

### "Was Fading Away"

A Young Woman—Scarcely Thirty—Seemed to Be Dying on Her Feet.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cured

"I think it should be the duty of the schools to teach children how to keep well," writes Miss Nannie E. Naydon, a well-known and highly esteemed resident of Bristol. "Ignorance of the laws of health and the use of improper remedies destroyed my vigor, and led me to the verge of invalidism. I was as a girl ruddy and strong. Nothing seemed to affect me until I was about thirty. Then gas began to form in the stomach. I suffered with bloating and a general failure in strength set in. If I went upstairs my breath hurt. My system was very irregular, and until I grew pretty bad I didn't pay much heed to my condition. Then I got blue, worried all the time, wakened in the night, and couldn't get to sleep again. None of the medicine I took helped me. One day I was reading of a very interesting case like mine cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I took the same treatment. It was just right—didn't physic me to death, but took hold of the weak, sick parts of my system, and set things right. It seems as if Dr. Hamilton's Pills have made me young again, and all my color, spirits, vigor, and health of former days have returned to stay."

Every girl and woman should use Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly. They help a woman in many ways. Beware of the dealer who asks you to take an inferior pill on which his profit is larger than on Dr. Hamilton's. Sold in yellow boxes, 25c per box, all dealers, or The Catarhazone, Co., Kingston, Ont.

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Daily World	4 00
Mail and Empire	4 00
Morning London Free Press	4 00
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### At Four O'Clock

Story of a Narrow Escape  
By CLARISSA MACKIE

Jaros Wostokow stared sullenly at young Mattland as the paymaster shoved his pay envelope through the little grated window.

"You dock me that day I lose?" he growled threateningly.

"It's the rule of the company, you know, Jaros," he said patiently. "If it's worth a day's pay to you to get drunk it's your own fault. Take my advice and leave the run alone. Then you'll get full pay. Move along and give the other chaps a chance."

Jaros stung a backward glance of hate toward the paymaster and the cashier as he went out, and he saw something in that brief glance that caused a light to flicker into his dull gray eyes.

The men had all received their pay, and the paymaster and the cashier were alone. Mattland was gazing down at the girl with an unmistakable look in his eyes, and the girl, Miss Lane, was blushing consciously.

Jaros Wostokow turned away satisfied, and the paymaster, with a look upon his face which Jaros could not read, turned toward the corner of the street beyond the Fleck foundry, she was approached by a fearful young girl, who inquired the way to the nearest hospital dispensary.

"My mother—she is suddenly ill. She is dying just beyond here. I know not what to do!" she wailed in a voice with a foreign accent.

Edith looked at her quickly. She was young and pretty and evidently poor. The neighborhood was one inhabited by many of the foreigners who worked at the foundry.

"Take me to your mother," she said hastily. "Perhaps I can revive her while you run for a doctor. There must be a drug store near by. The druggist will direct you to a doctor."

At 10 o'clock that same evening Dick Mattland received a telephone message from Edith's home.

"Have you seen Edith?" asked Mrs. Lane anxiously. "She hasn't been home since noon."

"Not since noon? Why, she left the office at 5 o'clock, as usual—said she was going out to play cards this evening. What can have happened?" Dick was anxious.

"I'll call up all of her girl friends and see if she has stopped anywhere, but it is unlike Edith to do anything like that. She is so thoughtful."

"Call me the instant you get a word from her," said Dick. "I'll wait here till you phone again."

He hung up the receiver and paced the floor with a worried frown creasing his forehead.

What had become of Edith Lane? Had she met with an accident on her way home and was lying dead or dying and quite unknown in one of the city hospitals? He would inquire of each one.

He leaped to the telephone again, for it was ringing madly. A girl's voice came to his ear, strained and rather frightened, but he forgot the tones in the words that came over the wire.

"Come, come to me. I am in great trouble, in danger—No. 8 Vroon street. Come at once. Help!"

It was Edith calling to him for help! He dashed into his outer garments, paused to notify Mrs. Lane of the discovery and that he was on the way to Edith, and then he was down in the street jumping into a taxicab.

Vroon street was miles away, the driver told him, on the outskirts of the city, and it would take a half hour to get there at a fast clip.

"Get me there in twenty minutes and

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exactly meet the need which so often arises in every family for a medicine to open up and regulate the bowels. Not only are they effective in all cases of Constipation, but they help greatly in breaking up a Cold or La Grippe by cleaning out the system and purifying the blood. In the same way they relieve or cure Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headaches, Rheumatism and other common ailments. In the fullest sense of the words Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are

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Everybody now admits Zam-Buk best for these. Let it give YOU ease and comfort.

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you'll not regret it!" snapped Dick, and the man earned the money.

Vroon street was a pit of blackness, lighted by a solitary lamp post halfway down its length. There was a dark bulk of frame tenements against the sky with long spaces of vacant lots between.

The cab stopped before a small detached cottage standing in the midst of a large empty lot, and Dick bade him wait, but the man refused.

"I've got another fare waiting for me," he protested and pocketed the money Dick paid him. "There's a car line three blocks east of here. You can walk that easily."

The machine moved away, and Dick felt in his pocket for his revolver. It was there. He approached the cottage with a sinking heart.

It was dark and gloomy, but somebody within the house had been watching for him, for the door opened inward, and as he passed through something soft and thick was tossed over his head, tied tightly about his neck, and he was grasped in strong arms and his hands and feet bound, and he was tossed in the corner of a room on to bare boards.

Footsteps crossed the room heavily and left the house, and the front door was locked, and some person left the premises.

A great silence fell upon the cottage. The bag which was tied tightly over Dick's face acted as a gag until he worked his jaws sufficiently to free himself. Then his lips parted stiffly, and he called Edith's name once, twice, three times.

"Is that you, Dick?" came her hysterical voice at his elbow. "How did you get here?"

"You phoned for me to come, didn't you?" he asked.

"No; I haven't had a chance! I've been abducted, Dick, and you must be too, for you are all tied up, and that dreadful thing is there!" She began to sob.

Dick's strong teeth tore at the bag until he made a hole in it. Little by little he worked until his eyes appeared at the aperture he had made. What he saw caused him to sink back almost fainting.

A small kerosene lamp was placed on a kitchen chair and threw a feeble light around the bare, dirty room. Near him, leaning against the wall, was Edith Lane, still wearing her street attire, but looking white and distraught with a great fear. Her ankles and wrists were tied securely, but her face was free. She was staring wildly at something on the floor not three feet distant from them.

There was something cylindrical in shape, and attached to it by wires was an ordinary nickel alarm clock ticking away in the most resolute manner. The hands pointed to past 11 o'clock.

"Tell me everything you know about the matter, dear," commanded Dick as he recognized that they were to be the victims of a dynamite plot and whenever that clock's hands reached the fateful point there would be the end of the world for them.

Edith told him in a voice that she vainly tried to steady of the girl who had lured her to a tenement building under plea of a dying mother and how when the tenement had been reached she had been bound and gagged and made to wait until darkness came when she was taken blindfolded in a carriage to this cottage.

A man and a girl, both foreigners had arranged the time clock that operated the deadly machine, and they had told her that at 4 o'clock in the morning she and her lover would be in eternity. Then the girl had gone forth for awhile and returned to say that Dick was on his way.

"Then it was not you who telephoned to me?" demanded Dick.

"No; I haven't had the opportunity." "It must have been some one who knew me—who knew us both. Did you recognize either of them?"

"No; they were masked. Of course I could guess that the girl was the one who had lured me, but the man I did not know, only it seemed as though one of his hands was familiar—a bird scar like a cross on the back of the right hand. It was a workman's rough hand."

"You saw it at the paymaster's wicket, dear," said Dick quietly. "Jaros Wostokow has a scar like that. He's been sore on me for a long time, but I can't see why he wants to include you in his devilish scheme of revenge."

"As a lure to bring you, Dick."

"He said the thing would go off at 4

o'clock?" asked Dick.

"Yes. What can we do? I can't stir hand or foot."

"If he said 4 o'clock it was to delude us with the belief that we had plenty of time to free ourselves. It's probably set for midnight." Dick's teeth gritted at the bag that partly enveloped his head. After a few minutes of frantic effort his head was thrust through, and then, rolling over on his side, he worked his way along the few feet of space that separated him from the clock. When he was near enough to study the alarm dial on the face he saw that he was right. It was set for 12 o'clock, and it was now fifteen minutes before midnight.

How he reached the lamp Dick never knew. It required heroic effort to brace himself against the chair without knocking it over. He held his bound wrists above the flame in the chimney and did not wince as his flesh scorched. After an eternity of waiting the heavy cord that bound his wrists charred through and broke away under the strain of his muscles.

"The rest is easy!" he called cheerily to the girl. He found his pocket-knife, cut himself free from the bag and the cords at his feet and hastened to release his sweetheart. For an instant they stood in thankful appreciation of their deliverance from death; then they prepared to leave.

"There isn't time to put this thing out of business and save our lives, too," explained Dick hastily. "To tell the truth, I don't know just what to do, and there's danger of killing us both if I meddle with it. I'll take a look around and see if the house is empty. If there's no other living being here we'll have to cut out and run. It's a good thing the cottage stands alone. The explosion won't harm much else except the building."

The house proved to be entirely empty. In fact, there were "To Let" cards in the windows. Dick extinguished the lamp, led Edith to the door, and in a moment they were hastening down the street toward the car line.

Their car was bouncing down the avenue at good pace when a clock struck midnight. Almost at the same instant there came from the direction of Vroon street a muffled roar.

Dick's hand closed tightly on that of his sweetheart. It was the working out of Jaros Wostokow's revenge, and by God's grace they had been saved from death.

Jaros never went back to the foundry to work. When the police sought him he and his daughter had disappeared, and later it was learned that they had returned to their old home in Russia.

Met Him Halfway.

"I am so glad I have met you, as I have two favors to ask of you."

"What are they?"

"I want you to lend me \$10 and not to say a word about it to any one."

"Two favors at once, man! That's too much of a good thing. One of them—yes. I won't breathe a word of this to a living soul."

The Conditions Different.

Husband (with newspaper)—When I'm at home you're forever hammering at that piano or else your tongue is running like a trip hammer. It wasn't so before we were married.

Wife—No, it wasn't. Before we were married you held my hands so I couldn't play and kept my lips so busy that I couldn't talk.

A Question of Judgment.

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other: "No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."

"No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the state."

Striking an Average.

"Why didn't you get a younger turkey?" demanded the husband.

"I told the dealer I was rather green," faltered the young wife, "so he advised me to take an old, experienced bird."

The British Brutes!

Mr. Bacon—I see that more than 57,000 motor vehicles have been registered in London.

Mrs. Bacon—Of course! They'll let the motor vehicles vote, but won't let the woman!

Exposed.

Six-year-old Nellie saw her father run to the assistance of a drunken man who had fallen in passing their door.

"Papa, papa! Come back!" she cried. "You'll ketch drunk!"

Suspicious.

Bank President—What's the matter? Bank Vice President—I was just thinking. I sat next to our cashier in church yesterday, and I don't quit's like the way he sings "Will They Miss Me When I'm Gone?"

Succumbed to Pressure.

"He used to be a straight enough young chap. What made him get crooked?"

"Trying to make both ends meet, I believe."

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