

SIMPLE METHOD TO REMEDY RHEUMATISM

DOES NOT INTERFERE IF TREATMENT IS PROPERLY FOLLOWED

Persons contend that there is no remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, neuralgia, Lumbago, Neuritis, or kindred diseases, but don't be deceived. Draw your own conclusions from the proof submitted. Two years ago, William Nesbitt, John St., Toronto, Ontario, was afflicted with Rheumatism. Mr. Nesbitt's years of age at the time and the worst. After trying many remedies and prescriptions without relief he took a friend's advice and Templeton's Rheumatic Compound. Result—today Mr. Nesbitt says, "I haven't lost a day's work since nor Rheumatism any more." Nesbitt gives the entire credit for his recovery to T.R.C.S. Profit by his success. Try them.

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of the young red Martians. The cry of warning had been in saving my life.

Several seconds before the the opposite side of the led my slowly returning a realization of the port, and then of a sudden he fact that they were the Tharks in what was desperate struggle with savage men.

of encouragement I threw against the secret door, but I have essayed the downy cliffs themselves. The wishfully for the secret of panel, but my search was I was about to raise my against the sullen girl, the woman prisoner called

sword, oh, mighty was still need it more when some purpose. Shaded senseless metal which the lightest finger to no knows its secret? the secret of it then?

me and I will give the other horror chamber. The keys to my feet the first dead of you why would you return over other form of death have loosed within that

friend fights there red, as I hastily sought keys upon the carcass of this creature. Many keys upon the fair Martian man that which struck the red on Page 7)

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monyhan's Letter Published by Her Permission.

Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, some days I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to get around and do all my household work. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONYHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

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 Trains leave Watford Station as follows:
 GOING WEST
 Accommodation, 75 8 44 a.m.
 Chicago Express, 13 1 15 p.m.
 Accommodation, 6 44 p.m.
 GOING EAST
 Accommodation, 80 7 38 a.m.
 New York Express, 6 11 15 a.m.
 New York Express, 18 2 47 p.m.
 Accommodation, 112 4 56 p.m.
 C. Veil Avert Watford—
 SOLDIERS' DAY, WATFORD, AUG. 20. Reserve the date.

(Continued from Page 6.)

great lock at her waist, and freed, she hurried toward the secret panel. Again she sought out a key upon the ring. This time a slender, needle-like affair which she inserted in an almost invisible hole in the wall. Instantly the door swung upon its pivot and the contiguous section of the floor, upon which I was standing, carried me with it into the chamber where Tars Tarkas fought.

The great Thark stood with his back against an angle of the walls, while facing him in a semicircle half a dozen huge monsters crouched waiting for an opening. Their blood-streaked heads and shoulders testified to the cause of their wariness as well as to the swordsmanship of the green warrior whose glossy hide bore the same mute but eloquent witness to the ferocity of the attacks that he had so far withstood.

As he saw me enter a smile touched those grim lips of his, but whether the smile signified relief or merely amusement at the sight of my own bloody and disheveled condition I do not know. As I was about to spring into the conflict with my sharp long sword I felt a gentle hand upon my shoulder and, turning, found to my surprise that the young woman had followed me into the chamber.

"Wait," she whispered, "leave them to me," and, pushing past me, she advanced upon the snarling banths. When quite close to them she spoke a single Martian word in low but peremptory tones. Like lightning the great beasts wheeled before her, and I looked to see her torn to pieces before I could reach her side, but instead the creatures slunk to her feet like puppets that expected a merited whipping. Again she spoke to them, but in tones so low I could not catch the words, and then she started toward the opposite side of the chamber with the six mighty monsters trailing at heel.

One by one she sent them through the secret panel into the room beyond, and when the last had passed from the chamber where we stood in wide-eyed amazement she turned and smiled at us and then passed through herself, leaving us alone.

CHAPTER VI
Thuvia.

FOR a moment neither of us spoke. Then Tars Tarkas said: "I heard the fighting beyond the partition through which you passed, but I did not fear for you, John Carter, until I heard the report of a revolver shot. I knew that there lived no man upon all Barsoom who could face you with naked steel and live, but the shot stripped the last vestige of hope from me, since you I knew to be without firearms. Tell me of it." I did as he bade, and then together we sought the secret panel through which I had just entered the apartment—the one at the opposite end of the room from that through which the girl had led her savage companions.

To our disappointment the panel eluded our every effort to negotiate its secret lock. We felt that once beyond it we might look with some little hope for success for a passage to the outside world. The fact that the prisoners within were securely chained led us to believe that surely there must be an avenue of escape from the terrible creatures which inhabited this unspeakable place. Again and again we turned from one door to another, from the baffling golden panel at one end of the chamber to its mate at the other, equally baffling.

When we had about given up all hope one of the panels turned silently toward us, and the young woman who had led away the banths stood once more beside us. "Who are you," she asked, "and what is your mission that you have the temerity to attempt to escape from the valley Dor and the death you have chosen?"

"I have chosen no death, maiden," I replied. "I am not of Barsoom, nor have I taken yet the voluntary pilgrimage upon the river Iss. My friend here is Jeddak of all the Tharks, and though he has not yet expressed a desire to return to the living world, I am taking him with me from the living life that hath lured him to this frightful place. "I am of another world. I am John Carter, prince of the house of Tardos Mors, Jeddak of Helium. Perchance some faint rumor of me may have leaked within the confines of your hellish abode."

She smiled. "Yes," she replied; "naught that passes in the world we have left is unknown here. I have heard of you, many years ago. The Therns have oft-times wondered whether you have flown since you had neither taken the pilgrimage nor could be found upon the face of Barsoom."

"Tell me," I said, "and who are you and why a prisoner, yet with power over the ferocious beasts of the place that denotes familiarity and authority far beyond that which might be expected of a prisoner or a slave?" "Slave I am," she answered, "for fifteen years a slave in this terrible place, and now that they have tired of

me and become weary of the power which my knowledge of their ways has given me I am but recently condemned to die the death." She shuddered. "What death?" I asked. "The holy Therns eat human flesh," she answered me, "but only that which has died beneath the sucking lips of a Thern."



I Looked to See Her Torn to Pieces.

plant man—flesh from which the defiling blood of life has been drawn. And to this cruel end I have been condemned. It was to be within a few hours had your advent not caused an interruption of their plans."

"Was it then holy Therns who felt the weight of John Carter's hand?" I asked. "Oh, no; those whom you laid low are lesser Therns, but of the same cruel and hateful race. The holy Therns abide upon the outer slopes of these grim hills, facing the broad world, from which they harvest their victims and their spoils.

"Labyrinthine passages connect these caves with the luxurious palaces of the holy Therns, and through them pass upon their many duties the tesser Therns and hordes of slaves and prisoners and fierce beasts—the grim inhabitants of this sunless world. "There are within this vast network of winding passages and countless chambers men, women and beasts, who, born within its dim and grewsome underworld, have never seen the light of day—nor ever shall.

"They are kept to do the bidding of the race of Therns; to furnish at once their sport and their sustenance. "Now and again some hapless pilgrim, drifting out upon the silent sea from the cold Iss, escapes the plant men and the great white apes that guard the temple of Issus and falls into the remorseless clutches of the Therns, or, as was my misfortune, is coveted by the holy Therns who chance to be upon watch in the balcony above the river where it issues from the bowels of the mountains through the cliffs of gold to empty into the lost sea of Korus.

"All who reach the valley Dor are, by custom, the rightful prey of the plant men and the apes, while their arms and ornaments become the portion of the Therns, but if one escapes the terrible denizens of the valley for even a few hours the Therns may claim such a one as their own. "And again the holy Thern on watch, should he see a victim he covets, often tramples upon the rights of the unreasoning brutes of the valley and takes his prize by foul means if he cannot gain it by fair.

"It is said that occasionally some deluded victim of Barsoomian superstition will so far escape the clutches of the countless enemies that beset his path from the moment that he emerges from the subterranean passage through which the Iss flows for a thousand miles before it enters the Valley Dor as to reach the very walls of the temple of Issus. But what fate awaits one there not even the holy Therns may guess, for who has passed within those gilded walls never has returned to unfold the mysteries they have held since the beginning of time.

"The temple of Issus is to the Therns what the valley Dor is imagined by the peoples of the outer world to be to them. It is the ultimate haven of peace, refuge and happiness to which they pass after this life and wherein an eternity of eternities is spent amid the delights of the flesh which appeal most strongly to this race of mental giants and moral pygmies."

"The temple of Issus is, I take it, a heaven within a heaven," I said. "Let us hope that there it will be meted to the Therns as they have meted it here unto others."

"Who knows?" the girl murmured. "The Therns, I judge from what you have said, are no less mortal than we, and yet have I always heard them spoken of with the utmost awe and reverence by the people of Barsoom as one might speak of the gods themselves." "The Therns are mortal," she replied. "They die from the same causes as you or I might—those who do not live the

allotted span of life, 1,000 years. By the authority of custom at that time they may take their way in happiness through the long tunnel that leads to Issus. "Those who die before are supposed to spend the balance of their allotted time in the image of a plant man, and it is for this reason that the plant men are held sacred by the Therns, since they believe that each of these hideous creatures was formerly a Thern."

"And should a plant man die?" I asked. "Should he die before the expiration of the thousand years from the birth of the Thern, whose immortality abides within him, then the soul passes into a great white ape. Should the ape die short of the exact hour that terminates the thousand years the soul is forever lost and passes for all eternity into the carcass of the slimy and fearsome sllan, whose wriggling thousands seethe in the silent sea beneath the hurdling mounds when the sun has gone and strange shapes walk through the valley Dor."

"We sent several holy Therns to the sllans today, then," said Tars Tarkas, laughing. "And so will your death be the more terrible when it comes," said the maiden. "And come it will. You cannot escape."

"One has escaped, centuries ago," I reminded her, "and what has been done may be done again." "It is useless even to try," she answered hopelessly. "But try we shall," I cried, "and shall go with us if you wish."

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"To be put to death by mine own people and render my memory a disgrace to my family and my nation? At prince of the house of Tardos Mors should know better than to suggest such a thing."

Tars Tarkas listened in silence, but I could feel his eyes riveted upon me, and I knew that he awaited my answer as one might listen to the reading of his sentence by the foreman of a jury.

What I advised the girl to do would seal our fate as well, since, if I bowed to the inevitable decree of age old superstition, we must all remain and meet our fate in some horrible form within this awful abode of horror and cruelty.

"We have the right to escape if we can," I answered. "Our own moral senses will not be offended if we succeed, for we know that the fabled life of love and peace in the blessed valley of Dor is a rank and wicked deception. "We know that the valley is not sacred. We know that the holy Therns are not holy; that they are a race of cruel and heartless mortals, no more cognizant of the real life to come than we.

"Not only is it our right to bend every effort to escape; it is a solemn duty from which we should not shrink, even though we knew that we should be reviled and tortured by our own peoples when we returned to them. "Only thus may we carry the truth to those without, and, though the likelihood of our narrative being believed is remote, we would be craven cowards were we to shrink the plain duty which confronts us.

"Again there is a chance that with the weight of the testimony of several of us the truth of our statements may be accepted and at least a compromise effected which will result in the dispatching of an expedition of investigation to this hideous mockery of heaven."

(Continued in our next issue.)
Fall Fair Dates—1919
 Strathroy—Sept. 15, 16, 17.
 Petrolia—Sept. 18, 19, 20.
 Sarnia—Sept. 22, 23, 24.
 Wyoming—Sept. 25, 26.
 Wilkesport—Sept. 25, 26.
 Glencoe—Sept. 25, 26.
 Bridgton—Sept. 29, 30.
 Forest—Oct. 1, 2.
 Florence—Oct. 2, 3.
 Alivinston—Oct. 7, 8.
 WATFORD—Oct. 9, 10.

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