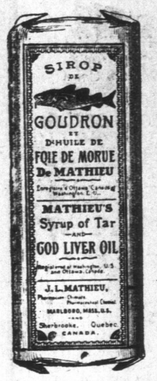
PERSISTENT COUGH.

Whereven soothing syrups fail to cure that persisting cough which exhaust you,

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and other medicinal extracts will rapidly and definitely rid you from it.

The merits of Mathieu's Syrup are highly recognized and endorsed. Here are a few proofs :—



WESTERN UNION TEL. CO.,
Church Point, N.S., May 9, 1908.
Blacking & Mercantile Coy., Ltd., Amherst, N.S.
Dear Sirs,—Rush one gross Mathieu's Syrup to Church Point Station.
LOUIS A. MELANSON.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., July 27, 1908.
Blacking & Mercantile Co., Ltd.,
Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 22nd inst. received re Mathieu's Syrup I have been using the article in my home for the last seven or eight years, and know of nothing better to use when one is subject to cough or cold. In fact, we would not be without it for twice its value. I have very much pleasure in recommending this article, and in selling it over the Island I have the same report from our customers.
CARVELL BROS.,
C. M. RITCHIE.

SYDNEY, C.B., July 20, 1908.
Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 22nd to hand asking for testimonial for Mathieu's Syrup. I have handled Mathieu's Syrup for one year, and find it one of the best sellers in a cough medicine that I have ever handled. I am ordering one Gross from your traveler to-day, as I sold the last bottle in stock yesterday.
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AGAINST HEADACHE there is no remedy so active as **Mathieu's Nervine Powders** which contain no opium, morphine or chloral. 25 cts. per box of 18 powders.

J. L. MATHIEU CO., Sherbrooke, Can.

THOS. McMURDO & Co., Wholesale Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

Tale of Mystery

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A GRIP OF DEATH.

When de Montalt lost his hold of Dessie her screams ceased and a rustling noise told him that she had moved. Instantly he stretched out his hands and groped rapidly in all directions; but he could feel nothing of her, and he sprang to his feet therefore and went to the door of the room lest she should try to escape.

Then he held his breath and listened again, but not a sound came to his ears. The time was slipping fast, and yet he seemed no nearer the object he had in view.

He resolved then on a more desperate plan. He must take the risk of getting some kind of light, and grapple with the girl. He shut the door of the room and thrust enough of the furniture against it to make it impossible for Dessie to escape, and then felt about for the gas bracket, but could not find it. He cursed his ill-luck. He had now indeed lost all self-control, and was like a madman in his baffled fury and anxiety to get the work done, while his mind was so inflamed against Dessie that he was to the full as eager to lay hands upon her as he was to find the jewels.

And at this moment fortune favored him.

Groping for the gas bracket his hand came suddenly upon the girl who was standing in a corner pressed against the wall and covered by one of the curtains of the bed.

"At last!" he cried as one hand seized her, while his other arm was flung round her, to prevent her using the revolver which he knew she held ready to shoot him down.

Cautiously he felt for the hand which held the pistol, and finding it he wrenched the weapon from her grasp and flung it away. Dessie meanwhile sending up cry after cry for help in loud piercing tones.

"Silence, you devil," he cried, forcing her two hands together and holding them in an iron grip, while with the other hand he tore down the curtains and half smothered her in it in order to stifle her cries.

Then he felt for his knife; and a loud imprecation burst from his lips when he discovered that it was gone; that he must have dropped it in the course of his crawling search on the floor.

"Will you give these jewels up?" he cried, between his teeth, emphasising his question with another oath; which was repeated when the girl made no answer.

He shook her violently, and then found she had fainted from terror.

There was nothing to fear now from getting a light, so clasping her tightly in one arm he struck a match and held it a moment over her face while he scanned it closely and savagely, and then glanced round for the gas bracket. He carried her to it her body all limp and placid, and her head lying helpless on his shoulder and lit the gas.

But the next moment he dropped the girl, who fell huddled up in a heap on the floor and turned to face Sir Edmund Landale, who burst open the door and came rushing impetuously into the room.

"What are you doing her?" cried the baronet in a loud voice.

"That is my affair," was the answer; while the Frenchman's hand went instantly to the pocket where lay his revolver.

Landale seeing the movement guessed its meaning, and without another word sprang upon the other man before he had time to draw his weapon.

A fierce and terrible struggle began, in which each man knew his life depended on the issue.

Sir Edmund Landale had not at first seen Dessie and believed that she had either been killed or escaped but just as he grappled with his antagonist, his eye fell upon her where she lay huddled together and motionless, and the sight filled him with fury and nerved him to strain every possible effort.

He thought she was dead, and that de Montalt had killed her; for reasons he could guess, as Dessie had told him some of the story; and the thought lent such strength and impetuosity to his attack that though he was a weaker man, he bore the other back, forced him to the ground and fastened his fingers on his throat.

With all his faults he loved the girl with all the strength and passion in his nature; and the belief that de Montalt had deliberately duped him to get him out of the house so that Dessie might be left at his mercy, and that he had broken in to wreck vengeance upon her in this cowardly way, acted like an intoxicating draught and made his frenzy as irresistable for the moment as it was ungovernable.

But de Montalt on his side had strength, and vastly greater skill as a fighter. In courage he was his assailant's equal, in wariness, his superior; and when the first fury of the baronet's furious onslaught had spent itself, the issue of the fight was as certain as anything could be. He let the baronet exert himself to the utmost and pour away prodigally the strength and breath that by and by, when the final tussle came, would probably cost him his life. The Frenchman did litle more than render his assailant's attack as little harmful as possible, while he gathered his energies for an effort with which he meant to decide the issue of the fray.

Gradually and quietly, and with absolute coolness, he guaged the limit of Landale's strength and power, and made ready to defeat him. Little by little he shifted his position until the man who was gripping his throat with hysterical and feverish vehemence was forced into a posture which rendered him liable to be hurled aside; and as soon as he had judged his distance and position, with the wariness of a practised wrestler, de Montalt got ready for the coup by which he meant to get the other at his mercy.

But before it came, an incident happened which affected both men, and had Landale had a weapon of any kind in his hand would probably have given him an immediate victory.

The fall and the subsequent noise of the fight roused Dessie from her swoon, and with a great effort she struggled up into a sitting posture She was dazed at the furious fight which she saw, and in confusion she followed her woman's instinct, and began to scream with all her power.

The sound once more nerved Landale to fresh efforts, for his weaker muscles were already beginning to tire, and gave such an irresistible impulse to his attack that, for the moment de Montalt was borne back again. It was only for the moment however, and the next instant, gathering his strength, he tore the Englishman's hands from his throat, and thrusting him violently over, he forced him onto his back, and kneeling on him, held down his head with one hand, and while with the other he drew out his revolver. He was mad with a merciless resolve to have the lives of both.

But the slight delay which her screams had caused had given Dessie time to gather her bewildered wits sufficiently to understand something of the terrible issue to herself should Landale be killed.

By a stroke of luck, the revolver which the Frenchman had torn from her grasp, and thrown away, lay close beside her, and seizing it now she struggled to her feet, and went close to where the two men were locked in the death struggle. She reached them just at the moment when de Montalt had drawn his own weapon. Another instant would have been too late.

But now, pointing her weapon with the muzzle almost touching the arm with which de Montalt was holding his revolver, she fired.

A shout of pain and rage told her that her shot had done its work. The revolver fell on the floor, and the man's arm dropped and hung by his side.

An oath followed the cry of pain and still full of fight, he released his hold on the baronet and turned to attack Dessie with his left hand. But the effort was a vain one. Landale saw his advantage and the girl's danger in a moment, and snatching up the revolver, which had fallen, he levelled it and fired.

The Frenchman fell with a groan and lay helpless and bleeding at the very feet of the girl whose life he had sought with such relentless intent.

"Are you hurt, Dessie?" asked Landale, gasping for breath after his fearful exertions.

"No, thank God; and you?"

"But for you, he would have killed us both."

"We had better get a doctor," replied Dessie, very practically.

"There is no one else in the house. Will you go, or shall I? There is one in the street, about ten doors to the right, on this side."

"I'll go. I could not bear to be alone with him."

"You will have to be careful what you tell the doctor."

"The truth is the best. The man attacked me in this room, broke in to rob the house, and then tried to murder me. There is no need to say why I was here. You came back in time and this happened."

When the doctor came, a brief examination showed him the extent of the mischief.

"He will die," was the verdict "There is internal hemorrhage. Nothing on earth can save him, but he may linger hours, and perhaps days. Shall he go to the hospital?"

"No, he can stop in the house," said Landale. "Send in nurses, and do what you can. I will have the place put in order."

The doctor was discretion itself; accepted what was told him, asked no questions except such as were necessary to enable him to judge of the "case," and went away to make preparations.

"What are you going to do, Dessie?" asked Sir Edmund, when the doctor had gone, and they were both collected and recovered from the effects of the fearful scene through which they had passed.

To be continued.

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A
Adams, John
Adams, Annie, card, Field Street
Adams, J., Queen's Road
Andrews, C. B., retd.
Ackerman, W. H., retd.

B
Barrett, Miss Annie, Pleasant Street
Brady, Mr.
Bassie, Mrs. Eddy, Cabot Street
Braithwaite, Miss Evelyn, care Gen'l Delivery
Barnes, Harvey
Bannister, Miss P., late Hospital
Ball, Albert, retd.
Brady, Michael, Gen'l Delivery
Best, Miss, retd.
Bennett, F. P., retd.
Beddlescombe, Mr., Allandale Rd.
Bennett, Herbert, care G. P. O.
Brien, Michael
Breene, M. J., retd.
Brown, Patrick, late Sound Island
Butler, E. J., Mt. Scio Rd.
Butt, Miss Margaret, Carter's Hill
Budden, Miss L., Gower St.
Butler, George, Long Pond Road
Brushett, Miss Teresa, New Gower Street
Bussey, Alfred, retd.
Burns, Master Wm.
Butt, N. H.
Butler, Azariah, card, Lion's Square

C
Clarke, Pricella, retd., late Carbonear
Cannings, W. F., care G P. O.
Cave, F., care Reid Nfld. Co.
Caldwell, W. T., Engineer
Callahan, George, Water St.
Clarke, Willis, care G. P. O.
Cash, A. B.
Carey, Bob, South Side, St. John's
Coughlan, Bernard, care Henry Blair
Caldwell, Miss Jennie
Costello, Fannie, Adelaide Street
Collins, Mrs., Military Rd.
Cotter, D., Nagle's Hill
Cole, Reuben, card
Carbery, Mrs. Georfige, retd
Cooper, Miss Mary Grace
Cooper, Edward, Scott St.
Cluney, Miss Aloysius, Middle Street
Cuddihy, Richard, St. John's

D
Downey, Miss K., card
Duffy, Thos., retd.
Dalton, Bridget, George's Street

E
Edgar, Joseph
Edney, Mrs. Lucy, card, Flower Hill

F
Farrance, P. H., care G. P. O
Frampton, John, care Jas. House, Bond Street
French, Miss Fannie, Cabot Street
Fitzgerald, Mrs. Fred., Central Street
Fisher, Miss L., retd., New Gower Street
Froud, Philip, care Nathaniel Froud
Foster, Miss N., card

G
Grant, Miss Alice, retd.
Greene, Miss Bride, card, care Gen'l Delivery

H
Hallett, Mrs. Thos., Bond Street
Harvey, John
Harding, Mary, New Gower Street
Hawcks, Miss Sarah, Middle Street
Hanlon, J.
Hanlon, Mrs. M., retd.
Herbert, A.
Heartery, Minnie, card, Gower Street
Heart, Miss L., care Mrs. Geo. Heat
House, Fred., retd.
Hollett, Miss E. J., card, Bond Street
Hutchings, Miss Minnie,
Hussey, N., card Hamilton Street

I
Isaacs, Alfred, late of Charlottetown

J
Jacobson, N., Bond St.
Janes, Thomas
Jackman, Mrs.
Johnson, Miss M., Moore Street
Jackson, Archibald, late Witless Bay
Janes, S., slip
Johnson, Miss B., care Mrs. Puppy, Theatre Hill

K
Kelly, Mrs. S., Pleasant Street
Kelly, John, care Gen'l Post Office
King, Miss May E.
Kirby, Charles, Water St.
King, Martha, retd.

L
Lainwood, George
Larder, A. C.

M
Martin, Agosto, care Gen'l P. Office
Mayer, Albert, care Mrs. has. Lester
Martin, Miss B., card, Middle Street
Martin, ——, care Gen'l Delivery
Martin, Nicholas, retd.
Marshall, H., ook's Hill
Mercer, Wm., Cornwall Avenue
Miller, Wm., Pleasant St.
Mills, Mrs. O.
Miller, Miss Ethel, Gilbert Street
Moore, Wm., Moore St.
Moyst, John, Mundy P. Road
Molloy, Mrs. Mary, retd.
Morgan, R.
Mullowney, Miss Annie, Waterford Bridge
Murphy, M. J.

Mc
McMartin, John, St. John's
McCormack, N., retd.
McKay, James, card, Prince's Street
McDonald, Florence

N
Noseworthy, Wm., Holloway Street
Noseworthy, Miss Alice, Prince's Street
Noseworthy, J., care Geo. Knowling

O
O'Neal, John, Water St. West
O'Brien, Maria, retd.
O'Brien, Maggie, Prescott Street
Oliver, Miss Mary, Spencer Street

P
Parsons, Frederick, retd.
Parsons, Miss L., Avenue —— 7
Pearce, Mrs. Robert
Padgett, Mrs. John
Pardy, Eli
Peckham, Thomas, Water Street
Pilley, Master George
Pippy, Alfred
Piercey, Miss Grace, Adelaide Street
Pynn, G. W.
Power, Miss Katie, Balsam Street
Power, Miss Lilian, card, Henry Street
Porter, M., Duckworth St.

R
Reid, Miss G.
Reardon, Robert, retd.
Rilles, John, 46 ——
Riley, H. C., retd., care Gen'l Delivery
Roache, Miss Margaret, care Miss Katie Roache
Rose, Monsieur Eugene
Rowsell, J. R.
Roberts, Geo., slip
Rowles, James, late of Sussex Place
Roberts, Mrs. Mary, retd.
Rogers, Mrs. Maggie, Stephen's Street

S
Stamp, Edward, retd.
Shaw, Anna, retd.
Saunders, Mrs., retd.
Stamp, James, retd.
Shaw, Mrs. George, card
Sparrow, Mrs. Katie, card
Stewart, Mrs. Albert, retd.
Sheppard, S. L., Monroe St.
Serrick, George
Sheehan, H. J.
Seviour, Mrs., Hamilton Street
Smith, Miss Dolly, College Street
Snow, Wm.
Snow, Wm. H.
Snow, J. C., retd.
Sullivan, Nicholas

T
Taylor, Arthur
Taylor, Mrs., Colonial St.
Tobin, Miss Bride
Turner, Mrs. Jas.
Turpin, Wm., card
Taff, George

W
Walsh, Martin, Mount Scio
Way, Annie, card
Wheeler, Elizabeth, G. P. O.
Westbrook, George
Whelan, Miss Lizzie
Wersall, K. J.
Whitefield, W. J.
White, E. R.
Wilkinson
Williams, Miss M.
White, Miss Thelonimie

Y
Yetman, Moses, George's St.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

A
Arnebury, H. S., schr. A. K. MacLean
B
Ayers, Simeon, s.s. Beatrice
G
Butler, Lewis, schr. Glide
I
Parks, Capt., schr. Inga
Ford, James, schr. Inga
P
Blagdon, Silas, schr. Portia
Mosher, Wesley, schr. Portia
V
Hobbs, Capt. Robert J., schr. Vanadalie
W
Johns, Capt., s.s. Whitefield
Rowe, J., s.s. Whitefield

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