

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

Extract from a letter of a Canadian soldier in France.
To Mrs. R. D. BAMBRICK:
The Rectory, Yarmouth, N.S.
Dear Mother:—
I am keeping well, have good food and well protected from the weather, but have some difficulty keeping uninvited guests from visiting me.
Have you any patriotic druggists that would give something for a gift overseas—if so do you know something that is good for everything? I do—Old MINARD'S Liniment.
Your affectionate son,
Rob.
Manufactured by the
Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd.
Yarmouth, N.S.

THE VALUE OF WOODEN SHIPS

Not only America, but Europe, is turning to wooden ships; Scandinavia especially is building a considerable number. In France the proposal is now made that the supplies of timber near Toulon and other parts be utilized for all wooden vessels, displacing, say 4,000 tons, for wooden vessels with iron or steel skeletons, displacing 6,000 tons. Composite ships of this last sort were built forty years ago, and served well. An additional proposal is made that it is likely to be of value outside France, where the price of coal is extraordinarily high; it is that sails be a part of the equipment, and be used whenever possible to supplement the engines. With the wind to serve, no thrifty master will use Cardiff coal that costs \$30 a ton in France, with lubricants quadrupled in value. The mixed sailing vessel and steamer was fairly common a half century ago. The war, which has made great shipbuilding nations out of maritime laggards, promises also to transform the appearance of merchant marines. The day of the wooden ship is not over, and no doubt many shipyards in the Maritime provinces of Canada which have not facilities for building steel vessels will take advantage of this fact.

COST OF LIVING SOARS HIGHER

Ottawa, April 24.—The cost of living according to statistics gathered by the Labor Department, again shows an increase for the month of March. Grain, livestock, meats, vegetables, textiles, metals, fuel and coal, building materials and some chemicals show the principal increases. Dairy products began to decline and hides were weaker. In retail prices the cost of a list of 29 staple foods for a family of five for a week rose to \$10.70 as compared with \$10.46 for February, \$8.36 for March 1916, \$7.88 for the same month in 1915, and \$7.68 in March, 1914.

Increase 40 Per Cent.
The increase in the cost of living since March, 1914, is thus almost 40 per cent. The increase since July, 1914, is about 41 per cent.
In the family budget of staple foods, meats and potatoes showed the chief increases, while eggs were considerably lower and dairy butter declined slightly. Anthracite coal was lower averaging \$10.66 as compared with \$10.89 in February and \$8.56 in March last year.

Rent advanced in Quebec City, in several cities in Ontario and in Edmonton. In wholesale prices the department's index number rose to 226.6 as compared with 217.3 for February and 176.4 for March last year 145.4 in the same month in 1915, 137 in 1914 and 136 in 1913.

Wages continued to advance according to 23 changes reported to the department. These were for the most part connected with the transportation industry, metal trades and civic employment. In several instances reduction in hours accompanied the increase, while in others the working hours were increased.

HOME RULE BY COUNTIES
The Manchester Guardian says that it is virtually certain that Premier Lloyd-George will announce the government's proposal for the solution of the Irish question on Thursday. The scheme will be based on county option, with some arrangement for keeping the counties that vote against home rule in orderly relation to the legislation of the Dublin parliament. The proposal will put the home rule act into force at once, and while it is expected that both Irish parties will oppose the scheme, it is believed that neither will persist in their resistance.

The Guardian says that it seems probable that Sir Edward Carson has yielded to the Premier's solution.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The proof of Mother Seigel's Syrup is in the taking. That is why former sufferers, whose vitality was being sapped by Indigestion, say it is just excellent for stomach, liver and bowel troubles. Thanks to Mother Seigel's Syrup, they are now strong and well.

IS EXCELLENT FOR
If you are afflicted by Indigestion or other disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels take Mother Seigel's Syrup regularly for a few days; long enough to give it a fair chance to make its beneficial influence felt. Then note the improvement in your appetite, your strength, your general condition.

HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION.

Three bottles of Syrup contains three times as much as the 50c size.

RUSSIAN WOMEN GET MUNICIPAL VOTE
A proposal that women should be eligible as members of town councils has been adopted by the Russian Duma Committee for Municipal Affairs.

U. S. A. VOTES SEVEN BILLIONS
Without a dissenting voice, but one Socialist member (Meyer London of New York) not voting, the U. S. A. House of Representatives, authorized the raising of \$7,000,000,000 for war purposes. Three billions of this will be loaned to entente countries and two billions of the remainder will be met by increased taxation.

The oldest priest of the Roman Catholic Church, in Nova Scotia, the Right Rev. Mons. Kennedy, passed away at the Halifax Infirmary Saturday morning. He had been in failing health for the past year and on several occasions had been at the above institution for treatment.

Bearing the scars from thirty-two wounds on his body, and having suffered the loss of his right eye, Gunner Frank G. Ferguson, of Moncton arrived from overseas on Thursday after an absence of almost three years, of which period fifteen months were spent in a London hospital.

There have been 300,000 copies of the Scriptures given to Canadian soldiers by the Canadian Bible Society.

The Chalice of Courage

(Continued)
"Because I was affered she might fall in love with Armstrong. I supposed she'd know his writin', but w'en she didn't I just let her keep 'em anyway. I knowed it'd all come out somehow; there is a God above us in spite of all the damned scoundrels on earth like this 'un."
"Are these letters addressed to my dead wife?" asked Newbold.
"They are," answered Enid Maitland. "Look and see."



Bank His Fingers Around the Other's Throat.

"And did Mr. Armstrong write them?"
"He'll deny it, I suppose," answered Kirky.
"But I am familiar with his hand writing," said Maitland.
Taking the still unopened packet from Newbold, he opened it, examined all of the letters and handed them all back.

"There is no doubt about it," he said. "It's Armstrong's hand, I'd swear to it."
"Oh, I'll acknowledge them," said Armstrong, seeing the absolute futility of further denial. He had not dreamed they were in existence. "You've got me beat between you; the cards are stacked against me. I've done my damndest"—and indeed that was true.

Well, he had played a great game, battling for a high stake he had stuck at nothing. A career in which some good had mingled with much bad was now at an end. He had lost utterly; would he show himself a good loser?
"Mr. Armstrong," said Newbold quietly, extending his hand, "here are your letters."

"What do you mean?"
"I am not in the habit of reading letters addressed to other people without permission, and when the recipient of them is dead long since, I am doubly bound."
"You're a damned fool," cried Armstrong contemptuously.

"That kind of a charge from your kind of a man is perhaps the highest compliment you could pay me. I don't know whether I shall ever get rid of the doubt you have tried to lodge in my soul about my dead wife, but—"
"There ain't no doubt about it," protested old Kirky earnestly. "I've read them letters a hundred times over, havin' no scruples whatsoever, an' every one of 'em he was beggin' an' pleadin' with her to go away with him an' fightin' her refusal to do it. I guess I've got to admit that she

didn't love you none, Newbold, an' she did love this here worthless Armstrong, but for the sake of her reputation, I'll prove to you all from them letters of his, from his own words, that there didn't live a cleaner hearted, more virtuous upright female than that there wife of yours, even if she didn't love you. It's God's truth an' you kin take it from me."
"Mr. Armstrong," cried Enid Maitland, interposing at this juncture. "Not very long ago I told you I liked you better than any man I had ever seen. I thought perhaps I might have loved you, and that was true. You have played the coward's part and the liar's part in this room—"
"Did I fight him like a coward?" asked Armstrong.
"No," answered Newbold for her, remembering the struggle; "you fought like a man."
Singular perversion of language and thought there! If two struggled like wild beasts that was fighting like men! "But let that pass," continued the woman. "I don't deny your physical courage, but I am going to appeal to another kind of a courage which I believe you possess. You have showed your evil side here in this room, but I don't believe that's the only side you have, else I couldn't have liked you in



It Was the Woman Who Broke the Silence.

CHAPTER XXIV.
The Draught of Joy.
The great library was the prettiest room in Robert Maitland's magnificent mansion in Denver's most favored residence section. It was a long, low-studded room with a heavy beamed ceiling. The low book cases, about five feet high, ran between all the windows and doors on all sides of the room. At one end there was a huge open fire place built of rough stone, and as it was winter a cheerful fire of logs blazed on the hearth. It was a man's room pre-eminently. The drawing-room across the hall was Mrs. Maitland's domain, but the library reflected her husband's picturesque if somewhat erratic taste. On the walls there were pictures of the west by Remington, Marchand, Danton, Dixon and others, and to set them off, finely mounted heads of bear and deer and buffalo. Swords and other arms stood here and there. The writing table was massive and the chairs easy, comfortable and inviting. The floor was strewn with robes and rugs. From the windows facing westward, since the house was set on a high hill, one could see the great rampart of the range.



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Write to-day for our big FREE CATALOGUE showing our full line of Bicycles for Men and Women, Boys and Girls—Tires, Coaster Brakes, Wheels, Inner Tubes, Lamps, Bells, Cyclometers, Saddles, Equipment and Parts for Bicycles. You can buy your supplies from us at wholesale prices.
T. W. BOYD & SON,
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There were three men in the room on that brilliant morning early in January something like a month after these adventures in the mountains which have been so veraciously set forth. Two of them were the brothers Maitland; the third was Newbold.
The shock produced upon Enid Maitland by the death of Armstrong together with the tremendous episodes that had preceded it had utterly prostrated her. They had spent the night at the hut in the mountains and had decided that the woman must be taken back to the settlements some way at all hazards.
The wit of old Kirky had effected a solution of the problem, using a means certainly as old as Napoleon and the passage of his cannon over the Great St. Bernard—and perhaps as old as Hannibal! They had made a rude sled from the trunk of a pine which they hollowed out and provided with a back and runners. There was no lack of fur robes and blankets for her comfort.
Wherever it was practicable the three men hitched themselves to the sled with ropes and dragged it and Enid over the snow. Of course for miles down the canon it was impossible to use the sled; the way was comparatively easy the woman supported by the two men, Newbold and Maitland, made shift to get along afoot. When it became too difficult for her, Newbold picked her up as he had done before and assisted by Maitland, carried her bodily to the next resting place. At these times Kirky looked after the sled.

They had managed to reach the temporary but in the old camp the first night and rested there. They gathered up their sleeping bags and tents and resumed their journey in the morning. They were strong men, and save for old Kirky, young. It was a desperate endeavor but they carried it through.

When they hit the open trails the sledding was easy and they made great progress. After a week of terrific going, they struck the railroad, and the next day found them all safe in Maitland's house in Denver.
To Mr. Stephen Maitland his daughter was as one who had risen from the dead. And indeed, when he first saw her, she looked like death itself. No one had known how terrible that journey had been to the woman, and three faithful attendants had nursed something, but in spite of all even they did not realize that in these last days she had been sustained only by the most violent effort of her will. She had no sooner reached the house, greeted her father, her aunt and her children, than she collapsed utterly.

The wonder was, said the physician, not that she did it but that she had not done it before. For a short time it appeared as if her illness might be serious, but youth, vigor, a strong body and a good constitution, a heart now free from care and apprehension and a great desire to live and be loved, worked wonders.
Newbold had enjoyed no opportunity for private conversation with the woman he loved, which was perhaps just as well. He had the task of readjusting himself to unusual conditions; not only to a different environment, but to strange and unusual departures from his long cherished view points.

He could no longer doubt Armstrong's final testimony to the purity of his wife, although he had burned the letters unread, and by the same token he could no longer cherish the dream that she had loved him and him alone. Those words that had preceded that pistol shot had made it possible for him to take Enid Maitland as his wife without doing violence to his sense of honor or his self-respect. Armstrong had made that clear repetition. And Newbold could not doubt that the other had known what would be the result of his speech and had chosen his words deliberately; score that last action to his credit. He was a sensitive man, however; he realized the brutal and beast-like part that had been played under the circumstances, but that did not absolve his conscience. He did not know how the woman looked at the transaction or looked at him, and he had not enjoyed one moment alone with her. In all that had transpired since that morning in the hut, the four had naturally and inevitably remained inseparably together.

They had buried Armstrong in the snow, Robert Maitland saying over him a brief but fervent petition in which even Newbold joined. Enid Maitland herself had repeated eloquently to her uncle and old Kirky that night before the fire the story of her rescue from the flood by this man, how he had carried her in the storm to the hut and how he had treated her since; and Maitland had afterwards repeated her account to his brother in Denver.

He was honest enough to say to himself that he would have done the same thing over under the same circumstances, but that did not absolve his conscience. He did not know how the woman looked at the transaction or looked at him, and he had not enjoyed one moment alone with her. In all that had transpired since that morning in the hut, the four had naturally and inevitably remained inseparably together.

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