

# MC2465 FLOOR DOCUMENT

## Bearing Down Pains.

What woman at sometime or other does not experience these dreadful bearing down pains. Mrs. E. Griffith of Hepworth, Ont., says: "A heavy bearing down pain had settled across my back and sides. I was often unable to stoop or straighten myself up and many times each night I would have to leave my bed with the irregular and frequent secretions of the kidneys and just as done out in the morning as an retiring. I was languid and would have to let my house work stand. Nothing I had tried would benefit me. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and concluded I would try them, which I did, and soon found the long sought relief. My back strengthened and I began to feel better and stronger. I now enjoy my sleep without being disturbed and feel grateful to Booth's Kidney Pills what they did for me."



Booth's Kidney Pills are a boon to women. She will not be of back-aches if she took more of these wonderful pills. They are nature's greatest specific for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. All druggists, 50c. box, or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

## Lost Emerald Mine Found.

"The continued increase in the values of emeralds during the last ten years—until at present they out-rank diamonds—lends considerable interest," says the Mining and Engineering World, "to the recent discovery of one of the old Indian emerald mines in the South American Andes which was lost for over a century."

"The real emeralds, as distinguished from the green stones, which are not at all comparable in beauty to the South American gems, are entirely produced from one mining district called Muzo in the republic of Columbia, South America."

"The gem was mined by the native Indians for centuries previous to the discovery and conquest of the plateau of Bogota in the Andes and the Indians operated in these mines widely separated geographically, named Muzo, Casquez and Somondoco."

"About 1535, under Capt. Pedro de Valenzuela, the Spanish conquistadores took over the mines, enslaved the native Indians and compelled them to work the mines. So eager were the Spaniards to get rich quickly that atrocious cruelties were practiced on the Indian workers and this was carried so far that finally the priests complained to the Crown (King of Spain) that the innumerable deaths employed in the mines adversely affected the ecclesiastical revenues."

"This resulted in the importation of African negroes, but eventually the mines were partly closed. During the war of independence in 1816 and later the whole region was so desolated that two of the mines, Cosquez and Somondoco, were entirely lost and Muzo has produced all the gems since that time."

"It has been prolific, but the output has been steadily declining during the last ten years and according to the very best information the ultimate practical abandonment must come in the near future unless new veins are discovered, which is deemed improbable by the English engineers formerly in charge of the workings."

"For several years a Colombian named Francisco Restrepo, guided only by a few hints contained in ancient Spanish parchment maps in the Government archives in Popayan, wandered far and wide looking for the lost emerald mine of Somondoco."

"Senor Restrepo knew nothing of geology nor emeralds, yet in 1896 he came upon traces of ancient workings and later discovered very extensive workings which proved to be the real treasure trove, the lost emerald mine of Somondoco, which gives every promise of duplicating the wonderful record of Muzo, which probably was \$2,000,000 to \$4,000,000 annually for a century and for unknown centuries in pre-Spanish times."

## CAMEO KIRBY

By Booth Tarkington  
AND  
Harry Leon Wilson  
Adapted From the Play of the Same Name by  
W. B. M. Ferguson

"I shouldn't wonder," he mused in the same pleasant conversational tone. "If Mr. Bunce has revisited this line that he would have been considerably more comfortable had he remained here. The night air doesn't appear overbearing."

"You mean, Marse Gene, dat de house am surrounded wif men," quavered Croup, seeking to peer over the other's shoulder.

"So I should imagine," agreed Kirby. "It's time our interesting friends on horseback should be here. Aren't they drawing rein out there?"

"Oh, Lawd! Oh, Lawd!" gasped Croup, abandoning himself to despair. "Dee's gwine to have yo' life, Marse Gene."

"Sh-h!" warned Kirby. "Here come the ladies. No more agony, if you please. I assure you your sympathies are entirely wasted. The good dip-yung, you know." And he turned, with a pleasant smile, as Mme. Davenez and Miss Pleydell entered.

"Both appeared thoroughly frightened, and, although endeavoring to cloak it under a mask of well bred composure, Kirby, purposely ignoring their condition, launched himself upon a soothing current of small talk which was remarkable for its lack of relevance."

"Just discoursing with Croup on the beauties of the night," he prevaricated cheerfully. "You see, I have been quite deserted. My secretary, feeling the heat, stepped into the garden for a breath of air, while Miss Randall evidently had duties elsewhere. Shall we continue our game? Or perhaps, Miss Adele will sing for us again."

"I am a little frightened, Colonel Moreau," interrupted Mme. Davenez, her emotion manifesting all repressive measures, while she glanced apprehensively at the window. "There are strange shadows moving in the garden. We saw them from the garden."

"Ah, undoubtedly my secretary," replied Kirby, "a most active being for one of his excessive displacement. I assure you he is completely capable of creating more than one legitimate shadow."

"It was more than one man," interrupted Adele, "the man in the frightened voice of conviction. 'Please do not just with us, Colonel Moreau. We are convinced that those men are watching this house late from and near.'"

"In that case," said Kirby, instantly serious, "I beg of you, ladies, to retire to your rooms and permit me to investigate this matter. There is no cause for alarm."

take too long a walk in the night air. And when I went round the house the other way there was some more of them says the same thing similar. So I reckoned I might as well come back to the house."

"If you will permit me," said Kirby, facing the company and raising his voice. "I will receive Judge Pleydell's friends on the porch yonder. No, Bunce," he added sharply as the other approached, "I don't want you. It's a lone hand, partner."

"You should do it," implored Adele, catching his arm. "Oh, don't you see it would be as if I had betrayed you? Antoine," she broke off sharply, a note of agonized relief in her voice as the young couple appeared in the doorway and gently shouldered his way past the Judge. "Antoine, you've told me a hundred times you'd die to do me a service. Now I give you the chance. I want those men driven off my property."

M. Veaudry's face whitened and set as he became the cynosure of all eyes, Kirby's excepted.

"It is a service that I do you, mademoiselle," he said at length, with quiet dignity. "These are my men out there. I told them to surround the house, and this gentleman knows what for," bowing gravely to Kirby.

"No, he doesn't, but I do," cried Adele, laughing hysterically. "So this is how you win a woman, Antoine? You will answer to my brother for an attack on a guest of this house," she finished, her anger once more mastering all other emotions.

"Mademoiselle, it is by your brother's orders that I act—and now," replied M. Veaudry.

Even while Adele laughed scornfully a confused babel of cries was heard from the garden, supplemented by hoarse oaths and the sound of running feet. Another moment and Tom Randall had burst into the room. Covered with dust and sweat, white, haggard, half insane with excitement, a prey to the most consuming passion, he was the epitome of violence, talked revenge and audacity, hatred as, throwing off Adele's restraining arm, he launched himself straight at Kirby.

Aaron Randall, grave and collected, next entered and methodically placed upon an adjacent chair the green portmanteau belonging to the late lamented Colonel Moreau.

Kirby quietly awaited young Randall's onslaught and, as the maddened boy threw himself upon him, plucked his arms and, despite all opposition, forced him backward into a chair.

"Let me go! Get out of the way, you people!" screamed Tom, like an infuriated child, as Adele and Aaron laid restraining hands upon him.

"We've run you to earth, Mr. Wolf," he added, glaring at Kirby, while he strove to release himself, almost sobbing with impotent fury.

"What, am I?" echoed Kirby, stepping back. "Then I'll show you some fangs."

"Tom! Tom!" implored Adele. "What is the matter? Why do you act this way? You don't know what you're doing."

"Don't!" he snarled, writhing from her grasp and again confronting Kirby. "It's you who are the fool. There's the man we want for the murder of Colonel Moreau!"

She stood back aghast, staring from her brother to Kirby and back again in helpless, doubting astonishment.

"We've run you to earth, Mr. Wolf," ment, while Judge Pleydell coughed fitfully and his daughter sheltered herself behind the ample bellows of Mme. Davenez, who, now that the source of her fears had been identified, had regained her serene composure and was staring, obviously at Kirby.

now much water than I had. You want to accuse me of taking it; accuse me of taking that poor dead man's pistol? You'll find that accusation is going to fasten the rope just a little tighter around your neck. Moreau left his pistol in the portmanteau this morning while at my aunt's house, and if I speak the truth it's there yet."

He pointed dramatically to the green leather article his cousin had guarded and Aaron making no move to open it, out remaining preoccupied and silent. Judge Pleydell stepped briskly forward and performed the service, holding significantly aloft the triggering which had almost ended Kirby's life.

"Ha! That looks as if I took it, doesn't it?" cried Tom, turning in savage triumph upon his fabled enemy. "The only pistol I carried in my life was my father's. There it is, protruding from his pocket the silver mounted single shot weapon. 'You ought to know that pistol.' He finished indignantly. 'If you don't, these people here know it.'"

"You seem to have made your case," admitted Kirby, with cool brevity and indifference. "I believe I'd prefer to go out."

He glanced at Adele, but she had turned away with bowed head, looking utterly crushed. After a moment's hesitation he turned to go, when M. Veaudry sprang forward and barred his way.

"Keep out of this, Antoine!" warned Randall. "You've done your share."

"Yes, I have done my share, but I have not forgotten my honor," replied the young couple, pale with but ill-repressed excitement. "I would kill him, but not by lies. It was a fair meeting. Colonel Moreau was armed this morning. He carried that very pistol you show us here," pointing to the weapon that Judge Pleydell still held.

"The proof is there," he finished simply. "Your cousin, he told me."

"You fool!" cried young Randall, completely outraged at this unexpected action, which he considered base treachery. "What do you want, Aaron?" he added violently, turning to his cousin, "tell him that's a lie."

But Tom Randall's second witness proved as disappointing, and his hasty, despicable and well executed method of vengeance fell to pieces before his enraged eyes. He, who had not thought twice of fastening a murder upon his enemy, had never for a moment doubted that the necessity arising, this important witness, this blood relation who shared his hatred, would readily swear away the life of their mutual enemy. He had acted without principle. He had reckoned without his cousin's inherent love for common decency and justice. Aaron Randall stood

with a heavy heart, staring from his brother to Kirby and back again in helpless, doubting astonishment.

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"It was Colonel Moreau he killed!" whispered Adele in a strangely quiet and emotionless voice.

"Shot down like a dog, Moreau was unarmed," growled young Randall, with brutal ferocity.

"Indeed?" murmured Kirby, evincing sudden interest. "How do you know?"

"Because no weapon was found with the body."

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody."

"Then how do you know?"

"I found Moreau's body, and I am the chief witness against you," snarled the boy, spitting out the words with distilled venom.

Aaron Randall's expression changed, and with sudden agitation he grasped M. Veaudry's arm. To both men some idea of the boy's despicable action had occurred.

Kirby walked coolly, surveying his accuser, while he carefully chose his next words. "So you are the man I had to find," he said measuredly, with a sardonic, contemptuous smile. "Did you throw that pistol away, or did you keep it?"

"That's your defense, is it?" cried Tom, laughing wildly. "I'll show you

how much water than I had. You want to accuse me of taking it; accuse me of taking that poor dead man's pistol? You'll find that accusation is going to fasten the rope just a little tighter around your neck. Moreau left his pistol in the portmanteau this morning while at my aunt's house, and if I speak the truth it's there yet."

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interesting specimens in the entire collection. It is the electric ray, known in the language of the scientists as the *Narcine brasiliensis*, harmless enough as to name, but capable of repelling its enemies in a manner peculiarly its own, which gives it its common title of the "torpedo" fish.

The electric ray is of the skate variety with a broad, flat, nearly oval head and body, and a tail something like that possessed by the majority of well-known fishes. Its mouth is on the under side, and it can only feel the way to it when feeding. But the real curiosity about this fish is the fact that it carries its own storage battery with it on all wanderings, and that it has the power of recharging the thousands of little cells when they become exhausted, using its power over and over again. There are really two batteries. They are located where one would naturally expect to find the breathing apparatus of the fish, to the right and the left of the beady black eyes and back. They are kidney shaped, occupying perhaps one-third of the upper part of the body.

When at peace with itself and the rest of the world the torpedo fish swims around at leisure or rests in shallow water burrowing in the sand at ease, but if attacked the battery is discharged and the enemy is glad to call it a drawn battle if it can swim away. It gets its prey by using its batteries to supply the necessary current to kill, but it must first complete a connection with the object of its attack. Men have speared these torpedoes in shallow waters and have caught them in net, but on handling them have been very glad to let them go, and avoid further shock. Fishermen have been repeatedly knocked down by a contact with them. The species is common along the South Atlantic and Gulf coast.—Ex.

"I have suffered for months with a very weak stomach I had dizzy spells and at times could not retain any food at all. I tried any number of remedies and prescriptions but none seemed to relieve me until I tried Mi-o-na tablets. I used one box only and they have completely cured my troubles. I am pleased to recommend Mi-o-na as I know it to be a remedy of merit."

Mi-o-na is sold everywhere by druggists 50c. a box, and is guaranteed to cure dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache, nausea, heartburn, sour stomach, belching of gas, dizziness, heavy stomach and car sickness, vomiting of pregnancy and the after effects of over-eating or drinking—or money back. Postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

"The ingenuousness of some people in making a living off the unsuspecting public is almost beyond comprehension. Away out in the State of Washington, on the Pacific coast, a man was charged the other day with operating a 'cowless' dairy. He bought cheap brands of condensed milk and by the use of water and sugar of milk prepared a mixture that sold readily for fresh milk. He had fifty customers in some of the poorer districts of Seattle, to whom he delivered this milk every morning, and not one of them complained of the quality or that there was no cream on the milk. He might have kept on delivering this spurious milk had not the city inspector collected a sample of the mixture and had it analyzed. Then the imposture was discovered and the fellow prevented from doing business. And so it goes. Every once in a while some genius invents some fraud of this kind and works it off on the public without their knowing that they are being deceived in any way. And the dairy business more than any other seems to furnish opportunities for this kind of thing.—Canadian Farmer.

"Your daughter paints in the Dutch school, does she not?" Mrs. Neerich. "Not much she don't! We pay \$50 a quarter to give her private lessons at home. Dutca school, In-Isleel.—Phil. Record.

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