



The Tenderfoot

It was one of those tenderfoot cowboys who had just landed on his cow and fed her a good feed. The cow was fed. The questions of digestion and nutrition had not entered into his calculations. It's only a "tenderfoot" who would do such an experiment with a cow. But when a tenderfoot feeds himself regardless of digestion and nutrition, he might as well eat his fill for all the good he gets out of his food. The result is that the stomach grows "weak" the action of the organs of digestion and nutrition is interfered and the man suffers the miseries of dyspepsia and the agonies of nervousness.

To strengthen the stomach, restore the activity of the organs of digestion and nutrition and brace up the nerves, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is an unfailing remedy, and has the confidence of physicians as well as the praise of thousands healed by its use.

In the strictest sense "Golden Medical Discovery" is a temperance medicine. It contains neither narcotics nor narcotics, and is as free from alcohol as from opium, cocaine and other dangerous drugs. All ingredients printed on its outside wrapper.

Don't let a dealer delude you for his own profit. There is no medicine for stomach, liver and blood "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery."

The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR

M'UTCHEON

Copyright, 1908, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

(Continued)

at last. "Would you care to keep it? It is of no value to me."

"Thanks! I will keep it."

"I've changed my mind," she said inconsequently, stuffing the fabric in her gauntlet. "You have something else in that pocketbook that I should very much like to possess."

"It can't be that Bank of England—"

"No, no! You wrapped it in a bit of paper last week and placed it there for safe keeping."

"You mean the bullet?"

"Yes. I should like it to show to my friends, you know, when I tell them how near you were to being shot."

Without a word he gave her the bullet, which had dropped at his feet on that first day at the chateau.

"Thank you. Oh, isn't it a horrid thing! Just to think, it might have struck you!" She shuddered.

He was about to answer in his de-lirium when a sharp turn in the road brought them in view of the chateau.

Not a hundred yards ahead of them two persons were riding slowly, untended, very much occupied in themselves. Their backs were turned toward Chase and the princess, but it was an easy matter to recognize them.

The glance which shot from the princess to Chase found a peculiar smile disappearing from his lips.

"I know what you are thinking," she cried impulsively. "You are wrong—very wrong, Mr. Chase. Lady Deppingham is a born coquette—a born trifle. It is ridiculous to think that she can be seriously engaged in a—"

"Isn't that, princess, he interrupted, a dark look in his eyes. "I was merely wondering whether dear little Mrs. Browne is as happy as she might be."

Genevra was silent for a moment.

"I had not thought of that," she said softly.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BURNING OF THE BUNGALOW.

HE went in and had tiffin with them in the hanging garden. Deppingham was surly and preoccupied. Drusilla Browne was unusually vivacious. At best she was not volatile; her greatest accomplishment lay in the ability to appreciate what others had to say.

Her husband, aside from a natural anxiety, was the same blithe optimist as ever. He showed no sign of restraint, no evidence of compunction. Chase found himself secretly speculating on the state of affairs. Were the two heirs working out a preconceived plan, or were they, after all, playing with the fires of spring?

Immediately after tiffin Genevra carried Lady Deppingham off to her room. When they came forth for a proposed stroll in the grounds Lady Agnes was looking very meek and fearful, while the princess had about her the air of one who has conquered by gentleness.

"It has been so appallingly dull, Genevra, don't you understand? That's why. Besides, it isn't necessary for her to be so horrid about it. She's—"

"She isn't horrid about it, dear. She's most self-sacrificing."

"Rubbish! She talks about the Puritans and all that sort of thing. I know what she means. But there's no use talking about it. I'll do as you say—command, I mean. I'll try to be a prude. Heaven alone knows what a real prude is. I don't. All this tommy-talk about Bobby and we wouldn't exist if that wretched Chase man had been a little more affable. He never noticed us until you came. N. wife to snoop after him and—why, a dear, he would have been ideal."

"It's all very nice, yes, but you forget your husband," said Genevra, with a tolerant smile.

"Genevra," said Lady Agnes solemnly, "if I had been a barren island after him and—why, a dear, he would have been ideal."

"He isn't horrid about it, dear. She's most self-sacrificing."

"Rubbish! She talks about the Puritans and all that sort of thing. I know what she means. But there's no use talking about it. I'll do as you say—command, I mean. I'll try to be a prude. Heaven alone knows what a real prude is. I don't. All this tommy-talk about Bobby and we wouldn't exist if that wretched Chase man had been a little more affable. He never noticed us until you came. N. wife to snoop after him and—why, a dear, he would have been ideal."

"It's all very nice, yes, but you forget your husband," said Genevra, with a tolerant smile.

"Genevra," said Lady Agnes solemnly, "if I had been a barren island after him and—why, a dear, he would have been ideal."

"He isn't horrid about it, dear. She's most self-sacrificing."

"Rubbish! She talks about the Puritans and all that sort of thing. I know what she means. But there's no use talking about it. I'll do as you say—command, I mean. I'll try to be a prude. Heaven alone knows what a real prude is. I don't. All this tommy-talk about Bobby and we wouldn't exist if that wretched Chase man had been a little more affable. He never noticed us until you came. N. wife to snoop after him and—why, a dear, he would have been ideal."

"It's all very nice, yes, but you forget your husband," said Genevra, with a tolerant smile.

"Genevra," said Lady Agnes solemnly, "if I had been a barren island after him and—why, a dear, he would have been ideal."

"He isn't horrid about it, dear. She's most self-sacrificing."

"Rubbish! She talks about the Puritans and all that sort of thing. I know what she means. But there's no use talking about it. I'll do as you say—command, I mean. I'll try to be a prude. Heaven alone knows what a real prude is. I don't. All this tommy-talk about Bobby and we wouldn't exist if that wretched Chase man had been a little more affable. He never noticed us until you came. N. wife to snoop after him and—why, a dear, he would have been ideal."

"It's all very nice, yes, but you forget your husband," said Genevra, with a tolerant smile.

"Genevra," said Lady Agnes solemnly, "if I had been a barren island after him and—why, a dear, he would have been ideal."

"He isn't horrid about it, dear. She's most self-sacrificing."

"Rubbish! She talks about the Puritans and all that sort of thing. I know what she means. But there's no use talking about it. I'll do as you say—command, I mean. I'll try to be a prude. Heaven alone knows what a real prude is. I don't. All this tommy-talk about Bobby and we wouldn't exist if that wretched Chase man had been a little more affable. He never noticed us until you came. N. wife to snoop after him and—why, a dear, he would have been ideal."

"It's all very nice, yes, but you forget your husband," said Genevra, with a tolerant smile.

"Genevra," said Lady Agnes solemnly, "if I had been a barren island after him and—why, a dear, he would have been ideal."

"He isn't horrid about it, dear. She's most self-sacrificing."

"Rubbish! She talks about the Puritans and all that sort of thing. I know what she means. But there's no use talking about it. I'll do as you say—command, I mean. I'll try to be a prude. Heaven alone knows what a real prude is. I don't. All this tommy-talk about Bobby and we wouldn't exist if that wretched Chase man had been a little more affable. He never noticed us until you came. N. wife to snoop after him and—why, a dear, he would have been ideal."

the sunsets you would not be so hard on me. I wouldn't take Drusilla's husband away from her for the world. I wouldn't even look at him if he were not on the barren island too. I've read novels in which a man and woman have been wrecked on a desert island and lived there for months, even years, in an atmosphere of righteousness. My dear, those novelists are nineties. Nobody could be so good as all that without getting wings. I'm tired of men and angels. That's why I want you for awhile. You've got no wings, Genevra, but it's of no consequence, as you have no one to fly away from."

"Or to, you might add," laughed Genevra.

"That's very American. You've been talking to Miss Pelham. She's always adding things. By the way, Mr. Chase sees quite a lot of her. She types for him. I fancy she's trying to choose between him and Mr. Saunders. If you were she, dear, which would you choose?"

"Saunders," said Genevra promptly. "But if I were myself I'd choose Mr. Chase."

"Speaking of angels, he must have wings a yard long. He has been chosen by an entire harem, and he flies from them as if pursued by the devil. I imagine, however, that he'd be rather dangerous if his wings were to get out of order unexpectedly. But he's nice, isn't he?"

The princess nodded her head tolerantly.

Her ladyship went on: "I don't want to walk, after all. Let us sit here in the corridor and count the prisms in the chandeliers. It's such fun. I've done it often. Mr. Britt has advanced a new theory. We are to include in double-barreled divorce proceedings. As soon as they are over Mr. Browne and I are to marry. Then we are to hurry up and get another divorce. Then we marry our own husband and wife all over again. Isn't it exciting? Only, of course, it isn't going to happen. It would be so frightfully improper—shocking, don't you know. You see, I should go on living with my divorced husband even after I was married to Bobby. I'd be obliged to do that in order to give Bobby grounds for a divorce as soon as the estate is settled. But Deppy has put his foot down hard. He says he has trouble enough getting me to marry him the first time. He won't go through it again. Of course it's utter nonsense!"

"A little nonsense now and then is"—began the princess and paused amiably.

"Is Mr. Chase to stay for lunch?" asked Lady Agnes irreverently.

"How should I know? I am not his hostess."

"Hoity toity! I've never known you to look like that before. A little dash of red sets your cheeks off!" But Genevra threw up her hands in despair and started toward the stairway, her chin tilted high. Lady Agnes, laughing softly, followed. "It's too bad she's down to marry that horrid little brute!" she said to herself, with a sudden wistful glance at the proud, vibrant, lovable creature ahead.

"She deserves a better fate than that," Genevra waited for her at the head of the stairway.

"Agnes, I'd like you to promise that you will keep your avian claws off Mrs. Browne's husband," she said seriously.

"I'll try, my dear," said Lady Agnes meekly.

When they reached the garden they found Deppingham smoking furiously and quite alone. Chase had left some time before to give warning to the English bank that trouble might be expected. The shadow of disappointment that flitted across Genevra's face was not observed by the others. Bobby Browne and his wife were off strolling in the lower end of the park.

"Poor old Deppy!" cried his wife. "I've made up my mind to be exceedingly nice to you for a whole day."

"I suppose I ought to beat you," he said slowly.

"Best me? Why, pray?"

"I received an anonymous letter this morning telling me of your goings on with Bobby Browne," said he easily.

She turned her gaze away from the blinking light in the hills, a queer, guilty smile on her lips.

Across the garden from where she was flaying herself bitterly Lady Deppingham's husband was saying in low, agitated tones to Bobby Browne's wife:

"Now, see here, Drusilla, I'm not saying that our—that is, Lady Deppingham and Bobby—are accountable for what has happened, but that doesn't make it any more pleasant. It's of little consequence who is trying to poison us, don't you know, and all that. They wouldn't do it, I'm sure, but somebody is! That's what I mean, d'ye see? Lady Dep?"

"I know my husband wouldn't—couldn't do such a thing, Lord Deppingham," came from Drusilla's still lips almost as a moan. She was very miserable.

"Of course not, my dear Drusilla," he protested nervously. Then suddenly, as his eye caught what he considered a suspicious movement of Bobby's hand as he played a card close to Lady Deppingham's fingers, "Dennie, I—I'd rather he wouldn't! But I beg your pardon, Drusilla! It's all perfectly innocent."

"Of course it's innocent!" whispered Drusilla fiercely.

"It's utter nonsense for us to suspect them of—Pray don't be so upset, Drusilla. It's all right."

"If you think I am worrying over your wife's harmless affair with my husband you are very much mistaken."

Deppingham was silent for a long time.

"I don't sleep at all these nights," he said at last miserably. She could not feel sorry for him. She could only feel for herself and her sleepless nights. "Drusilla, do-do you think they want to get rid of us? We're the obstacles, you know. We can't help it, but we are. Somebody put that pill in my tea today. It must have been a servant. It couldn't have been—er—"

"My husband, sir?"

"No, my wife. You know, Drusilla, she's not that sort. She has a horror of death and—"

"He stopped and wiped his brow pathetically.

"If the servants are trying to poison any of us, Lord Deppingham, it is reasonable to suspect that your wife and my husband are the ones they want to dispose of, not you and me. I don't believe it was poison you found in your tea, but if it was it was intended for one of the heirs."

"The sharp rattle of firearms in the distance brought a sudden stop to his lugubrious reflections. Five, a dozen, a score of shots were heard. The blood turned cold in the veins of every one in the garden; faces blanched suddenly, and all voices were hushed. A form of paralysis seized and held them for a full minute.

Then the voice of Britt broke below harshly upon the tense, still air: "Good God! Look! It is the bungalow!"

A bright glow lighted the dark mountain side; a vivid red painted the trees; the smell of burning wood came down with the breeze. Two or three sporadic shots were borne to the ears of those who looked toward the blazing bungalow.

"They've killed Chase!" burst from the stiff lips of Bobby Browne.

CHAPTER XVII

CHASE COMES FROM THE CLOUDS.

FOR many minutes the watchers in the chateau stared at the burning bungalow, fascinated, petrified. Through the mind of each man ran the sudden, sharp dread that Chase had met death at the hands of his enemies.

Genevra felt her heart turn cold. Then something seemed to clutch her by the throat and choke the breath out

of her body. Through her brain went whirling the recollection of his last words to her that afternoon, "They'll find me ready if they come for trouble." She wondered if he had been ready for them or if they had surprised him! She had heard the shots. Chase could not have fired them all. Was he now lying dead in that blazing—

She screamed aloud with the thought of it.

"Can't something be done?" she cried again and again, without taking her gaze from the doomed bungalow. She turned fiercely upon Bobby Browne,

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

said slowly. "Best me? Why, pray?"

"I received an anonymous letter this morning telling me of your goings on with Bobby Browne," said he easily.

She turned her gaze away from the blinking light in the hills, a queer, guilty smile on her lips.

Across the garden from where she was flaying herself bitterly Lady Deppingham's husband was saying in low, agitated tones to Bobby Browne's wife:

"Now, see here, Drusilla, I'm not saying that our—that is, Lady Deppingham and Bobby—are accountable for what has happened, but that doesn't make it any more pleasant. It's of little consequence who is trying to poison us, don't you know, and all that. They wouldn't do it, I'm sure, but somebody is! That's what I mean, d'ye see? Lady Dep?"

"I know my husband wouldn't—couldn't do such a thing, Lord Deppingham," came from Drusilla's still lips almost as a moan. She was very miserable.

"Of course not, my dear Drusilla," he protested nervously. Then suddenly, as his eye caught what he considered a suspicious movement of Bobby's hand as he played a card close to Lady Deppingham's fingers, "Dennie, I—I'd rather he wouldn't! But I beg your pardon, Drusilla! It's all perfectly innocent."

"Of course it's innocent!" whispered Drusilla fiercely.

"It's utter nonsense for us to suspect them of—Pray don't be so upset, Drusilla. It's all right."

"If you think I am worrying over your wife's harmless affair with my husband you are very much mistaken."

Deppingham was silent for a long time.

"I don't sleep at all these nights," he said at last miserably. She could not feel sorry for him. She could only feel for herself and her sleepless nights. "Drusilla, do-do you think they want to get rid of us? We're the obstacles, you know. We can't help it, but we are. Somebody put that pill in my tea today. It must have been a servant. It couldn't have been—er—"

"My husband, sir?"

"No, my wife. You know, Drusilla, she's not that sort. She has a horror of death and—"

"He stopped and wiped his brow pathetically.

"If the servants are trying to poison any of us, Lord Deppingham, it is reasonable to suspect that your wife and my husband are the ones they want to dispose of, not you and me. I don't believe it was poison you found in your tea, but if it was it was intended for one of the heirs."

"The sharp rattle of firearms in the distance brought a sudden stop to his lugubrious reflections. Five, a dozen, a score of shots were heard. The blood turned cold in the veins of every one in the garden; faces blanched suddenly, and all voices were hushed. A form of paralysis seized and held them for a full minute.

Then the voice of Britt broke below harshly upon the tense, still air: "Good God! Look! It is the bungalow!"

A bright glow lighted the dark mountain side; a vivid red painted the trees; the smell of burning wood came down with the breeze. Two or three sporadic shots were borne to the ears of those who looked toward the blazing bungalow.

"They've killed Chase!" burst from the stiff lips of Bobby Browne.

CHAPTER XVII

CHASE COMES FROM THE CLOUDS.

FOR many minutes the watchers in the chateau stared at the burning bungalow, fascinated, petrified. Through the mind of each man ran the sudden, sharp dread that Chase had met death at the hands of his enemies.

Genevra felt her heart turn cold. Then something seemed to clutch her by the throat and choke the breath out

of her body. Through her brain went whirling the recollection of his last words to her that afternoon, "They'll find me ready if they come for trouble." She wondered if he had been ready for them or if they had surprised him! She had heard the shots. Chase could not have fired them all. Was he now lying dead in that blazing—

She screamed aloud with the thought of it.

"Can't something be done?" she cried again and again, without taking her gaze from the doomed bungalow. She turned fiercely upon Bobby Browne,

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

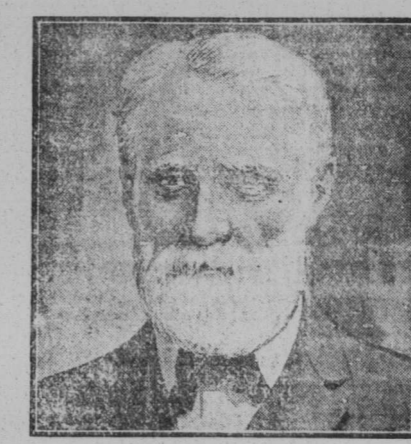
"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

"How dare you—"

Seventy Nine Years Young

"Fruit-a-tives" Keeps Health Perfect



WILLIAM PARSONS, Esq.

Obstinate Constipation, Paralysis of the Bowels and Stricture of the Bowels can never be cured by common purgatives, salts, senna, "liver pills" and oil have positively no action on the liver. They do not increase the secretion of bile, which nature provides to move the bowels. They merely irritate the membranes lining the intestines. One may as well try to cure a headache by pounding one's head against a stone wall, as to try to cure Constipation with common purgatives. "Fruit-a-tives" is the only true liver stimulant. "Fruit-a-tives" is fruit juices and nerve tonics, and will always restore the liver to its proper condition and cure the most obstinate cases of Constipation. See a box, 6 for \$2.00, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Public Building, Grand Falls, N. B.," will be received at this office until 4.00 P. M., on Wednesday, November 30, 1910, for the erection of a Public Building at Grand Falls, N. B. Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department, on application to Mr. D. H. Waterbury, Supt. of Public Buildings, Public Works Department, St. John, N. B., and at the Post Office at Grand Falls.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, November 4, 1910.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Nov. 8,