POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

Under the Rose

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,

Author of the "Strollers,"

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued).

Knife in hand, the others at his heels, the morio slowly made his way up the stairs. Goaded by the taunts of the outlaws, his face was distorted with ferocity; through his lips came a fierce, sibilant breathing; in the dim light his colossal figure and enormous head seemed in no-wise human, but rather a murderous phantasm.

"Oh, oh!" murmured a voice behind the jester, and, turning, he saw Jacqueline. Disturbed by the tumult and the loud voices, the jestress had left her room to learn the cause of the unusual din, and now, with her dark hair a cloud around her, stood gazing fearfully over the fool's shoulder.

At the sound of the young girl's voice so near, the plaisant's hand, which for the moment had been unsteady, became suddenly steel. Almost impatiently he awaited the coming of the morio. At last he drew near, but, as if instinctively realizing the presence of danger, paused, his arm ceasing to strike, but remaining stationary in the air.

"Go on!" impatiently shouted those behind him.

At the command the creature sprang forward furiously, when the sword of the jester shot out—once, twice! From the morio's grip fell the dagger; over his face the lust for killing was replaced by a look of surprise; with a single moan he threw both arms on high and, tottering like an oak, the monster fell backward with a crash, carrying with him the rogues behind. Imprecations, threats and cries of pain ensued; several knaves went limping away from the struggling group; one lay prostrate as the morio himself; the master of the boar rubbed his shoulder, anathematizing roundly the cause of the disaster.

"I think my arm's put out," he said. "Is the creature dead?" he added viciously.

"Beshrew me, I thought the jester was a craven," growled he of the boar. "What does it mean?"

"That he saw the snare and spread another," replied the host.

"Go back to your room, mistress," whispered the plaisant to the young girl, "and lock yourself in."

"Nay, I'll not leave you," she replied. "Do you think they will return?" she added in a voice she strove to make firm.

"I am certain of it. Go, I beg you, to your window and call out. It is a slender hope, but the best we have. Fear not. I can hold the stairs yet awhile."

A moment she hesitated, then glided away. At the same time he of the boar grasped a sword in his left hand and, with his right hanging useless, rushed up the stairs.

"Oh, there you are, my nimble wit cracker!" he cried as the jester stepped boldly out. "'Twas a pretty piece of foolery you played on the monster and us, but quip for quirk, my merry wag!" And so speaking, he directed a violent thrust, which, had it taken effect, would indeed have made good the leader's threat.

But the plaisant stepped aside, the blow grazed his shoulder, while his own blade by a rapid counter passed through the throat of his antagonist. With a shriek, the blood gushing from the wound, the master of the boar fell lifeless on the stairs, his sword clattering downward. At that gruesome sight his fellows paused irresolute, and, seeing their indecision, the jester rushed headlong upon them, striking fiercely, when their hesitation turned to panic, and the knaves fairly flew. Below, the irate landlord stamped and fumed, cuffing and striking as he moved among them with threats and abuse.

Thus exhorted, the knaves once more took heart and gathered for the attack. Gloves were provided for those in front, and the plaisant waited, grimly determined, yet liking little the aspect of those terrible weapons and feeling the end of the unequal contest was not far distant, when a light hand was laid on his arm.

"Follow me quickly," said Jacqueline. "We may yet escape. Don't question me, but come," she went on hurriedly.

Impressed by her earnestness, the jester, after a moment's hesitation, obeyed. She led him to her room, closed and locked the door, but not before a scampering of feet and sound of voices told them the rogues had gained the upper passage, and drew him hastily to the window.

"See!" she said eagerly. "A ladder!"

"And at the foot of the ladder our horses!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Who has done this?"

Her response was interrupted by a hand at their door and a clamor without, followed by heavy blows.

"Quick, Jacqueline!" he cried and helped her to the long ladder set, as it seemed, providentially against the wall.

"Can you do it?" he asked, yet holding her hand. Her eyes gave him answer, and he released her, watching her descend.

The door quivered beneath the general onslaught of the now exultant outlaws, and as a glave shattered the panel the jester threw himself over the casement. A deafening hubbub ensued, the door suddenly gave way, and the band rushed into the room. At the same time the plaisant ran down the ladder and sprang to the ground at the young wife's side. From above came exclamations of wonder and amazement, mingled with invective.

"They're gone!" cried one.

"Here they are!" exclaimed another.

The jester at once seized the means of descent, but not before the man who had discovered them was on the upper rounds. A quick effort on the fool's part and ladder and rogue toppled over together. The enterprising knave lay motionless where he fell.

"Vrai Dieu! He wanted to come down," said an approving voice.

Turning, the jester beheld the Spanish troubadour, who was composedly engaged in placing bundles of straw against the wall of the inn.

"I don't think he'll bother you any more," continued the minstrel in his deep tones. "If you'll ride down the road I'll join you in a moment."

So saying he knelt before the combustible accumulation he had been diligently heaping together and struck a spark which, seizing on the dry material, immediately kindled into a great flame.

"What are you doing, villain?" roared the landlord from the window, discovering the forks of fire already leaping and crackling about the tavern.

"Only making a bonfire of a foul nest," lightly answered the minstrel, standing back as though to admire his handiwork. "Your vile hostelry burns well, my dissembling host."

"Hell dog! Varlet!" screamed the proprietor, overwhelmed with consternation.

Fell backward with a crash.

"It is thus you greet your guests?" replied the troubadour, throwing another bundle of straw upon the already formidable conflagration. "You were not wont to be so discourteous, my prince of bonifaces."

But, recovering from his temporary stupor, the landlord, without reply, disappeared from the window.

"Now we may safely leave the flames to the wind," commented the minstrel as he sprang upon a small nag which had been fastened to a shed near by. "As we have burned the roof over our heads," he continued, addressing the wondering jester and his companion, who had already mounted and were waiting, "let us seek another hostelry."

Swiftly the trio rode forth from the tavern yard, out into the moonlit road.

"Not so quickly, my friends," commented the troubadour. "As I fastened the doors and blinds without, we may proceed leisurely, for it will be some time before mine host and his friends can batter their way from the inn."

"Who are you, sir?" asked the fool.

The minstrel laughed, and answered in his natural voice.

"Don't you know me, mon ami?" he said gayly. "What a jest this will be at court! How it will amuse the king"—

"Caillette!" exclaimed the plaisant loudly. "Caillette!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Himself!" laughed the minstrel. "Did I not tell you I should become a Spanish troubadour?" Then, reaching out his hand, he added seriously, "Right pleased am I to meet you. But how came you here?"

"I have fled from the keep of the old castle, where I lay charged with heresy," answered the jester, returning the hearty grip.

"The keep!" exclaimed Caillette in surprise. "You are fortunate not to have been brought to trial," he added thoughtfully. "Few get through that scene, and his holiness the pope, I understand, has ordered the meshes made yet smaller."

They had paused on the brow of a hill commanding the view of road and tavern. Dazed, the young girl had listened to the greeting between the two men. This ragged, beard grown troubadour, the graceful, elegant Caillette of Francis' court? It seemed incredible. At the same time through her mind passed the memory of the plaisant's reiterated exclamation in prison, "Caillette—in Spain!" words she had attributed to fever, not imagining they had foundation in fact.

But now this unexpected encounter abruptly dispelled her first supposition and opened a new field for speculation. Certainly had he been on a mission of some kind somewhere, but what his errand she could not divine.

But if she was surprised at Caillette's unexpected presence and disguise, that counterfeit troubadour had been no less amazed to see her, the joculatrix of the princess, in the mean garb of a wayside ministralissa, wandering over the country like one born to the nomadic existence. That she had a nature as free as air and the spirit of a gypsy he well believed, but that she would forego the security of the royal household for the discomforts and dangers of a vagrant life he could not reconcile to that other part of her character which he knew must shrink from the actualities of the straggler's lot.

"Have you left the court, mistress?" he now asked abruptly.

"Yes," she answered curtly.

The constraint that ensued between them was broken by a new aspect of the now distant conflagration. Before the tavern, now burning on all sides, could be distinguished a number of figures frantically running hither and thither, while above the crackling of the flames and the clamorous cries of the birds was heard the voice of the proprietor alternately pleading with the knaves to save the tavern and execrating him who had applied the torch.

"Cap de Dieu, the landlord will share no more travellers," said Caillette. "My horse had become road worn and perforce I had tarried there sufficient while to know the company and the host. When you walked in with this fair maid I could hardly believe my eyes. 'Twas a nice trap, and the landlord an unctuous fellow for a villian. Assured that you could not go out as you came, I e'en prepared a less conventional means of exit."

He had scarcely finished this explanation when, with a shower of sparks and a mighty crash, the heavy roof fell.

"It is over," murmured Caillette, and as they touched their horses, leaving the smoldering ruins behind them, he added, "But how came the scamp student to serve you? I was watching closely and listening, too, so caught how 'twas done."

"I spared his life once," answered the jester.

"And he remembered? 'Tis passing strange from such a rogue. A clever device to warn you in Latin that his friends intended to kill one or both of you for the jeweled sword."

"Why," spoke up the young girl, her attention sharply arrested, "was it not a mere discussion of some kind? And—the quarrel?"

"A pretense on the rouge's part to avert the suspicion of the master of the boar. I could but marvel"—to the jester—"at your forbearance."

"I fear me Jacqueline had the right to a poor opinion of her squire," replied the duke's fool. "Nor do I blame her," he

A quick effort on the fool's part.

laughed, "in esteeming a stout bolt more protection than a craven blade."

But the girl did not answer. Through her brain flashed the recollection of her cold disdain, her scornful words, her prompt dismissal of the jester at her door. Weighing what she had said and done with what he had said and done, she turned to him quickly, impulsively. Through the semidarkness she saw the smile around his mouth and the quizzical look with which he was regarding her, whereupon her courage failed. She bit her lip and remained silent. They had now passed the brow of the hill; on each side of the highway the forests parted wider and wider, and the thoroughfare was bathed in a white light.

As they rode along on this clearly illumined highway Caillette glanced interrogatively at the plaisant. The outcome of his journey—should he speak now or later, when they were alone?

The answer of the duke's fool to his companion's glance was a direct inquiry.

"You found the emperor?" he said.

"Yes, and presented your message with some missgiving."

"And did he treat it with the scant consideration you expected?"

"On the contrary, his majesty read it not once, but twice, and changed color."

"And then?"

"Whatever magic your letter contained," replied Caillette, "it seemed convincing to Charles. 'My brother Francis must be strangely credulous to be so cozened by an imposter,' quoth he, with a gleam of humor in his gaze."

"Imposter!" It was the young girl who spoke, interrupting in her surprise the troubadour's story.

"You did not know, mistress," said Caillette.

"No," she answered and listened the closer.

"When I left, two messages the emperor gave me," went on the other, "one for the king, the other for you." And, taking from his doublet a document weighted with a ponderous disk, the speaker handed it to the duke's fool, who silently thrust it in his breast. "Moreover, unexpectedly, but as good fortune would have it, his majesty was even then completing preparations for a journey through France to the Netherlands, owing to unlooked for troubles in that part of his domains, and had already dispatched his envoys to the king. Charles assured me that he would still further hasten his intended visit to the Low Countries and come at once. Meanwhile his communication to the king," tapping his breast, "will at least delay the nuptials, and, with the promise of the emperor's immediate arrival, the marriage cannot occur."

"It has occurred," said the jester.

The other uttered a quick exclamation. "Then have I failed in my errand," he muttred blankly. "But the king! Had he no suspicion?"

"It was through the Countess d'Etampes the monarch was led to change the time for the festivities," spoke up Jacqueline involuntarily.

"She!" exclaimed the poet, with a gesture of half aversion. For some time they went on without further words. Then suddenly Caillette drew rein.

"This news makes it the more necessary I should hasten to the king," he said. "The emepror's message—Francis should receive it at once. Here, therefore, must I leave you; or why do you not return with me?" addressing the jester. "The letter from Charles will exonerate you, and Francis will reward you in proportion to the injuries you have suffered. What say you, mistress?"

"That I will never go back," she answered briefly and looked away.

Caillette's perplexity was relieved by the plaisant. "Farewell, if you must leave," said the latter. "We meet again, I trust."

"The fates willing," returned the poet. "Farewell, and good fortune go with you both." And, wheeling abruptly, he rode slowly back. The jester and the girl watched him disappear over the road they had come.

"A true friend," said the plaisant as Caillette vanished in the gloom.

"You regret not returning with him, perhaps?" she observed quickly. "Honors and offices of preferment are not plentiful."

"I want none of them Francis," he returned as they started slowly on their way.

Their horses crept along; the girl bent forward wearily; heretofore the excitement and danger had sustained her, but now the reaction from all she had endured bore down upon her. She thought of calling to the fool, of craving the rest she so needed; but a feeling of pride or constraint held her silent. Before her she shadows danced illusively, the film of brightness changed and shifted, then all glimmering and partial shade were swallowed up in a black chasm.

Riding near, the jester observed her form sway from side to side and spurred forward. In a moment he had clasped her waist, then lifted her from the saddle and held her before him.

"Jacqueline!" he cried.

She offered no resistance. Her head remained motionless on his breast. Sedulously he bent over her. Then warm breath reassured him; tired nature had simply succumbed.

Gathering the young form gently to him, the jester rode slowly on, and the horse of his companion followed. So he went, he knew not how long, listening to her breathing that came full and deep, half fearing, half wondering at that relaxation. For the first time he forgot about the emperor and his purpose, the free baron and the desires of sweet avengement. He thought only of her he held; how courageous yet alone she was in the world; how she had planned the service which won her the right to his protection; her flight from Francis—but where? To whom could she go? To whom could she turn? Unconscious she lay in his arms in that deep sleep or heavy inertia following exhaustion, her pale face against his shoulder, and as the young plaisant bent over her his heart thrilled with protecting tenderness.

And, but for him, whom else had she? This young girl, had she not become his burden of responsibility, his moral obligation? For the first time he seemed to realize how the fine tendrils of her nature had touched his; touched and clung, ever so gently, but fast.

He saw her, too, secretly and silently cherishing a new faith in her bosom amid a throng, lax and infirm of purpose, and wonderment gave way to another emotion as his mind leaped from that past, with its covert, inner life, to the untrammeled moment when she had thrown off the mask in the solitude of the forest.

Afar the bell of some wanderer from the herd tinkled drowsily, arousing him from his reverie. The horses were ascending. The road emerged into a plain set with bracken and gorse, with here and there a single tree whose inclining trunk told of storms braved for many seasons. Near the highway, in the shadow of a poplar, stood a shepherd's hut apparently deserted and isolated from humankind The fool reined the horse, which for some time had been moving painfully, and at that abrupt cessation of motion the jestress looked up with a start.

Meeting his eyes, at first she did not withdraw her own. Questioningly her bewildered gaze encountered his. Then with a quick movement she released herself from his arm and sprang to the ground. He, too, immediately dismounted. She felt very wide awake now, as though the sudden consciousness of that encircling grasp or something in his glance before she slipped from him had startled away the torpor of somnolence.

"You fainted, or fell asleep, mistress," he said quietly.

"Yes, I remember, in the gorge."

"It was impossible to stop there, so I rode on. But here in this shepherd's hut we may find shelter."

And, turning the horses, he would have led them to the door, but the animals held back, then stood stock still. Striding to the hut, the jester stepped in; but quickly sprang to one side, and as he did so some creature shot out of the door and disappeared in the gloom.

"A wolf!" exclaimed the plaisant.

Entering the hut once more, he struck a light. In a corner lay furze and firewood, and from this store he drew, heaping the combustible material on the hearth until a cheering blaze fairly illumined the worn and dilapidated interior. Near the fireplace were a pot and kettle, whose rusted appearance bespoke long disuse, but a trencher and porridge spoon on a stool near by seemed waiting the coming of the master. A couch of straw had been the lonely shepherd's bed and later the lodgment of his enemy, the wolf.

"Here you may rest, Jacqueline, without fear of being disturbed again this night," he said.

She sank wearily upon the straw, then gave him her hand gratefully. Her face looked rosy in the reflection from the hearth. A comforting sense of warmth crept over her as she lay in front of the blaze. Her eyes were languorous with the luxury of the heat after a chilling ride. Drawing the cloak to her chin, she smiled faintly. Was it at his solicitude? He noticed how her hair swept from the saddle pillowing her head to the earth, and, sitting there on the stool, wondering perhaps at its abundance, or half dreaming, he forgot he yet held her hand. Gently she withdrew it, and he started.

"Why did you not tell me it was not a discussion with the scamp student?" she asked. "Why did you let me imagine that you"— Her eyes said the rest. "You should not have permitted me to—to think it," she reiterated.

He was silent. She closed her eyes, but in a moment her lashes uplifted.

"And I should not have thought it," she said.

"Jacqueline!" he cried, starting up.

She did not answer—indeed, seemed sleeping—her face turned from him.

Through the open doorway a streak of red in the east heralded the coming glory of the morn. "Peep, peep," twittered a bird on the roof of the hovel. From the poplar it was answered by a more melodious phrase, a song of welcome to the radiant dawn. A moment the jester listened, his head raised to the growing splendor of the heaven, then threw himself on the earthen floor of the hut and was at once overcome with sleep.

(To be continued).

An Improvement on Nature.

Nature gives us fruit to keep us healthy. But fruit can't bring back health after we lose it. It take something more effective than fresh fruit to cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases.

Fruit-a-tives

Fruit-a-tives Tablets are fruit juices in tablet form. We improve on nature by our secret process. But, we so change the medicinal action of the fruit, that "Fruit-a-tives" are rendered effective enough to cure Constipation, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Indigestion and Sick Kidneys.

If you want to be rid of these troubles, ask your druggist for a box of "Fruit-a-tives." They never fail. 50c. a box.

FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

Contracted Bad Cold. Doctor Said, Serious!

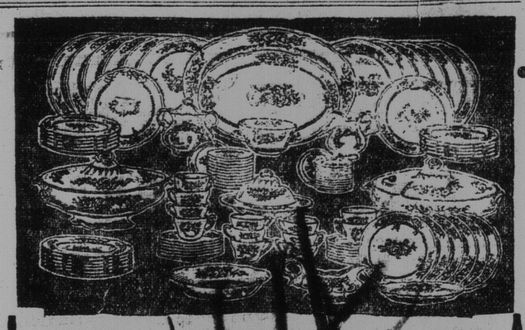
Wanted To Send Him Three Hundred Miles To The Winnipeg Hospital.

Bottle and a Half of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Cured.

Read what Mrs. A. G. Wheeler, Wassewa, Man., has to say about it:—"Please let me thank you for the great good that both my husband and my children have received from Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. One night when my husband came home from work he had contracted a very bad cold. He became so bad that he had to go to bed and send for the doctor. When the doctor came he pronounced it a very serious case, and wanted me to send him to the Winnipeg Hospital. This, I would not do as it is about 300 miles to Winnipeg. I decided to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and got four bottles of it. He only took one-and-a-half bottles before he was all right again and only lost a few days' work. I always keep it in the house for the children. Even the baby, seven months old, takes it and seems to like it, and as for myself I do not know what I would do without it. I think that every good housekeeper should keep a bottle on hand, for I know it will save many a doctor bill."

Price 25 cents. Put up in a yellow wrapper and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes.

THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.



FREE HANDSOME 97-PIECE DINNER AND TEA SET FREE

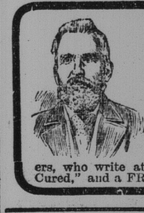
$1,000 Reward we do not mean what we say. This is a chance of a lifetime. An honest proposition. We will give away free, 10 dozen sets, beautifully decorated in blue, brown, green or pink, exquisite design, full size for family use, to quickly introduce Dr. Armour's Vegetable Pills, the famous Remedy for Constipation, Indigestion, Unhealthy Blood, Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, to stimulate the appetite, regulate the bowels and beautify the complexion. We will make you a present of a complete 97-piece set, exactly as we claim, or double our money. Take advantage of this if you want to get a handsome set of dishes absolutely Free.

ALL WE ASK YOU TO SELL IS 10 BOXES AT 25c. A BOX

of Dr. Armour's Famous Vegetable Pills according to our plan, every one who buys a box of Pills from you is entitled to a handsome present from us. You can sell them quickly. Don't miss this Grand Opportunity. Write us to-day and agree to sell the 10 boxes and return the money, $2.50 to us. We trust you with the Pills till sold.

We are bound to introduce Dr. Armour's Famous Vegetable Pills no matter what it costs us. When we say we will give away these handsome sets of dishes we will do it. We arrange to pay all charges on the dishes to your nearest station. Don't miss this great opportunity. Write to us at once.

Remember our dishes are beautifully decorated and are boxed, packed and shipped free of charge. Address THE DR. ARMOUR MEDICINE CO., DEPT. 378 TORONTO, ONT.



RUPTURE CAN BE CURED

at home WITHOUT Pain, Danger or Time From Work by the WONDERFUL DISCOVERY of an eminent Toronto Specialist. Mr. Jno. Bowes, Colebrook, Carleton County, New Brunswick, writes: The portrait here appears, was cured by the great Discoverer, the Rupture Specialist, Dr. W. S. Rice, 2½ East Queen St. (Block 5), Toronto, Ont. To all Ruptured sufferers, who write at once, Dr. Rice will send FREE, his BOOK, "Can Rupture be Cured," and a FREE TRIAL of his DISCOVERY. Do not wait, write to-day.

Did the Blight Spoil Your Potatoes Last Year?

The Spramotor

will for $10 per acre, protect the coming season's crop from BLIGHT, BUGS and ROT, and increase the yield over one-half. The machine illustrated will spray 20 acres a day, 4 rows at a time, above and below, by driving the horse between the rows. All the work is done by the horse. The machine can be worked by hand for stationary work, such as large trees, whitewashing, etc., kill the wild mustard plant, and greatly increase the yield of grain. Write for Booklet "B;" it's free.

SPRAMOTOR CO.

68-79 King St. LONDON, Can. 107-109 Erie St. BUFFALO, N.Y.

Agents Wanted

KINGS COUNTY S. S. CONVENTIONS

Sussex, Jan. 24.—A series of parish Sabbath school conventions have been arranged by the Kings county S. S. executive for the following places:

Havelock, at Havelock, Jan 31st, 2.30 and 7.30 p. m.

Cardwell, at South Branch Feb. 2nd, 2.30 and 7.30.

Waterford, at Waterford Feb. 3rd, 2.30 and 7.30.

Sussex, at Markhamville Feb. 6, 2.30 and 7.30 p. m.

Hammond, at Clover Hill, Feb. 7th, 2.30 and 7.30.

Upham, at Salina (Kirk), Feb. 8th, 2.30 and 7.30.

Norton, at Norton, Feb. 13th, 2.30 and 7.30 p. m.

Rothesay, at Rothesay, Feb. 14th, 9 a. m. 2.30 p. m.

Sussex, Feb. 15, 2.30 and 7.30.

Rev. B. H. Nobles will accompany the provincial secretary, Rev. J. B. Ganong, at Havelock and Markhamville. Rev. J. B. Gough, at Waterford and Church Hill. Rev. W. Camp at South Branch and Norton. Rev. Frank Baird at Salina and Rothesay.

At Sussex a rally of all the pastors and workers. Sunday school workers in their different parishes are most cordially solicited to attend the meetings, so far as possible, and seek to interest others also. It is expected that the localities where the conventions are held will arrange and provide suitable music for the sessions.

Havelock News.

Havelock, Jan. 23—There was a sharp wind this morning with about three inches of snow, and the Havelock train did not leave her moorings. The mail and passengers were driven out by W. C. Thorne.

Chas. A. Steeves, of Steeves Settlement, is smiling today. His first born, a boy, arrived Saturday.

J. D. Seely, councillor for Havelock, left today to attend the county council at Hampton, which meets tomorrow.

Mrs. McKnight, widow of W. C. McKnight, is somewhat indisposed at present by an attack of nervousness, occasioned by recent news from Hampton. Her father is still with her and will remain through the winter.

Dr. F. Keith, of Kingston, Kings county, returned home today after a short visit to his old home here.

Rev. Mr. Howard had a large audience yesterday both morning and evening. Rev. Mr. Bell occupied the Methodist pulpit in the afternoon.

Miss Jennie P. Alward left this morning to take charge of the school at Great Salmon River, St. John county.

Mr. Wm. H. Kent is quite poorly.

Charles Simpson is paying Havelock a short visit at present.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Killano, of Wheaton Settlement, returned last week after a lengthy visit at Boston, and other cities. On their way home they visited Mrs. Killano's brother, Dr. B. N. Keith, of Harvey, York county.

Dr. M. F. Keith, of Moncton, visited this place last week.

Chatham News.

Chatham, Jan. 24—The funeral of Mrs. Ellen Fleiger, whose death occurred on Saturday, after a lingering illness, was held Monday afternoon and was largely attended. The service was conducted by Rev. W. W. Rainnie and Rev. D. Henderson and the singing was led by St. Andrew's choir. The pall-bearers were John Sinclair, Robert Loggie, James Loggie, George McFarlane, Michael Keoughan and S. V. McCulley. The interment was in the Riverside cemetery.

Mrs. Jane Wilson, wife of the late James Wilson, died at her home Saturday after a long illness. She was 75 years old and had lived in Chatham nearly 50 years. One son, Thomas, survives. The funeral took place today, the service being conducted by Rev. Archdeacon Forsythe.

J. Freneau, of Caraquet, was ordained deacon in the pro-cathedral on Sunday by Bishop Barry.

Mayor Murdock has called a meeting of the men of the town for Wednesday evening to consider the best method of dealing with the evils resulting from the excessive use of intoxicating drink in the community.

County Court Chambers.

The case of H. S. Wallace vs. Louisa McHugh came up Tuesday. It is a summons for the examination of the defendant under the Insolvent Debtors' Act. On motion of Dr. Silas Alward, for the defendant, the hearing was adjourned until next Tuesday; E. R. Chapman for the plaintiff.

An absolute debtor's warrant was secured by E. R. Chapman, for Keith & Co., of this city and Havelock, Kings county, for the seizure of a farm of Chas. G. Cusack, at Havelock.

Lowell (Mass.) papers announce the marriage of Henry F. Linehan, son of Hon. John C. Linehan, to Miss Louise E. Stevenson, daughter of Mrs. Frances Stevenson, of Haverhill, a native of New Brunswick.

We Offer $1,000

For a Disease Germ That Liquozone Can't Kill.

On every bottle of Liquozone we offer $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. We do this to assure you that Liquozone does kill germs.

And it is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. It is this fact which gives Liquozone its worth to humanity; a worth so great that, after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, we paid $100,000 for the American rights. And we have spent over one million dollars, in one year, to buy the first bottle and give it free to each sick one who would try it.

Acts Like Oxygen.

Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there any alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is an absolutely certain germicide. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

Liquozone goes into the stomach, into the bowels and into the blood, to go wherever the blood goes. No germ can escape it and none can resist it. The results are inevitable, for a germ disease must end when the germs are killed. The Liquozone, acting as a wonderful tonic, quickly restores a condition of perfect health. Diseases which have resisted medicine for years yield at once to Liquozone, and it cures diseases which medicine never cures. Half the people you meet—wherever you are—can tell you of cures that were made by Liquozone.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Asthma, Abscess—Anæmia, Bronchitis, Blood Poison, Brights Disease, Bowel Troubles, Coughs—Colds, Consumption, Colic—Croup, Constipation, Catarrh—Cancer, Dysentery—Diarrhœa, Dandruff—Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Hay Fever—Influenza, Kidney Diseases, La Grippe, Leucorrhœa, Liver Troubles, Malaria—Neuralgia, Stomach Troubles, Throat Troubles, Eczema—Erysipelas, Fevers—Gall Stones, Goitre—Gout, Gonorrhœa—Gleet, Tetter—Boils, Tumors—Ulcers, Varicocele, Women's Diseases.

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammations, catarrhal and contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please, accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and $1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to The Liquozone Company, 558-564 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is.....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

.....

.....

2 3

B A .....

Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.