

The Ten

It was one of these caper. It all matter speciacles on his cow and ted her shar was that it didn't matter what the cow was fed. The questions of digestion and not entered into his calculations.

It's only a "tenderfoot" farmer the an experiment with a cow. But none a gardless of digestion and nutrition. He might be so all the good he gets out of his food. The result is "weak" the action of the organs of digestion and nutrition were man suffers the miseries of dyspepsia and the agons of the activity.

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The Man From

> By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

Brodney's

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(Continued)

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

"Twe 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?"

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, unat-tended, very much occupied in them-selves. 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 trifler. It is ridiculous to think that she can be seriously engaged in a"—
"It isn't that, princess," he interrupted, a dark look in his eyes. "I was

Genevra was silent for a moment.
"I had not thought of that," she said

merely wondering whether dear little Mrs. Browne is as happy as she might

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BURNING OF THE BUNGALOW. E went in and had tiffin with them in the hanging garden. Deppingham was surly and preoccupied. Drusilla Browne them in the hanging garden. Deppingham was surly and preoccupied. Drusilla Browne was unusually vivacious. At best she was not volatile; her greatest accom-

plishment lay in the ability to appre ciate what others had to say. Her husband, aside from a natural anxiety, was the same blithe optimist as ever. He showed no sign of re straint, 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 cared Lady Deppingham off to her room. When they came forth for a proposed stroll in the grounds Lady Agnes was looking very meek and tearful, 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"— "She isn't horrid about it, dear. She's most self sacrificing."

"Rubbish! She talks about the Puri tans 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 tommytot about Bobby and me wouldn't exist if that wretched Chase man had been a little more affable. He never noticed us until you came. No wife to snoop after him and-why, no dear, he would after him and-why, n have been ideal."

"t's all very nice ferret your husband with a telerant smit nes, but you said Genevra.

the sunsets you would not be so hard on me. I wouldn't take Drusilla's hus-band 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 have been wrecked on a desert island and lived there for months, even years, in an atmosphere of righteousness. My dear, those novelists are ninnies. Nobedy could be so good as all that without getting wings. Pm 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 Ge-

"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 "The whole household must be going" "The whole household must be going to the whole househo

Mr. Saunders," said Genevra mptly. "But if I were myself I'd ose 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

The princess nodded her head toler-

antly. "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 that 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 delighted when a sharp turn in the road wife all over again. Isn't it exciting? proper—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 through it again. Of course it's utter

"Is Mr. Chase to stay for lunch?" isked Lady Agnes irrelevantly. "How should I know? I am not his

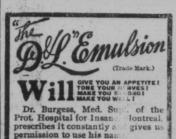
to look like that before. A little dash of red sets your cheeks off" — But Genevra threw up her hands in despair and started toward the stairway, her chin tilted high. Lady Agnes, laughing softly, followed. "It's too bad she's down to marry that horrid ittle Brabetz," she said to herself vith a sudden wistful glance at the roud, vibrant, lovable creature ahead. Genevra waited for her at the head

of the stairway.
"Agnes, I'd like you to promise that you will keep your avaricious 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 ex-pected. The shadow of disappointment that flitted across Genevra's face vas not observed by the others. by Browne and his wife were off strolling in the lower end of the park.
"Poor old Deppy!" cried his wife.

ingly nice to you for a whole day. 'I suppose I ought to beat you," he



DAVIS & LAWRENCE

said slowly.
"Beat me? Why, pray?"
"I received an amonymous letter this morning telling me of your goings on with Bobby Browne," said he easily.



A dark, saturnine face appeared.

"It was stuck under my door by Brom ley, who said that Miss Pelham gave it to her. Miss Pelham referred me to Mr. Britt, and Mr. Britt urged me to keep the letter for future reference.

mad," cried Genevra, with a laugh "Oh, if something only would hap-pen!" exclaimed her ladyship. "A riot, a massacre—anything! It all sounds like a farce to you, Genevra, but you

haven't been here for five months, as As they moved away from the vine covered nook in the garden a hand dangerous if his wings were to get out of order unexpectedly. But he's nice, parted the leaves in the balcony above, and the dark, saturnine face of a trusted servant appeared behind it. This secret espionage had been going on for Her ladyship went on: "I don't want to walk, after all. Let us sit here in was made or a word spoken by the white people that escaped the attention of the swarthy spy. And, curious-

ly enough, these spies were no longer reporting their discoveries to Hollings-worth Chase. The days passed. Hollingsworth Chase now realized that he no longer had authority over the natives. Rasuand took charge of the statements

from the bank. Every morning Chase rode boldly into the town, transacted what business he could, talked with the thoroughly disturbed bankers and then defiantly made his way to the chateau. He was in love with the princess— desperately in love. He understood perfectly—for he was a man of the his foot down hard. He says he had trouble enough getting me to marry him the first time. He won't go and she was not in a story book; she world and cosmopolitan-that nothing could come of it. She was a princess, could not marry him.

So far as Genevra was concerned, on "A little nonsense now and then is"—
began the princess and paused amiaoegan the princess and paused amiapassing of a few days, the killing of time, the pleasure of gentie conquest, and then-forgetfulness. All this he

court he so plainly paid to her in these last few days. It was bold, conscience-less, impertinent. She avoided him; she treated him to a short season of disdain; she did all in her power to rebuke his effrontery-and then in the end she decided to give him as good as he sent in this brief battle of folly. It mattered little who came off with the fewest scars, for in a fortnight or two they would go their separate ways no better, no worse, for the conflict. And, after all, it was very dull in these last days, and he was very attractive and very brave and very gallant and.

above all, very sensible.

They rode together in the park every morning, keeping well out of range of marksmen in the hills. Their conflict was with the eyes, the tone of the voice, the intervals of silence; no touch of the hand nothing except the strate gies of Eros

What did it matter if a few dea impulses, a few crippled ideals, a few blasted hopes, were left strewn upon the battleheld at the end of the fort night? What did anything matter s long as Prime Karl of Brabetz was

ward the end of the One nigh over the vulne able spot hauging garde blinked the he hateau He had was to be

months of She had plain ex She turned her gaze away from the

sine turned ner gaze away from the binking light in the hills, a queer, guilty smile on her lips. Across the garden from where she was flaying herself-bitterly Lady Dep-pingham's husband was saying in low.

agitated tones to Bobby Browne's wife
"Now, see here, Drusilia, 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 Dep
pingham," came from Drusilla's sti3
lips almost as a moan. She was very

"Of course not, my dear Drusilla," he protested nervously. Then sudden-ly, as his eye caught what he consid-ered a suspicious movement of Bob-by's hand as he placed a card close to Lady Deppingham's fingers: "Demme. I-I'd rather he wouldn't! But I be; your pardon, Drusilla: It's all perfect ly innocent." 'Of course it's innocent!" whispered

"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 mistak-

Deppingham was silent for a long

"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 en-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

sonable to suspect that your wife and my husband are the ones they want to dispose of, not you and me. I don't where it was poison you found in our tea, but if it was it was intended r one of the heirs." Well, there's some consolation in

t." said Deppy, smiling for the first

The sharp rattle of firearms in the istance brought a sudden stop to his score of shots were heard. The load turned cold in the veins of every ne in the garden; faces blanched sud-only, and all voices were bushed. A orm of paralysis seized and held them for a full minute.

Then the voice of Britt below broke

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 breezes. Two or three sporadic shots were borne to the ears of those who looked toward the blaz-

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

> CHAPTER XVII. CHASE COMES FROM THE CLOUDS

burning bungalow, fascinated, petrified. Through the mind of each man ran the sudden, sharp dread that Chase had met death at the hands

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



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called that he stood staring as she had stared, Lady Deppingham clasping his arm with both of her hands. The glance also took in the face of Deppingham. He was looking at his wife, and his eyes were wide and glassy, but not with terror. "It may not be too late!" again cried the princess. "There are enough of us here to make an ef-

are enough or us here to make an effort, no matter how futile. He may be alive and trapped up"—
"You're right!" shouted Browne.
"He's not the kind to go down with the first rush. We must go to him. We can get there in ten minutes. Britt! Where are the guns? Are you with us Dopplingham?"

with us, Deppingham?'
He did not wait for an answer, but dashed out of the garden and down the steps, calling to his wife to follow. "Stop!" shouted Deppingham. "We dare not leave this place! If they have turned against Chase, they are also ready for us. I'm not a coward, Browne. We're needed here, that's all. It's too late to help Chase. They've got him, poor devil! Everybody inside! Get to the guns if possible and cut off

the servants' quarters. We must not let them surprise us. Follow me!" There was wisdom in what he said, and Browne was not slow to see it clearly. With a single penetrating glance at Genevra's despairing face, he shook his head gloomily and turned to follow Deppingham, who was hur-rying off through the corridor with her ladyship.
"Come," he called, and the princess,

feeling Drusilla's hand grasping her arm, gave one helpless look at the fire and hastened to obey.

In the grand hallway they came upon Britt and Saunders, white faced and excited. The white servants were clattering down the stairways, filled with alarm, but there was not one of the native attendants in sight. This was ominous enough in itself. The sound of a violent struggle in the lower corridor came to their ears. Loud voices, blows, a single shot, the rushing of feet, the panting of men in fierce nbat-and then, even as the whites turned to retreat up the stairway, at crowd of men surged up the stairs from below, headed by Baillo, the major domo.

again and again. Bobby Browne and Deppingham were covering the retreat, prepared to fight to the end for their women although unarmed It was the American who first realized that Baillo was not heading an attack upon them. Baillo and a score of his men had refused to join the stablemen and gar-deners in the plot to assassinate the white people. As a last resort the con-spirators contrived to steal into the chateau, hoping to fall upon their vic-tims before Baillo could interpose. The major domo, however, with the wily sagacity of his race, anticipated the move. The two forces met in the south hall after the plotters had effected an entrance from the garden. The struggle was brief, for the con-spirators were outnumbered and sur-prised. They were even now lying below, bound and helpless, awaiting the disposition of their intended victims. "It is not because we love you, ex-cellencies," explained Balllo, with a sudden fierce look in his eyes, "but he-

cause Allah has willed that we should serve you faithfully. We are your dogs. Therefore we fight for you. It is a vile dog which bites its master."

Browne, with the readiness of the average American, again assumed command of the situation. He gave instructions that the prisoners, seven in number, be confined in the dungeon, temporarily at least.

"There will be no other attack on us.

"There will be no other attack on us tonight," said Browne, rejoining the women after his interview with Baillo. "It has missed fire for the present, but they will try to get at us sooner or later from the outside Britt, will you

be Continued)



Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tende, for Public Building, Grand Falls, N.B.," will be received at this office until 4.00 P. M., on Wednesday, Nov. ember 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 member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompaniep by an accepted cheque on a chartcreb ank, payable to the order of the Horourable 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 decine to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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

By order,

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