hardly take this fact into consideration.

Upon so suddenly conceiving this bold plan of action, John Craig hastens his footsteps, and there is need of hurry, if he hopes to overtake the figure in black before she leaves the square, for, as if conscious that she is pursued, she has also quickened her pace.

He overhauls her just on the outskirts of the Place du Gouvernement, and as he brushes past quickly raises his hand to snatch aside the flowing veil.

Again his heart almost stands still, and the sacred word "mother" trembles on his lips as he bends forward to get a quick glance of the face that must be disclosed by the shifting of the veil.

His quick movement is not without its result. The veil is drawn aside, and John Craig receives a staggering blow as he gazes upon the shrivelled countenance of an old woman.

It is impossible that this can be his mother—perish the thought!—and yet the garb is one seldom seen on the streets of Algiers.

His almost palsied hand drops the veil. Lucky for him will it be if no jealous Moor's eyes have seen the action.

The Sister does not cry out, and call upon those who are present to avenge the insult—even had she been a Moorish lady, the demand for punishment would not come from her, but from those of the sterner sex near by.

Instead, she stands there as if waiting for him to speak—stands there like a statue in black.

John at once apologizes for his rudeness—he is already sorry for what he has done.

"Madame, pardon. I believed you were one very dear to me, one who wears the insignia of your order, one for whom I have searched far and near, half the world over—my mother."

"It was a bold act, young sir, but far be it from me to denounce you. Tell me, how would you know this mother?" she asks, in a thick voice.

"She is known as Sister Magdalen—perhaps you know her—she may even be staying at the same convent as yourself," eagerly.

"I know one Sister Magdalen, a sweet, quiet woman, lately from Malta, whither she went to consult the head of our order."

Her words arouse John.

"It is she. If you would only take me to her. I would at once be rid of all these doubts and fears."

"Would you come?"

John has forgotten the warning of Mustapha, forgotten all former experiences. There is a crowd gathering around them, and this is one of the things he was to guard against, still he pays little attention to this fact, his mind is so bent upon accomplishing his object.

"Gladly. Once this night I have risked much to find my mother, and I am ready to do more."

"Then, follow me. Better still, walk at my side, for I see ugly faces around. You have made enemies, but I will stand between. My garb is sacred, and they respect it."

"I am ready, lead on."

What is this that plucks at his sleeve? He half-turns impatiently, and looks into a face he ought to know full well, but which he now sees with something of annoyance.

"Ah! professor, is it you? Sorry—in something of a hurry——".

"Hold on; some one wants to see you."

"Have to do later."

"Don't say so, John. Important, I tell you."

"So is this. Good-bye."

The professor is not so easily shaken off, but tightens his hold. John will have to dislodge him by muscular force.

"Are you coming?" asks the Sister.

"Yes, when I have broken loose from the hands of this madman."

He turns upon the professor.

"John, be careful. Cool off; you are excited."

"I'm of an age to take care of myself. When I need a guardian, I'll call on you. Once more I say, release your grasp."

He actually looks ugly for the moment, and Philander does let go, but it is only because, as an advance courier, he has accomplished his mission, and not on account of any fear.

As Doctor Chicago turns to follow the Sister, he draws in a long breath, for he finds himself face to face with Lady Ruth.

She has hurried up behind Philander, and near by can be seen the British soldier and Aunt Gwen, also pushing forward as rapidly as the assembling crowd will allow.

"Doctor Craig."

Her presence recalls John to his senses.

"I am going to see my mother, Lady Ruth," he says, as if apologizing for his rudeness.

"With whom?"

"This Sister."

Lady Ruth surveys the other from her veil to the hem of her dress.

"I would advise you not to do so, doctor."

"Why do you say that?" he asks, astonished.

"Because you will regret it, because you are being made the victim of another plot."

"Lady Ruth, do I hear aright? Do you fully realize what it is you say?"

"I am conscious of the gravity of the charge, but that does not prevent me from asserting it. I repeat what I said before, that you are again the victim of a plot. As to this Sister here, can it be possible you do not know her?"

He shakes his head.

"Have you seen her face?"

"It is old and shrivelled—that of a stranger."

At this the Sister throws back her veil, and they see the features John describes.

"After all, I am right," says John, with the air of a man who attempts to justify himself.

At that the English girl laughs scornfully.

"Really, I did not think men could be so easily deceived, and one whom I considered as shrewd as you, Doctor Chicago. See what a miserable deception, a fraud transferred from the boards of a New York theatre to Algiers. Behold! the magic wand touches age with a gentle touch, and what follows?"

Lady Ruth is standing between the two and within arm's length of either.

The Sister has not moved, but, as if confident of influencing John, holds her own. She shoots daggers with her eyes at the English girl, but looks cannot hurt.

As Lady Ruth utters her last words, she makes a sudden move.

With a dexterous fling of an arm, she succeeds in tearing from the Sister's face the cleverly made thin stage mask that has contrived to conceal the features of one that did a double act.

The professor laughs.

From the crowd that is still gathering various sounds arise, for no one can even give a guess as to the nature of the peculiar trick which is thus being enacted.

As for John Craig, he holds his breath at the stupendous nature of the disclosed, for little as he has dreamed of the fact, he sees before him the well-known features of Pauline Potter.

This queen of the stage has made even another attempt to get John, and might have succeeded only for the opportune coming of his friends.

He backs away from her.

"So, it is you again, wretched girl?" he exclaims in something of righteous wrath.

She has lost once more, but this is frolic to one of her nature, and she laughs in his face.

"Oh, it's a long road that has no turning, and my chance will yet come! Bah! I snap my fingers at such weak friendship. Good-night, all of you, but not good-bye."

Then she disappears.

Craig feels abashed.

He has almost come to blows with his best friend about this female, and after all, she turns out to be the plotting Pauline.

"I think I need a guardian," he murmurs, as if rather disgusted with himself.

"From the ugly looks some of these chaps are bending on you, I think ditto," declares Philander, nor are his words without meaning, for the natives scowl dreadfully.

"Lady Ruth, I owe you thanks; but, while we walk to the hotel, tell me how you came to know she was masquerading in that style."

"It is easily told, sir. A mere accident put me in possession of the facts, and, thank Heaven, I am able to build two and two together. You are frank enough, Doctor Craig, to give me certain particulars concerning that creature's plotting, and that confidence has new borne fruit.

"Listen, then. I was in the hotel, in my room. Some freak of fortune placed her in the apartment opposite. Knowing what presumably brought her to Algiers, the desire to have revenge upon you, I entertained a feeling of almost contempt for a woman who could so far forget her sex and seek a man who loved her not. If it were I whom you jilted, Doctor Chicago, I would freeze you with scorn."

"Jove! I don't doubt it, Lady Ruth, but please Heaven you will never have the chance," he says, in a half-serious, half-joking way.

"To return to my story, then," she continues, blushing under the ardent look that has accompanied his words, "the queer part of it lies in the fact that a transom over my door was partly open. There was a black paper back of the glass, which gave it the properties of a mirror.

"Over her door was a similar contrivance, and as I [illegible] in the darkness of my room [illegible] over what has happened, my attention was attracted by a flash of light, and, looking up, I saw the interior of her room as plainly as though looking through the door—saw her assume the garb of a Sister—saw her try on that horrible face-mask before a mirror, and realized that the clever actress, Pauline Potter, was about to again undertake some quixotic crusade in the furtherance of her plans.

"Later on, Aunt Gwen came and said we had better go outside to hear the music and see the crowd, so I came out, but all the while I had been puzzling my brain wondering what she hoped to accomplish with that clever disguise, nor did the truth break in upon my mind until we discovered her talking to Doctor Chicago. Then I comprehended all."

"And I am again indebted to your clever woman's wit," he says warmly.

"Who can tell from what dreadful fate I saved you," she laughs; "for this same Pauline seems determined that you shall not remain a merry bachelor all your days."

"So far as that is concerned, I quite agree with Pauline. Where we differ is upon the subject that shall be the cause of my becoming a benedict. She chooses one method, and I chance to prefer another. That is all, but it is quite enough, as you have seen, Lady Ruth, to create a tempest in a tea-pot."

"Here we are at the hotel," she hastens to say, as if fearing lest he push the subject then and there to a more legitimate conclusion, for she has learned that these young Chicago men generally get there when they start; "and I am not sorry for one. Look around you, doctor!"

This he does for the first time, and is startled to discover that they have been accompanied across the square by at least half a dozen natives, who gaze upon John much as might wolves that were kept from attacking the sheep by the presence of faithful guards.

"They don't seem to bear me any good-will, I declare; but I am bound to prosecute my search, in spite of every Arab in Algiers," is the only remark he makes, meeting glance for glance.

They have not yet succeeded in cowing the spirit in John Craig, though the man has a poor chance who incurs the vindictive race hatred of Mohammedan devotees in their own country.

The others enter also.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

is successfully used monthly by over [illegible] Ladies. Safe, effectual. Ladies ask Your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, $1; per box. No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, $3 per box. No. 3 or 5, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Newcastle by A. E. Strang, in Chatham by J. D. McKenzie.

Bill—I saw a woman at the concert the other night, and she had a hat on which looked exactly like a gun.

Jill—How about the man behind it?

Clerk—Excuse me, sir, but its past 2 o'clock, and I'm awfully hungry and would like to go to dinner.

Employer—Your inordinate appetite again! Haven't you licked at least 100 postage stamps this forenoon?

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Losing Flesh

indicates insufficient nourishment. It leads to nervousness, sleeplessness, general debility, and predisposes to Consumption and other prevailing diseases. To guard against these take

Scott's Emulsion

the Standard remedy for all wasting diseases in young or old. It improves digestion, gives flesh, strength, vigor and resistive power.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Two severe cases that were completely cured by the Great Blood Purifier and Healer,

Burdock Blood Bitters

Suffered 11 Years. For over eleven years I suffered with Dyspepsia and tried everything I could think of, but was unable to get relief until I took Burdock Blood Bitters. I had only taken one bottle when I commenced to feel better, and after taking five or six bottles was entirely well, and have remained so ever since, and feel as though B.B.B. had saved my life.—Mrs. T. G. Joyce, Stanhope, P.Q.

Covered With Sores. My little boy, aged 10 years, was a complete mass of sores, caused, the doctor said, by bad blood. His head and body were entirely covered with sores, and we could find no cure. Finally I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before one-half the bottle was gone he began to improve and by the time it was finished there was not a sore on him.

I used the B.B.B. as a wash as well as internally, and it seemed to give great relief as soon as it was put on.—Mrs. Philip Mitchell, St. Mary's, Ont.

failure of his life of Lady Ruth Malta, still haunts him. knows John Craig has picion of the truth, but that young man's character before now, feels quite certain that he will not speak of the subject without positive proof, which he cannot secure.

Besides, the Briton came out of the affair with such hard luck, that there is much sympathy for him. He lives in the hope of retrieving his fallen fortunes.

Thus the little party breaks up, to meet again on the morrow.

John Craig's only hope now of success in his quest lies in the Moor, Ben Taleb. If the spirit so moves him, he can bring him and his mother face to face, but whether this will ever come to pass remains to be seen.

John, ere retiring, catches sight of the faithful Mustapha Cadi, who lounges near by, and who makes a signal, as he catches his employer's eye, that brings Craig to his side.

"Where does the master sleep?" he asks.

John explains the position of his room, having some curiosity to know why the courier asks.

"Monsieur should be careful about leaving his windows open; Arabs climb well; vines very handy; yataghan make no shout. There is no disgrace in being prepared."

This is too broad to admit of any misinterpretation, and John again makes up his mind to continual watchfulness.

He retires to seek rest, to dream of a strange conglommeration of gray eyes, and black and brown—that he is compelled to choose between the English girl, the Chicago actress and the Moorish beauty, while death waits to claim him, no matter which one he selects.

CHAPTER XV.

John Craig takes all the precautions that the courier mentions, for he does not care to awaken in the night and find a dark-faced fanatic of a Mohammedan in his room, sworn to accomplish his death.

Perhaps his safety is in part due to this; at any rate morning comes and finds him undisturbed.

When he descends from his room he has a vague hope that some word may have come from Ben Taleb.

In this respect he is doomed to disappointment, for there is no letter. So another day of waiting begins. The doctor is determined by nature, and has made up his mind that he will not give up his mission, until he has accomplished that which he set out to perform, no matter if he spends weeks in the African city at the foot of the hills known as Sahel.

The others join him by degrees.

Such charming weather; a dozen trips for the day are proposed and rejected. All conclude to wait until after breakfast, when they will be in a condition to discuss the matter and decide just what is best to be done.

John is ready to join them and see the sights, for there is a chance that he may in this way run across the one he seeks, if she be moving about the city on errands of mercy, as becomes her order.

Besides, he places considerable dependence upon the promise of the old Moor.

So he enters into the discussion with assumed vigor, being magnetized now by the blue eyes of Lady Ruth.

They ask the advice of Mustapha Cadi, and he promises to show them many queer sights before the sun sinks behind the hills and the boom of the gun in the fortress announces the close of another day.

Thus, all of them prepare for a day's outing, and Lady Ruth looks quite charming in her jaunty costume, especially suited for such business.

John no longer remembers the dazzling beauty of the Moorish girl who sat at the feet of old Ben Taleb on the preceding night; it could not compare with the vivacious intelligence of an educated girl coming from the countries beyond the seas.

First of all, they mount the terraces of Mustapha Superieur and enjoy the magnificent view of the city and har-

A LITTLE COLD LET RUN.

A little tickling in the throat—now and then a dry, hacking cough—"not bad enough to bother about you say."

But every hack makes a breach in the system, strains the lungs and prepares the way for more serious trouble.

'Twould be wise for you to take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup now, before the lungs become permanently affected.

It is the most certain and satisfactory remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and Whooping Cough.

Mrs. Geo. F. Foster, Lansdowne, N.S., has this to say: "I was taken suddenly with a cold which settled on my lungs. I had a terrible cough and it gave me great alarm. All the remedies I tried seemed of no use. I then started taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which cured me so promptly that it was a pleasant surprise. I shall always keep it in the house during the winter season."

a cloud of dust, with several [illegible] curs howling at the heels of the [illegible] ing horses, it is just sunset. There is no mosque here with its minaret, from which the muezzin chants his call to prayer, but the faithful do not need such a summons, and can be seen here and there prostrating themselves on the ground with faces toward the holy city.

One grows accustomed to such spectacles when travelling in Oriental countries, where Mohammed is looked upon as the great prophet of Allah, and the novelty inspired by the first sight dies away.

After leaving the Arab village, they strike the rough section of the road.

It would be natural to suppose that the driver has by this time gotten over his anger at being chided by Mustapha, and might moderate his pace, out of respect to his antiquated vehicle, if not the safety of those who occupy it.

Not so.

If anything, as darkness steals over the scene, he uses his whip with greater energy, and his voice urges on the sweating horses.

Now they have it surely.

The ruts in the road cause the vehicle to bounce from side to side, and those inside are tossed about much like rubber balls.

At first they are disposed to treat it as a joke, and laugh over the ludicrous situation, but as it increases, their sufferings begin.

The dust is disagreeable, the jolting actually dangerous, as they are shot from one side of the vehicle to the other with tremendous force.

Besides, John is in momentary expectation of the rickety affair breaking down and spilling them all out on the roadway.

Indeed, he is surprised that this accident has been so long delayed.

He shouts to the driver to slacken the pace, but evidently the fellow fails to hear. Then he puts his head out of the window and once more elevates his voice, but the rattle of the plunging vehicle, together with the noise made by the driver himself, as he shouts to his steeds like a crazy Bedouin, combine to deaden all other sounds.

At any rate there is no result.

John has by this time become excited; they are mounting a little elevation and temporarily their pace is reduced. Once at the top and a long slant lies beyond, down which they must go at lightning speed.

It is now or never.

He is bound to stop this mad race against time if he has to climb to the top of the swaying vehicle and toss the reckless driver off.

It is with this intention before him that he bids the ladies hold on with all their power, while he seeks an interview with the fellow who handles the ribbons.

Then he seizes the window frame, intending to get hold of something above which will serve as a fulcrum for swing his body.

It is just at this interesting moment that the expected event occurs.

There is a sudden, tremendous shock, as they strike some obstacle; shrieks from the women, a swaying of the coach, which immediately falls over on one side.

A wheel has come off.

They are wrecked among the hills, and a considerable distance from Algiers, the lights of which illumine the heavens beyond.

"Is any one injured?" calls out John, with some anxiety in his voice, for the shock has been quite serious.

They are all in a confused heap in the corner that is down, and the professor is the first to crawl out.

Then comes Lady Ruth, excited, but, thank Heaven, uninjured.

They help Sir Lionel out. He limps around, feeling his left leg, and groaning a little as even the bravest of men do on occasions, and hoping the pain he feels is nothing serious.

Aunt Gwen alone remains, and there is heard no sound from her. The usually vociferous voice seems to have been utterly hushed.

To be Continued.

Healed of Her Heart Pangs!

After doctors had said no cure—Accute heart disease had put Mrs. Fitzpatrick well nigh in the clutch of the "Grim Reaper." But Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart met her at the hospital door, offered her life, she accepted the great healer and to-day is well and strong.

In these days of hurry and bustle, nervous strain, poor digestion, the struggle of the humble classes for an existence and the everlasting run of the married man for more money, the heart, the human engine, is wrought upon for double the duty that Providence originally assigned it. Thus it is that we may pick up any newspaper any day and read of the sudden taking off of this, that and the other person, here, there and yonder—the cause assigned, heart failure, strain too great, and no assistance offered nature to help her carry her load.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a peerless remedy. Thousands of cases where sure and sudden death seemed imminent, its wonderful curative powers have been demonstrated, and in most acute forms of heart disease relief has come inside of 30 minutes after the first dose has been taken. Some of most pronounced symptoms of heart disorder are: Palpitation, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, smothering spells, swelling of the feet and ankles, tenderness and pain in the left side, chilly sensations, uneasiness if sleeping on the left side, fainting spells, hunger and exhaustion. Any one of these symptoms is enough to convince of the seating of heart disease—and any one of them, if neglected, may mean sudden death to the patient.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but in the most stubborn cases it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is not an untried nostrum. It is a heart specific, leaves no bad after effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centres, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, of Gananoque, Ont., was a great sufferer from heart disease. Here was a stubborn case of over five years' standing. She was treated by several eminent physicians and heart specialists without any permanent relief. She became so bad that she went to the hospital, and was in a short while discharged from there as a hopeless incurable; but to use her own words, 'as a last resort, I bought a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose gave me almost instant relief from a very acute spasm. I felt encouraged, and persisted in its use. It just took three bottles to cure me completely, and I gladly bear my testimony to this wonderful remedy as a life saver.'

What it has done for Mrs. Fitzpatrick it can do for any sufferer from heart disease.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves cold in the head in ten minutes, and has cured catarrh cases of fifty years' standing.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure blind, bleeding or itching piles in from three to five nights. One application relieves the most irritating skin diseases; 35 cents.

Dr. Agnew's Pills, for constipation, sick headache, biliousness and stomach troubles generally. Only 25 cents a vial.