POOR DOCUMENT

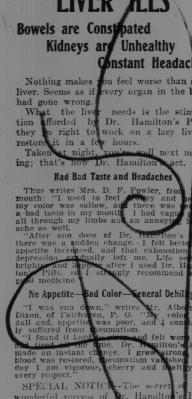
THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1907

"Dead," said the captain.
"Ah, a pity," said the other. He puthis hand to his forehead. "I had thought it probable." His face twitched. "Dead! good. In fact—really—er—amusing."
began to laugh, quite to himself. It
not a pleasant laugh to hear. Trencaught and shook him by the

now seemed not to hear him. "Dead, ad!" he repeated. "And I've out'em!" And his mirth broke forth

so powerfully between the shoulder blades that he all but plunged forward on his "Quit it!" he ordered again. "Get hold

Darrow turned and gripped him. The surgeon winced with the pain of his grasp. "I can't," gasped the maroon, between paroxysms. "I've been living in hell. A black, shaking, shivering hell, for God knows how long. . . What do you know? Have you ever been buried alive?"



Take Dr. Hamilton's Pills when you're



"Perhaps it would be as well—on account of the patient," said the surgeon

Origin of Pleur

of don entered first, followed by the captain then Darrow. well, when you're siek, whenever you think a puryfying tonic will do you good.

Darrow halted, just inside the door, any accounts the control of the control think a purylying tonic will do you good.

Sold everywhere in yellow boxes, 25c. each or five for \$1.00. Insist on having only Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

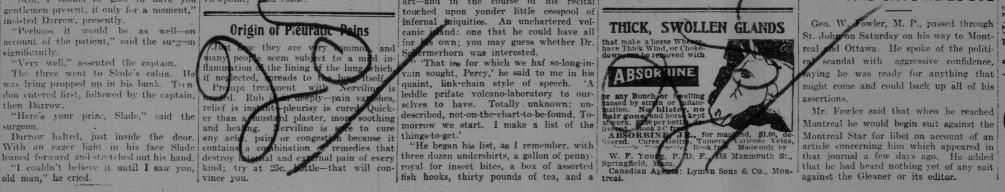
With an eager light in his face Slade contain leaned forward and stretched out his hand. Will couldn't believe it until I saw you, old man," he cried.

Just a moment."

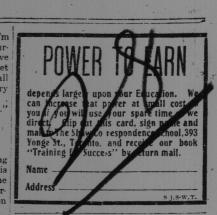
His cigarette glowed fiercely in the dimness before he took up his tale again.
"You all know who Dr. Schermerhorn was. None of you know-I don't know myself, though I've been his factotum for ten years—along how many varied lines of activity that mind played. One of them was the secret of energy: concentrated, resistless energy. Man's contrivances were too puny for him. The most powerful engines he regarded as toys.
For a time high explosives claimed his attention. He wanted to harness them.
Once he got to the point of practical experiment. You can see the ruins yet:
a hole in southern New Jersey. Nobody
ever understood how he escaped. But
there he was on his feet across a ten-foot
fence in a ploughed field—yes, he flew the
fence—and running, running furiously in
the opposite direction, when the dust
cleared away. Someone stopped him finally.
Told him the danger was over. 'Yet, I
will not return,' he said firmly, and
fainted away. That disgusted him with
high explosives. What secrets he dis-

s eyebrows went up. Before "Doubtless. They've had that story case of carpet tacks. When I hadn't any seeing, and-and surpr





owler, M. P., passed through | ond cures on Saturday on his way to Mont-Tutile's El nd Ottawa. He spoke of the politiscandal with aggressive confidence, Puddington & Merritt, 55 Charlotte St., St. Johns, N. Z. ying he was ready for anything that |-







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