

CURES BILIOUSNESS PREVENTS BRIGHT'S DISEASE

The Certified Statement of One Who Has Proven the Efficiency of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. Colin M. Kiel, Craighurst, Simcoe county, Ontario, writes: "My mother and I have both used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with great satisfaction. We find that there is nothing to equal them as a prompt cure for torpid liver, biliousness and indigestion. Some years ago my mother came near to death from kidney trouble, and has to be careful in preventing Bright's disease. By using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills occasionally she keeps the kidneys healthy and active. Another point favorable to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills is that they do not gripe and yet accomplish good results. You are at liberty to use my letter."

This statement is endorsed by Mr. Marmaduke Caston, Justice of the Peace, who writes: "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Mr. Colin M. Kiel and believe his statement regarding Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to be true and correct."

A GIFT OF A SOUL

He took his place on the high chair, shuffled the cards, and when they were cut, began the game. Davidoff withdrew slowly from the group of which he formed a part and advanced toward Jacques. As he did so he examined the latter attentively. When he was close beside him he took his outstretched hand in his rather like a physician than a friend. He felt his pulse, and shaking his head, said: "You are feverish, Jacques; the life you are leading is bad for you."

These words of warning, uttered by the doctor, broke the spell which had held the young man. He no longer saw in Davidoff the mysterious personage, possessor of the secret by means of which life had been restored to his exhausted body, but a man like other men. He recovered his self-possession and said gaily: "It would be bad for anybody. Yet as you see, it does not affect me as greatly. But it is excessively warm here. Shall we go out into the air?"

He took his overcoat, and linking his arm through Davidoff's they went out on the terrace. The night was a lovely one. The sky sparkled with stars. The waves died away noiselessly on the beach. To the north the lights of Havre shone in the distance. A profound calm reigned around. The two men walked for a few moments without speaking, turning over in their minds the events in which they had taken a part, and which bound them so strongly together. They had a thousand questions to ask each other. But the fear of saying too much made them hesitate about asking them. Jacques was the first to speak.

"You have just arrived in Trouville?" he asked the doctor, with affected indifference. "The yacht of Count Woreffsch, whose guest I am," answered the doctor, "arrived in port about five this afternoon. We dined at the 'Rochees Noires.' As the Count was tired, he remained on board, and Patrizzi and I came here to the Casino, where I knew we should find you."

"Ah, you have been hearing about me, then?" "That you have been here for the last three weeks with Clemece Villa, that you play heavily, but with persistent ill-luck, and that your health is good—that is what I have been hearing about you."

Jacques frowned. "And you have heard the truth," he said. "Is this, then, the use you make of your recovered health?" asked the doctor, gently. "Oh, you know, I do not wish to pose as a moralist or a preacher! You know that if I speak thus it is because I take a friendly interest in you. Clemece Villa? This is the woman whose train I found you. And it is for her you play so desperately. Come, my dear friend, are you sure you are in your senses?"

"I am sure I am madly in love with her!" returned Jacques, in a stifled voice. "But I am not sure that it is in my power to avoid being so."

He fixed a troubled glance upon the doctor. "I must not give myself time for reflection," he resumed, "for if I did I should easily arrive at the conviction that my existence was fraught with danger to others and to myself. No, no, I must not reflect. And the life you reproach me with leading is the only one that I can endure."

"But you are not strong enough to stand it," said Davidoff; "it will kill you."

Jacques laughed nervously. "Do you think so?" he said. "Does it depend upon me? Am I not pushed on by a sort of fatality?"

"Take care," said the doctor, with severity. "This way of reasoning, which would relieve you from a personal responsibility in your actions, might serve as an excuse for a great many errors. You feared you were going to die and you are still alive—this is what is certain. Do not attribute this to any supernatural cause. You are cured of the malady from which you suffered. Are you the first to be cured of an apparently fatal disease? It was I who attended you; give me the credit of your cure, and do not put any faith in Pythagorean fancies that would make a child laugh."

"Did you laugh at them that night

at Monte Carlo when you told us that story?" "Eh! did I say I believed in what I was telling you? After an excellent dinner spiritualism was brought on the tapis, and the transmigration of souls discussed in all its bearings. I took my part in the discussion, but if you wish to know my real opinion in the matter, I am a materialist. Consequently I cannot admit that a body is animated by an element of which I do not acknowledge the existence."

"How then was I saved from death?" asked Jacques, with a trembling voice. "You were saved because the disease you were suffering from took a favorable turn and the abscess in your right lung was healed, thanks to the treatment you followed, aided by the salutary influence of the climate. What do you see miraculous in that? Every year cures equally wonderful occur, without their subjects suffering on that account any mysterious disturbances of mind."

They had stopped at the edge of the water, which gleamed in the moon's rays like silver. Jacques was silent for a moment; then, as if he wished to cast off a weight that was pressing the life out of him, he said: "And Pierre Laurier?" "Pierre Laurier had lost his senses," responded Davidoff in a grave voice, "and you know what made him lose them. Jacques, I wish I could restore you to yourself, and show you how fatal is the life you are leading and what is the true character of the woman for whom you sacrifice everything."

"Be silent!" cried Jacques with violence. "I cannot permit you to speak of her in this way before me."

"On the night of Laurier's disappearance," continued the Russian physician, "he it was, not I, who launched out in abuse of Clemece. He cursed her. Yet he returned to her. Come, Jacques, be reasonable for an instant, and see things as they are. What I said to Pierre on that fatal night, standing on the seashore, as we are standing now, under a starry sky and on a night like this, I repeat to you. He answered me that it was no use that he had not the strength to follow my advice. He left me, and I never saw him again. But at least he was alone in the world. You have a mother, a sister—think of them. Do you wish to make them wretched?"

"I make them wretched already, Davidoff," answered Jacques, with anguish. "I cause them many anxieties, many cares, many torments. They are very unhappy, and through my fault. Oh, I know how culpable I am, and I am all the more so because they are so gentle and resigned. You have not seen my sister since your return. It will frighten you to see how feeble and dejected she is. None of the doctors have been able to discover the cause of her malady. But my mother and I know what it is. For, too, they have guessed it. The wound from which she is suffering, and which will finally kill her, is in the heart. She loved Pierre Laurier, and she cannot be consoled for his death. She confessed it to me before we returned to Paris. And I, wretch that I am, received the avowal of her hopeless passion with distrust, almost with hatred. It seemed to me as if she reproached me with the death of him she mourned, and I turned away with irritation from the poor child, instead of consoling her and mingling my tears with hers. I felt the life of Laurier flow in my veins; he had bequeathed it to me; it belonged to me. I had passed so recently through the anguish of sickness, I was so impressed with the horror of death, that I think I would have committed murder in defence of the life so miraculously saved. And I threw myself like a madman into a life of pleasure to silence my reason, to make my conscience dumb. But I am a coward—yes, a coward. And the life I lead is the proof of it. Davidoff, if I had but the power to recall Laurier to life! It would be the salvation of poor Juliette—who knows, perhaps mine also. Yes, if I saw Laurier alive, I should recover confidence in my own strength, and I should cease to believe in the supernatural aid which, whatever you may think, has sustained me up to the present. I should then have the proof that I could live as others live. Or if not, the slender flame of life would be

extinguished, and then I should enjoy rest, tranquility, oblivion. Ah, it would be delightful! For I am weary of it all—yes, weary!" Jacques heaved a sigh, and his head sank upon his breast. A sudden rain through him, and his forehead was bathed in perspiration. The Russian observed him with compassionate attention.

"You are ill, Jacques," he said. "The sea breeze is chilly; you must not stay here."

"What does it matter?" answered the young man with indifference. "Neither the cold nor the heat can affect me. I feel a great relief at having told you what you have just heard. I am a poor creature, and for a long time past I have been the victim of evil influences, which I do not know how to overcome."

"Very well, then, if you are aware of your fault do not persist in it. You told me a moment since that your mother is unhappy and your sister ill on your account. Let us leave this place to-morrow, and return to Paris. Let us go to them. You will console your mother and I will take care of your sister. Your presence will do them both good—not to speak of the benefit you yourself will derive from your visit. After your act of confession, make an act of reparation! Are you a man, and do you wish to behave like a man?"

Jacques seemed disturbed by the plainness of the doctor's proposition. His features were contracted. The sole thought of leaving Clemece agitated him, afraid as he was of the way in which she should spend her time during his absence.

"Is it then necessary that we should go to-morrow?" he said. "Can we not defer our departure for a few days? I want time to get ready." "Not!" replied Davidoff, brusquely. "If we put it off you will not go. To-morrow, or I will never again speak to you, or recognize you as a friend."

As the young man still hesitated—"Why do you hesitate?" he asked. "Are you not a free agent, or must you ask permission to go away? Has it come to that? That would be worse than I had supposed."

"You are mistaken," cried Jacques, "and I will give you the proof of it. Till to-morrow, then, the sleepless nights, the engagement they had just made. The stopping of the carriage drew them from their reflections. They were now on the quay before the harbor. A hundred yards away, fastened by a cable to the land, the beautiful white yacht lay at anchor. The doctor alighted from the carriage, and once more pressing Jacques' hand in his, as if to give him strength, said: "Courage! Good-night. I will call for you in the morning—it is on my way."

"No, no," said Jacques quickly. "Spare yourself the trouble; we will meet at the station."

"Be it so—an hour, then, before the train starts we will dine together at the buffet."

They separated, and the carriage drove off in the direction of Deauville. The doctor, crossing to the yacht, sprang on board. Toward nine o'clock in the morning Davidoff was awakened from his sleep by a hand laid upon his shoulder. He opened his eyes: Count Woreffsch stood before him. Through the porthole of the cabin could be seen the blue sky, and the rays of the sun, reflected from the undulating surface of the water, played capriciously on the maplewood partition.

"You have slept soundly this morning," said the Russian nobleman with a smile. "This is the second time I have tried to waken you."

"What is the matter, my dear Count? Is any one ill on board?" cried the doctor.

"Happily, no. I only wanted to know what your plans for the day were, before giving my orders. I have a fancy



to go to Cherbourg. Would you like to go?" "Excuse me, my dear Count," answered the doctor, "but I am going to Paris for a few days, if you have no objection to interpose."

"None whatever. Please yourself. But you see how right I was in speaking to you. What would you have said if we were out at sea when you awoke?"

"You do not know how serious the consequences might have been if such a thing had happened," answered Davidoff.

"Well, get up. When I have set you on shore I shall put out to sea, and on your return here you will find me in the same place. But what takes you to Paris, where it is so warm, when it is so delightfully cool here?"

"A love-affair," responded the doctor, seriously. "A poor young man whom I am trying to separate from a coquette, who—"

"Say at once a woman," interrupted the Count; "that will be shorter and express the same thing. My dear fellow, trust a man who has been made frightfully unhappy by them, there is only one system to adopt with women—that which the Orientals have adopted—slavery pure and simple. Tell your friend this from me."

"To tell it to him is easy enough; the difficulty is to make him believe it. He has indeed arrived at your system of slavery, only it is he who is the slave!"

"Poor devil!" Good luck to you, then, Davidoff. The Count lit a cigarette, pressed his friend's hand and left the cabin. An hour later the yacht was steaming out to sea.

On reaching the railway station the doctor found it vacant. The train was not to leave for some time yet. He went into the waiting-room; there was no one there. In the dining-room the woman at the desk was yawning over yesterday's paper. A commercial traveler, his box of samples on the floor beside him, was taking an appetizer. Davidoff went out and walked slowly in the sunshine, looking around to see if Jacques were coming. At the end of twenty minutes he grew impatient, and walked in the direction of Clemece's house at Deauville. As he went on he thought to himself: "What does this delay mean? Has he given up the thought of accompanying me? What new idea has taken possession of him? Yet he appeared to be in earnest yesterday. But he has seen that accursed woman again, and all his good resolutions have vanished. Who knows? Perhaps he has told her of our interview, making a merit of his treachery. In the state of impatience in which he is, anything is possible."

The doctor, thus soliloquizing, had now reached the house. He raised his eyes to the windows. They were wide open. In the courtyard a groom was washing a victoria, rapidly turning round the wheels, whose wet sparkled in the sunlight. "I must know, in any case, what to count upon," he said. And he deliberately mounted the steps leading to the terrace and entered the hall.

A servant came toward him. "M. Jacques de Vignes?" the doctor asked.

"M. de Vignes is not here," answered the servant. "Is he expected to return?" "I do not know."

"Is Mme. Villa at home?" "Madame is in the conservatory." "Give her this card and ask her if she will receive me."

The servant withdrew. The doctor took a few steps in the hall, letting his gaze dwell absently on the furniture of sculptured oak, the jardinières filled with flowers, the vase, plaques, fastened to the walls, and the large Chinese porcelain jar filled with parasols of different colors and with canes of different kinds of woods. "Clemece may give me a useful hint," he was saying to himself. "I am going to hear the lion in his den. Bah! I am not afraid of her. She devours only those who are willing to be her prey."

A portiere was drawn aside and the servant reappeared. "If Monsieur will follow me—" he said.

They crossed a drawing-room and a boudoir, and stopped before a glass door that led into the conservatory. The servant stepped aside to allow Davidoff to pass. Along a little path, bordered with lycopods, which wound among palm trees, dates, and acacias, Clemece, dressed in a rose-colored foulard silk, fastened around the waist by a girde of chased silver set with garnets, a little watering-pot in her hand advanced smilingly to meet him.

"Good-day, doctor," she said. "What happy chance brings you here?" With a gracious gesture she showed him her hand, blackened with earth, and continued gaily: "I am the physician of the flowers. I was just holding a consultation respecting these plants."

"Are they doing well?" "Not so badly, thanks." She showed him her watering-pot. "I have just been giving them some tisane," she added. "But to what am I indebted for the pleasure of your visit?"

"May I not have come simply to see you?" She looked at him coldly. "You are very amiable. I am obliged for your politeness, but I know you. You are not a lady's man. If you come to see me it is because you have some serious reason for it."

"Well, then, I have a reason. I had an appointment with Jacques this morning, which he failed to keep. I feared he might be ill."

"Ah!" interrupted Clemece, with a thoughtful air. She went toward a little bridge on which were an iron table and some chairs and seating herself, said: "Ill! He is so indeed!"

And tapping her forehead with her finger, "Ill here, especially," she added. As Davidoff remained silent, curious to learn the secret of this friendship which he deemed perilous to Jacques, she resumed: "Be continued."

DEVELOPEMENT OF TORPEDOES

One of the curious complications of the armament industry for profit is the existence of Whitehead torpedo factories in both Britain and Austria. Fifty years ago an English engineer named Whitehead held the position of manager to an engineering firm in Fiume, Austria. The torpedo idea came to Whitehead through some experiments carried on by a captain Lupulus of the Austrian navy. The Austrian officer's crude efforts inspired the English engineer, and after a long period of experiment and secret construction Whitehead invented what is probably now the most destructive weapon used in naval warfare.

Within recent years the range and efficiency of the torpedo has been developed enormously. The submarine boat has, of course, contributed very largely to the scope of torpedo warfare. But the increased efficiency of the torpedo itself is largely due to the introduction of the gyroscope, and during the last year or so the introduction of superheated air under very high pressure as the propelling medium for the torpedo.

On the eve of the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war in 1904 a flotilla of Japanese torpedo boats ran into Port Arthur, under cover of darkness, and in a few minutes practically reduced the Russian fleet to impotence by a surprise torpedo attack.

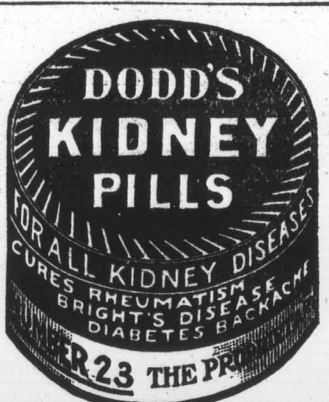
Since 1904 the range of the torpedo has grown from 1,000 yards to 10,000 yards. Ten years ago it had an experimental range of 3,000 yards, but it could not be relied upon to keep to the straight and narrow path leading to destruction. When launched from the torpedo tube it might suddenly decide to veer away on a curved path instead of heading straight for the target.

Every torpedo has a history sheet, with a record of its trial runs and performances entered up from birth. Until the coming of the gyroscope nearly every one had some peculiar little failing. One torpedo would perhaps run a straight course and behave itself well until after trial. Then for some unaccountable reason it would develop a tendency to turn to the right before it had travelled many yards from the ship. Another would have a falling for trying to execute a circular manoeuvre against all rules. A third might develop a reputation for stubbornly taking a rest occasionally in the middle of a trial spin. It would be sentenced to a period of detention in the naval home for refractory torpedoes. Specialists would take it in hand and give it a thorough overhauling and toning up, and on promising to behave better in future it would be allowed once more to take a sea voyage; perhaps part of the torpedo armament of a destroyer, or ever of a cruiser or battleship where the launching tubes are submerged away below the water level.

But the torpedo could not be said to live up to the British naval standard of reliability until a few years ago, when an Austrian inventor gave it the wonderful little controlling instrument, the gyroscope and servomotor. The gyroscope is like an officer in command inside the torpedo. Any undue tendency to sheer off the direct path is now promptly checked. The faithful gyroscope, spinning at an enormous velocity, will resist any turning to the right or left by the torpedo, and it will call upon the servomotor to help it. The servomotor does the work similar to a steam steering gear on a big ship. Responding instantly to the upright demand of the gyroscope, it will put the torpedo's helm over and bring it back until the equilibrium of the gyroscope is restored.

After the torpedo established a real reputation of good conduct, naval authorities endowed it liberally for further development. Not only has the range been increased many fold since the Russo-Japanese war, but the latest Whitehead is bigger in girth and much increased in speed. The 18-inch Mark IV, Whitehead of 1904 had a range of 1,000 yards at a speed of 30 knots, and it carried an explosive charge of 171 pounds of gun cotton in a warlike head. Now the latest British torpedo is 21 inches in diameter. It can keep up a 30-knot pace for 10,000 yards and plant about 330 pounds of gun cotton in the side of the enemy. For a shorter spin (and the radius of torpedo action will rarely be more than 3,000 yards), it can possibly speed at nearly a mile a minute.

The air chamber for storing the motive power of the torpedo is now charged with heated air at a pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch, in place of 1,350 pounds pressure of cool air in the earlier type. By heating the compressed air the pressure is kept nearer constant; as the supply is consumed by the propelling engines the heated air tends to expand and thus maintain the pressure longer. The next problem in torpedo development is to reduce the length somewhere below the present twenty-five feet, to cut the narrow beam of submarine boats. Another problem is how to preserve peace without the present method of Austrian and British Whitehead factories preparing for war at a profit.



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Every anemic girl can be made well and strong through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Advertisement for The Imperial Oil Company, featuring an illustration of a woman at a stove and text describing the 'NEW PERFECTION Oil Cookstove' and 'ROYALITE OIL'.