

## Can Consumption be Cured?

There is plenty of indisputable evidence to prove that Consumption has been cured even after the symptoms were well defined and the lungs actually involved.

On the other hand, there has always been a point beyond which the disease has been considered incurable. Until a comparatively recent date this point had a place at a very early stage of the malady, but modern scientific discovery and common-sense methods of treatment have gradually moved the hopeless point further and further back, until now the Consumptive is not "given up" until the very last stage of the disease is reached.

Nothing in recent years has done so much to improve the chances of Consumptives as the advent of

# FERROL

In fact, it is claimed that, with plenty of fresh air, sunlight and comfortable surroundings, FERROL has pushed the hopeless point to the limit, that is to say, where these fail the chances of cure are very slim indeed.

FERROL does not kill the germs of Consumption (anything that will do that will kill the patient), but FERROL does the work by repairing the waste tissue, enriching the blood, toning the nerves, in short, by building up the whole system and thus enabling nature to expel the disease.

The only possible chance of curing Consumption is by proper nutrition, and FERROL is the only perfect nutrient, because it combines in palatable and easily digested form the very essentials of life—Oil, Iron and Phosphorus.

We feel some diffidence in claiming that FERROL will cure Consumption, lest we be misunderstood, but we have not the slightest hesitation in stating that it is an infallible cure for BRONCHITIS, CHRONIC COUGHS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, NEURITIS, EXHAUSTION, SCROFULA and all wasting diseases.

For restoring lost weight and building up the run-down system FERROL is absolutely without an equal.

S. N. WEARE, Medical Hall, Bridge town

**Hewson - Costume - Cloth**  
Suitable For All Seasons  
HEWSON TWEEDS for Ladies' Suits have more than beauty of style and coloring to commend them. They are PURE wool—wear as only wool can—and may be washed without injury.  
Woven in a great variety of beautiful patterns. Not expensive. Ask your dealer to show you his newest styles in HEWSON TWEEDS.

**Always Remember the Full Name**  
**Laxative Bromo Quinine**  
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.  
E. J. Brown on Box 25c.

**Ladies' and Gents' CLOTHS**  
CLEANED, REPAIRED & PRESSED  
**Chas Hearn, - Tailor Repair Rooms**  
OVER COCHRAN'S SHOE STORE.

**W. E. REED'S**  
**Monthly Furniture Offering**  
**Reversible Health Mattress**  
No. 1

This is a most satisfactory article at a medium price. Filled with wool fibre and thick layers of cotton or flock at top and bottom 5 in. sides, 4 ft. wide, 6 ft. long. Well tufted and bound. Usual price anywhere \$4.50. Our price, cash with order, \$4.

**WHITE IRON BEDSTEAD - No. 208**  
Here is a pretty design that always makes a good appearance, with four handsome brass vases. Head 52 in. high, foot 42 in. high, 4 feet wide and 6 feet long. The usual City price for this bed is \$5.75.  
OUR PRICE Cash 5.00 with order.  
Spring to fit \$3.50 Mattress, \$3.00 3 Pieces for \$10.00

**Soft Top Mattress, No. 2**  
Filled with a soft wool fibre, with a good layer of Cotton or Flock on the top side. In fancy, thick borders, well tufted and attached. 5 ft. side, 4 ft. wide, 6 ft. long. Extra price, \$5.75.  
Our Price, cash with order, \$3.00

**Spring Roller Blinds**  
SIZE—37 inches wide by 6 feet long, with Pull, Brackets and Screws, all ready to put up, each cash with order, 35c.  
COLORS—Dark Green, Light Green or Cream  
Six or more Blinds in one order delivered FREE, or Freight paid.  
All the above delivered FREE, or Freight paid.  
**W. E. REED, Bridgetown, N. S.**

## The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY.  
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### CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Some time ago, he had discovered a valuable mineral in the volcanic rock. Mining operations were in full blast when the extinct volcano took its revenge upon the human race, gnawing at its vitals and smothering them by a deadly outpouring of carbonic acid gas, the bottled up poison of the ages. A horde of pigs, running wild over the island, placed there no doubt by Chinese fishers—had met the same fate while latent on dreadful orgy.

Then there came a European who knew how the submarine gas, being heavier than the surrounding air, settled like water in that terrible hollow. He, too, had striven to wrest the treasure from the stone by driving a tunnel into the cliff. He had partly succeeded and had gone away, perhaps to obtain help, after carefully registering his knowledge on the lid of a tin canister. This, again, probably fell into the hands of another man, who, curious and unconvicted, caused himself to be set ashore on this desolate spot with a few inadequate stores. Possibly he had arranged to be taken off within a fixed time.

But a sampan laden with Dyak pirates came first, and the intrepid explorer's bones rested near the well, while his head had gone to decorate the rib of some fierce village chief. The murderers, after burying their own dead for the white man fought hard, witness the empty cartridges—searched the island. Some of them, ignorantly, inquisitive, descended into the hollow. They remained there. The others, superstitious barbarians, fed for their lives, embarking so hastily that they took from the cave neither tools nor food, though they would greatly prize these articles.

Such was the tragic web he spun, a compound of fact and fancy. It explained all perplexities save one. What did "22 divided by 11" mean? There was yet another fearsome riddle awaiting solution? And then his thoughts flew to Iris. Happen what might, her bright picture was seldom absent from his brain. Suppose, egg hunting, she had stumbled across the valley of death! How could he hope to keep it hidden from her? Was not the ghastly knowledge that the horrors of the island were his through the wood and the shock of discovery—yes, indeed, the risk of a catastrophe?

He rushed back through the trees until he caught sight of Iris industriously kneading the sage pith in one of those most useful fish covers.

He called to her, and she was wondering to the track and pointing out the fatal quarry, but in such wise that she could not look inside it.

"You remember that round hole we saw from the summit rock?" he said. "Well, it is full of carbonic acid gas, to breathe which means unconsciousness and death. It gives no warning to the inexperienced. It is rather pleasant than otherwise. Promise me you will never come near this place again."

Now, Iris, too, had been thinking deeply. Robert Jenks bulged large in her day dreams. Her nerves were not yet quite normal. There was a catch in her throat as she answered: "I don't want to die. Of course I will keep away. What a horrid island this is! Yet it might be a paradise."

She bit her lip to suppress her tears; but, being the Eve in this garden, she continued: "How do you find out? Is there anything nasty in there?"

"Yes, the remains of animals and other things. I would not have told you were it not for the purpose of this. Are you keeping other secrets from me?"

"Oh, quite a number." "What? That you are a spy? That you are a spy?" she asked, and the ruse was effective. She applied the words to his past history.

"I hope they will not be revealed so dramatically," she said. "You never can tell," he answered. They were in prophetic vein that morning. They returned in silence to the cave.

"I wish to go inside with a lamp. May I?" he asked. "May I come too?" she demanded. He assented, with an explanation of his design. When the lamp was in order he held it close to the wall and

"Rifles, by all the gods!" shouted the sailor. The Sirdar carried a consignment of arms and ammunition from Hongkong to Singapore. Providence had decreed that a practically inexhaustible store of cartridges should be buried across the lagoon to the island. And here were rifles enough to equip half a company. He would not risk the precious arms in an attempt to open the case. He must go back for a crowbar.

What else was there in this storehouse thrust by Neptune from the ocean bed? A chest of tea, seemingly undamaged; three barrels of flour, utterly ruined; a saloon chair, smashed into its pivot; a battered chronometer. For the rest, fragments of timber intermingled with pulverized coral and broken crockery.

A little farther on the deep water entrance to the lagoon curved between the Sirdar's huge funnel. The north-west section of the reef was bare. Among the wreckage he found a coil of stout rope and a pulley. He instantly conceived the idea of constructing an aerial line to ferry the chest of tea across the channel he had forced.

He threaded the pulley with the rope and fastened the other end to a tree, adding a touch of artistic completeness to the ruin of the operation. He had fastened the pulley high in the trunk

before he realized how much more simple it would be to break open the chest where it lay and transport its contents in small parcels.

He laughed lightly. "I am becoming a little head," he said to himself. "Anyhow, now the job is done, I may as well make use of it."

Recalling the rope ends, he cast them across to the reef. In such small ways do men throw invisible dice with death. With those two lines he would within a few fleeting seconds drag himself back from eternity.

Picking up the ax, he carelessly stepped into the water, not knowing that Iris, having welded the incipient saw into a flat pancake, had strolled to the beach and was watching him.

The water was hardly above his knees when there came a swirling rush from the seaward. A long tentacle shot out like a lasso and gripped his right leg. Another coiled around his waist. "My God!" he gasped as a horrid sucker closed over his mouth and nose. He was in the grip of a devilfish!

A deadly sensation of nausea almost overpowered him, but the love of life came to his aid and he tore the suffocating feeler from his face. Then the ax whirled, and one of the eight arms of the octopus lost some of its length. Yet a fourth flung itself around his left ankle. A few feet away, out of range of the ax and lifting itself bodily out of the water, apparently all head, with distended gills and monstrous eyes.

The sailor's feet were planted wide apart. With frontal effort he hacked at the murderous tentacles, but the water hindered him, and he was forced to lean back in superhuman strain to avoid losing his balance. If once this terrible assailant got him down he knew he was lost. The very need to keep his feet prevented him from attempting to lose his balance. One sweep of the ax had cut clean through the bulging leather of his left boot without touching the flesh. In a word, he was practically unharmed.

He had the doglike habit of shaking himself at the close of a fray. He did so now when he stood up. Iris showed clearer signs of the ordeal. Her face was drawn and haggard, the pupils of her eyes dilated. She was gasping into depths of filmitable, unexpressed. Compassion awoke at sight of her.

"Come," said Jenks gently. "Let us get back to the island." He quietly resumed his position, helping her over the rough pathway of the reef, almost lifting her when the difficulties were great.

He did not ask her how it happened that she came so speedily to his assistance. Enough that she had done it, daring all for his sake. She was weak and trembling.

Reaching the firm sand, she could walk alone. "Did—the thing—grip you?" she nervously inquired.

"All over at once, it felt like. The beast attacked me with five arms." She shuddered. "I don't know how you could fight it," she said. "How strong, how brave, you must be!"

"Ah!" she said. "That reminds me. You do not practice what you preach. I found your pistol lying on the stone in the cave. That is one reason why I followed you."

It was quite true. He had the weapon aside when delving at the rock and forgot to replace it in his belt. "It was stupid of me," he admitted. "But I am not sorry."

"Because, as it is, I owe you my life." "You owe me nothing," she snapped. "It is very thoughtless of you to run such risks. What will become of me if anything happens to you? My point of view is purely selfish, you see."

"Quite so. Purely selfish," he smiled sadly. "Selfish people of your type are somewhat rare, Miss Deane."

She moved toward the cave, but he cried: "Wait one minute. I want to get a couple of crowbars."

"What for?" "I must go back there," he jerked his head in the direction of the reef. She uttered a little sob of dismay. "I will incur no danger this time," he explained. "I found rifles there. We must have them; they may mean salvation."

When Iris was determined about anything her chin dimpled. It puckered delightfully now. "I will come with you," she announced.

"Very well. I will wait for you. The tide will serve for another hour." He knew he had decided rightly. She could not bear to be alone—yet. Soon the crowbars were secured, and they returned to the reef. Scrambling now with difficulty over the rough and dangerous track, Iris was secretly amazed by the remembrance of the daring activity she displayed during her earlier passage along the same precarious roadway.

Then she darted from rock to rock with the fearless certainty of a chameleon. Her only stumble was caused, she recollected, by an absurd effort to avoid wetting her dress. She laughed nervously when they reached the place. This time Jenks lifted her across the intervening channel.

They were standing on the landward side of the shallow water in which he fought the octopus.



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savior flung the ax to the rocks and grasped the two ropes. He raised himself and plunged wildly. He was free. With two convulsive starts he was at the girl's side.

He stumbled to a bowlder and dropped in complete collapse. After a time he felt Iris' hand placed timidly on his shoulder. He raised his head and saw her eyes shining.

"Thank you," he said. "We are quits now."

CHAPTER VI.  
FIERCE emotions are necessarily transient, but for the hour they exhaust the psychic capacity. The sailor had gone through such mental stress before it was yet noon that he was benumbed, wholly incapable of further sensation.

Being in good condition, he soon recovered his physical powers. He was outwardly little the worse for the encounter with the devilfish. The skin around his mouth was sore. His waist and legs were bruised. One sweep of the ax had cut clean through the bulging leather of his left boot without touching the flesh. In a word, he was practically unharmed.

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Already the dark fluid emitted by his assailant in its final discomfiture was passing away owing to the slight movement of the tide.

"Now that you have brought me here with so much difficulty, what are you going to do?" she said. "It will be madness for you to attempt to ford that passage again. Where there is one of those horrible things there are others, I suppose."

"That is one reason why I brought the crowbars," he explained. "If you will sit down for a little while I will have everything properly fixed."

He delved with one of the bars until it lodged in a crevice of the coral. Then a few powerful blows with the back of the ax wedged it firmly enough to bear any ordinary strain. The rope ends reeved through the pulley on the tree were lying where they fell from the girl's hand at the close of the struggle. He deftly knotted them to the rigid bar, and a few rapid turns of a piece of wreckage passed between the two lines strung them into a tautness that could not be attained by any amount of pulling.

Iris watched the operation in silence. The sailor always looked at his best when hard at work. The left sullen, wholly self contained expression left his face, which lit up with enthusiasm and concentrated intelligence. That which he essayed he did with all his might.

He, toiling with steady persistence, felt not the inward spur which sought relief in speech, but Iris was compelled to say something.

"I suppose," she commented with an air of much wisdom, "you are contriving an overhead railway for the safe transit of yourself and the goods?"

"Yes." "Why are you so doubtful about it?" "Because I personally intend to walk across. The ropes will serve to convey the packages."

She rose imperiously. "I absolutely forbid you to enter the water again. Such a suggestion on your part is quite shameful. You are taking a grave risk for no very great gain that I can see, and if anything happens to you I shall be left all alone in this awful place."

She could think of no better argument. Her only resource was a woman's expedient—a plea for protection against threatening ills.

The sailor seemed to be puzzled how best to act.

"Miss Deane," he said, "there is no such serious danger as you imagine. Last time the devilfish caught me napping. He will not do so again. Those rifles I must have. If it will serve to reassure you, I will go along the line myself."

Without another word he commenced operations. There was plenty of rope, and the plan he adopted was simplicity itself. When each package was securely fastened he attached it to a loop that passed over the line stretched from the tree to the crowbar. To this loop he tied the lightest rope he could find and threw the other end to Iris. By pulling slightly she was able to land at her feet even the cumbersome rifle chest, for the traveling angle was so acute that the heavier the article the more readily it sought the lower level.

They toiled in silence until Jenks could lay hands on nothing more of value. Then, observing due care, he quickly passed the channel. For an instant the girl gazed after him at the sea until the sailor stood at her side again.

The tide had turned. In a few minutes the reef would be partly submerged. To carry the case of rifles to the mainland was a manifestly impossible feat, so Jenks now did that which done earlier would have saved him some labor. He broke open the chest and found that the weapons were apparently in excellent order.

(To be continued.)

How to Cure a Cold.  
The question of how to cure a cold without unnecessary loss of time is one in which we are all more or less interested, for the quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger of pneumonia and the more serious diseases. Mr. B. W. L. Hall, of Waverly, Va., has used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for years and says: "I find it to be Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by W. H. Warren, Ph. M.

Tobacco was introduced into Europe by a Franciscan friar named Ramon Pane, who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage to the West Indies in 1494. But tobacco was not cultivated in Europe until 1560.