The Wings of the Morning

BY LOUIS TRACY.

"Well, Miss Deane, I think our programme is, in the first place, to examine the articles thrown ashore and see if any of the cases contain food. Secondly, we should haul high and dry everything that may be of any use to us, lest the weather should break again and the next tide sweep away the spoil. Thirdly, we should eat and rest, and finally, we must explore the island before the light fails. I am convinced we are alone here. It is a small place at the best, and if any Chinamen were ashore they would have put in an appearance long since."

"Do you think, then, that we may remain here long?"

"It is impossible to form an opinion on that point. Help may come in a day. On the other hand——"

"Yes?"

"It is a wise thing, Miss Deane, to prepare for other contingencies."

She stood still and swept the horizon with comprehensive eyes. The storm had vanished. Masses of cloud were passing away to the west, leaving a glorious expanse of blue sky. Already the sea was calming. Huge breakers roared over the reef, but beyond it the waves were subsiding into a heavy unbroken swell.

The sailor watched her closely. In the quaint oilskin hat and her tattered muslin dress she looked bewitchingly pretty. She reminded him of a well-bred and beautiful society lady whom he once saw figuring as Grace Darling at a fashionable bazaar.

But Miss Iris's thoughts were serious.

"Do you mean," she said slowly, without moving her gaze from the distant meeting-place of sky and water, "that we may be imprisoned here for weeks, perhaps months?"

"If you cast your mind back a few hours you will perhaps admit that we are very fortunate to be here at all."

She whisked round upon him. "Do not fence with my question, Mr. Jenks. Answer me!"

He bowed. There was a perceptible return of his stubborn cynicism when he spoke.

"The facts are obvious, Miss Deane. The loss of the Sirdar will not be known for many days. It will be assumed that she has broken down. The agents in Singapore will await cabled tidings of her whereabouts. She might have drifted anywhere in that typhoon. Ultimately they will send out a vessel to search, impelled to that course a little earlier by your father's anxiety. Pardon me. I did not intend to pain you. I am speaking my mind."

"Go on," said Iris bravely.

"The relief ship must search the entire China Sea. The gale might have driven a disabled steamer north, south, east or west. A typhoon travels in a whirling spiral, you see, and the direction of a drifting ship depends wholly upon the locality where she sustained damage. The coasts of China, Java, Borneo, and the Philippines are not equipped with lighthouses on every headland and cordoned with telegraph wires. There are river pirates and savage races to be reckoned with. Casting aside all other possibilities, and assuming that a prompt search is made to the south of our course, this part of the ocean is full of reefs and small islands, some inhabited permanently, others visited occasionally by fishermen." He was about to add something, but checked himself.

"To sum up," he continued hurriedly, "we may have to remain here for many days, even months. There is always a chance of speedy help. We must act, however, on the basis of detention for an indefinite period. I am discussing appearances as they are. A survey of the island may change all these views."

"In what way?"

He turned and pointed to the summit of the tree-covered hill behind them.

"From that point," he said, "we may see other and larger islands. If so, they will certainly be inhabited. I am surprised this one is not."

He ended abruptly. They were losing time. Before Iris could join him he was already hauling a large undamaged case out of the water.

He laughed unmirthfully. "Champagne!!" he said. "A good brand, too!"

This man was certainly an enigma. Iris wrinkled her pretty forehead in the effort to place him in a fitting category. His words and accent were those of an educated gentleman, yet his actions and manners were studiously uncouth when he thought she was observing him. The veneer of roughness puzzled her. That he was naturally of refined temperament she knew quite well, not alone by perception but by the plain evidence of his earlier dealings with her. Then why this affectation of coarseness, this borrowed aroma of the steward's mess and the forecastle?

To the best of her ability she silently helped in the work of salvage. They made a queer collection. A case of champagne, and another of brandy. A box of books. A pair of night glasses. A compass. Several boxes of ship's biscuits, coated with salt, but saved by their hardness, having been immersed but a few seconds. Two large cases of hams in equally good condition. Some huge dish-covers. A bit of twisted ironwork, and a great quantity of cordage and timber.

There was one heavy package which their united strength could not lift. The sailor searched round until he found an iron bar that could be wrenched from its socket. With this he pried open the strong outer cover and revealed the contents—regulation boxes of Lee-Metford ammunition, each containing 500 rounds.

"Ah!!" he cried, "now we want some rifles."

"What good would they be?" inquired Iris.

He softly denounced himself as a fool, but he answered at once: "To shoot birds, of course, Miss Deane. There are plenty here, and many of them are edible."

"You have two revolvers and some cartridges."

"Yes. They are useful in a way, but not for pot-hunting."

"How stupid of me! What you really need is a shot-gun."

He smiled grimly. At times his sense of humor forced a way through the outward shield of reserve, of defiance it might be.

"The only persons I ever heard of," he said, "who landed under compulsion on a desert island with a shipload of requisites, were the Swiss Family Robinson."

"Good gracious!!" cried Iris irrelevantly; "I had not even thought of Robinson Crusoe until this moment. Isn't it odd? I—we——"

She pulled herself up short, firmly resolved not to blush. Without flinching she challenged him to complete her sentence. He dared not do it. He could not be mean enough to take advantage of her slip.

Instantly he helped her embarrassment. "I hope the parallel will not hold good," he said. "In any event, you, Miss Deane, fill a part less familiar in fiction."

The phrase was neat. It meant much or little, as fancy dictated. Iris at first felt profoundly grateful for his tact. Thinking the words over at leisure she became very hot and very angry.

They worked in silence for another hour. The sun was nearing the zenith. They were distressed with the increasing heat of the day. Jenks secured a ham and some biscuits, some pieces of driftwood and the binoculars, and invited Miss Deane to accompany him to the grove. She obeyed without a word, though she wondered how he proposed to light a fire. To contribute something towards the expected feast she picked up a dish-cover and a bottle of champagne.

The sailor eyed the concluding item with disfavor. "Not whilst the sun is up," he said. "In the evening, yes."

"It was for you," explained Iris, coldly. "I do not drink wine."

"You must break the pledge whilst you are here, Miss Deane. It is often very cold at night in this latitude. A chill would mean fever and perhaps death."

"What a strange man!" murmured the girl.

She covertly watched his preparations. He tore a dry leaf from a notebook and broke the bullet out of a cartridge, damping the powder with water from a pitcher-plant. Smearing the composition on the paper, he placed it in the sun, where it dried at once. He gathered a small bundle of withered spines from the palms, and arranged the driftwood on top, choosing a place for his bonfire just within the shade. Then, inserting the touch-paper among the spines, he unscrewed one of the lenses of the binoculars, converted it into a burning glass, and had a fine blaze roaring merrily in a few minutes. With the aid of pointed sticks he grilled some slices of ham, cut with his clasp-knife, which he carefully cleaned in the earth. The biscuits were of the variety that become soft when toasted, and so he balanced a few by stones near the fire.

Iris forgot her annoyance in her interest. A most appetizing smell filled the air. They were having a picnic amidst delightful surroundings. Yesterday at this time—she almost yielded a rush of sentiment, but forced it back with instant determination. Tears were a poor resource, unmindful of God's goodness to herself and her companion. Without the sailor what would have become of her, even were she thrown ashore while still living? She knew none of the expedients which seemed to be at his command. It was a most ungrateful proceeding to be vexed with him for her own thoughtless suggestion that she occupied a new role as Mrs. Crusoe.

"Can I do nothing to help?" she exclaimed. So contrite was her tone that Jenks was astonished.

"Yes," he said, pointing to the dish-cover. "If you polish the top of that with your sleeve it will serve as a plate. Luncheon is ready."

He neatly dished up two slices of ham on a couple of biscuits and handed them to her, with the clasp-knife.

"I can depend on my fingers," he explained. "It will not be the first time."

"Have you led an adventurous life?" she asked, by way of polite conversation.

"No," he growled.

"I only thought so because you appear to know all sorts of dodges for prolonging existence—things I never heard of."

"Broiled ham—and biscuits—for instance?"

At another time Iris would have snapped at him for the retort. Still humbly regretful for her previous attitude she answered meekly—

"Yes, in this manner of cooking them, I mean. But there are other items—methods of lighting fires, finding water, knowing what fruits and other articles may be found on the desert island, such as plantains and cocoanuts, certain sorts of birds—and beche-de-mer."

For the life of her she could not tell why she tacked on that weird item to her list

The sailor inquired, more civilly—"Then you are acquainted with trepang?"

"Who?"

"Trepang — beche-de-mere, you know."

Iris made a desperate guess. "Yes," she said, demurely. "It makes beautiful backs for hair brushes. And it looks so nice as a frame for platinotype photographs. I have——"

Jenks swallowed a large piece of ham and became very red. At last he managed to say: "I beg your pardon. You are thinking of tortoise shell. Beche-ede-mer is a sort of marine slug."

"How odd!" said Iris.

She had discovered at an early age the tactical value of this remark, and the experience of maturer years confirmed the success of juvenile efforts to upset the equanimity of governesses. Even the sailor was silenced.

(To Be Continued.)

WHY GIRLS ARE PALE.

Because their blood is deprived of proper nourishment through constipation. All is changed, color revived, health renewed by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills. No medicine for girls and women better than Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Hon. Mr. Hanna On Enforcing the Law

A Toronto dispatch says: Hotelmen throughout the Province who have been in the habit of supplying strangers with a little refreshments during prohibited hours had better restrain their actions in future and keep within the letter of the law. During the last provincial campaign it was stated by members of the Opposition that the Government had failed to keep their promise that the license law should be impartially enforced. Since the election the license department has been galvanized into unwonted action, and the raids at Kingston and Cobalt have been the immediate results.

Referring to the Kingston cases this morning, the Hon. W. J. Hanna described the statement that steamboat owners put up $15 for each boat on the prosecutors agreeing not to lodge a second charge as being utterly without foundation. The law, he said, would be enforced in every case where its violation was detected.

Mr. Eudo Saunders, chief officer of the license department, was more emphatic. "It is perfectly preposterous," he said, referring to the Kingston dispatches, and added: "The law will be enforced in every case and I should like to point out that the punishment for continued offences, is imprisonment." As already stated, the license department is showing renewed activity. There have been a large number of complaints received with regard to the laxity of license inspectors. Many of those complained of are appointees of the present Government and unless there is more strict attention to duty on their part there will be some vacancies in the services shortly. Investigation into complaints has been proceeding for some time past. In addition to the alleged laxity of license inspectors it is also alleged that in many cases the boards of license commissioners do not attend to business with that thoroughness which is considered desirable. It is complained of by members of the temperance party that many boards are too suoject to local influence. A probable outcome of the present agitation will likely take the form of strong representations to the Government in favor of license control being more centralized than it is at present.

Sequel to Shooting of Highgate Doctor

A Detroit dispatch says: A suit for divorce has been started in the circuit court by James B. Griffith against Florence H. Griffith, who Dec. 4 last years shot Dr. J. A. Attridge, formerly of Highgate, Ont., and then tried to kill herself. Both she and the doctor recovered.

The shooting, which occurred in Mrs. Griffith's apartments in the Roycourt Building, 318 Randolph street, brought out the fact that Mrs. Griffith at that time had been separated from her husband about a month because of attentions paid her, it was alleged, by the doctor. She had been in Harper Hospital, where he was attended by the doctor, and the shooting occurred a short time after she had been brought back to her apartments.

Griffith had left his wife and had taken rooms by himself in West Fort street, but when he learned of the shooting he hurried to his wife's side and was in constant attendance upon her while she was in the hospital until she recovered from the effects of the wound. A statement was later given out that the Griffiths had become reconciled, that the husband had forgiven all, and had taken the wife back. When Mrs. Griffith was able to leave the hospital she was taken away by her husband and it could not be learned where they had gone. Dr. Attridge recovered from the wound and also left the hospital.

The divorce bill, which is suppressed, was filed for Griffith by Attorney George P. Codd. The Griffiths were married about fourteen years ago and have no children.

Big Reunion Was an Orderly One

The Old Boys' reunion of 1908 was unique in many respects.

There was not a pickpocket arrested and only one case of pocketpicking reported. The lesson that the light-fingered gentry learned three years ago has not been wasted. It will be remembered that on that occasion several pickpockets of international reputation were arrested by the detectives and were sent down for long terms. Since then they have kept away from here.

There was practically no disorderly conduct. The police report that there were few cases of disorderly conduct, and none serious. Three years ago, there were several, one of the worst being that on King street, in which P. C. Lucas played a very prominent and creditable part.

There was little drunkenness. During the festivities of last evening, scarcely a drunken man was to be seen.

"It was a very orderly reunion," said ex-Ald. Gillean. "I think it was the most orderly we ever had, in spite of the fact that the carnival might have been made a very rowdy affair if it had not been controlled properly. The citizens of London deserve great credit for their splendid behavior."

Bishop Williams Home in September

Word has been received from the Anglican delegates who represented the diocese of Huron at the Pan-Anglican Congress in London, England, stating that they will leave for home next month.

All report that they have had a splendid time and that the congress was most interesting.

His Lordship Bishop Williams sails for home on September 3, and the others will probably sail a few days before. Some of the pastors from other cities have arrived home, among them is Canon Cody, of Toronto, one of the best-known English churchmen in Canada.

"The Pan-Anglican Congress was a most striking success, splendidly organized, marked by great variety of discussion, and many speeches of great ability and singular interest," he said. "The opening service was extremely impressive, being one of intercession, presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Westminster Abbey, in which it was held."

One thing that struck Canon Cody particularly was the large proportion of practical subjects discussed, that were not merely of ecclesiastical interest, but three-fourths of them probably were of interest to all Christendom. The whole congress was, he said, a wonderful object lesson of the cosmopolitan character of Anglicanism, and was a revelation to the motherland. All parts of the Anglican communion throughout the world were represented, including all the mission fields. It was the largest and most representative gathering in Anglicanism, and one of the largest religious congresses ever held in the world. The general temper and spirit of the congress was admirable.

"The congress did not pass any resolutions," said the canon; "it was just for full and free discussion. The general effect was chiefly to create a wider outlook and a wonderful sense of the one spirit and character, and of the fidelity and virility of the Anglican Church, the feeling that the old church has great power of adaptation to new conditions. It was very encouraging to see how the practical problems of the day are being grappled with by the leaders of the church.

"The church people in London," he added, "were most lavish in their hospitality. Every delegate was entertained who would accept it. One of the first social events, in point of size as well as of time, was the reception given by Lord Strathcona to all the delegates and all Canadians in London."

WILL TOUR CANADIAN WEST

Eminent American Editors and Correspondents to See the Country.

The editors and correspondents who leave on tour through Western Canada, on Aug. 13, under the auspices of the magazine, Canada West, are as follows:

Robert R. Jones, managing editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, formerly Washington correspondent.

Richard Henry Little, Chicago-Record-Herald, president of the Press Club of Chicago, war correspondent for the Record-Herald in the Japanese-Russian, Philippine and Chinese wars, lecturer.

William Ward, of Everybody's Magazine, formerly editorial writer for the Chicago Tribune, political economist.

Herbert Quick, editorial writer, Scripps-McRae Press Association, author of "Double Trouble," "The Broken Lance," etc. For several terms mayor of Sioux City, Iowa; formerly chairman of the Iowa State Democratic committee; close personal friend of Wm. J. Bryan.

George D. Richards, associate editor, the World Today, of which publication he is one of the owners.

Elliott Flower, author of "The Spoilsman," etc.; contributor to Collier's and Saturday Evening Post. On his present trip he will write a series of articles on weather conditions in Canada for the Chicago Tribune.

B. F. Barton, managing editor Home Herald (weekly), and World's Events (monthly).

Herbert Vanderhoof, editor, Canada West.

At the present rate of excavation Pompeii will not be entirely uncovered before the year 1970.

CRAIN—McCOLL

Marriage of Two Popular Young People at Wallacetown.

The home of Mrs. Jennie McColl at Wallacetown was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Thursday, when her only daughter, Mary Ella, was united in marriage to Dr. J. W. Crain. Promptly at noon, while the sweet strains of the Wedding March were played on mandolin, violin and piano by the Misses Evans, of St. Thomas, the groom entered the drawing-room, and took his place under an arch of palms and potted plants with mirror background wreathed with smilax and ferns, to await the bride, who was given away by her mother. The ceremony was solemnized by Rev. Mr. Elliott, of St. Peter's Church, Tyrconnell, in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The couple were unattended.

The bride gas gowned in white and point d'esprit over taffeta silk, with garniture of old lace, an heirloom. After hearty congratulations had been extended, the guests repaired to the dining-room, where a sumptuous dinner was servide. The tables were tastily decorated with smilax, carnations and sweet peas. The array of beautiful and costly presents testified to the esteem in which Dr. and Mrs. Crain are held. After the customary showers of flowers and rice, the couple took their departure for the wedding trip to the Northwest, the bride travelling in brown cloth with tuscan.

While services were being held in the First United Presbyterian Church at Bellefontaine, Ohio, the congregation was alarmed by the tolling of the bell. An electrical storm was in progress and the bell had been rung by a stroke of lightning.

FIRST SHOWING OF THE

New Striped Suitings

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD VALUES AT

75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 a Yard

For Women's Fall Wear

The woman or miss who is planning to have her FALL SUIT made to order cannot afford to purchase materials before inspecting these beautiful new DRESS WOOLLENS.

These fabrics are shown in a variety of pretty stripe effects, in all colors, which promise to find the most favor this fall; brown, navy, green with self-colored stripes or with colored stripes that blend perfectly with ground shade. Their pure dye renders them absolutely color-fast, and because of the closeness of the weaving a very serviceable texture has been obtained without making them excessively heavy. These suitings also possess a lustrous finish, which produces a very dressy effect seldom found in goods so low priced.

Quality for price we challenge a comparison of these values with any you will meet with about town.

Prices: 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 a Yard

GRAY & PARKER

PHONE 1182 — 150 DUNDAS ST., and CARLING ST

PURSE OF GOLD FOR MISS JOHNSTON

Students of the F. C. B. C. Show Appreciation of Popular Teacher.

Upon the advice of her physician, Miss Henrietta Johnston, who has been principal of the shorthand department of the Forest City Business College for the past seven years, has resigned her position for a time to secure a much needed rest. The students and ex-students of the college, hearing of her decision, took advantage of the opportunity to recognize her worth as a teacher and friend in some tangible manner before leaving the city, and rFiday afternoon at Victoria Hospital, where she has been ill for the past eight weeks, quietly presented her with a purse of gold, and the following address:

"Miss Henrietta Johnston, principal of the shorthand department, Forest City Business and Shorthand College:

"Dear Friend and Teacher—It is with very deep feelings of sorrow and regret that we, your former and present pupils and friends, have learned of your intention to sever your connection with the shorthand department of the Forest City Business and Shorthand College, over which you have so ably presided during the past seven years.

"We feel that it would be ungrateful of us to allow this opportunity to pass of expressing in some tangible way the high appreciation we entertain for you as a teacher and friend. Only those of us who have had an opportunity of testing the training received at your hands can appreciate the thoroughness of all your work.

"When we take a retrospect of our college work we regret exceedingly that some of us did not more fully comprehend the anxiety you so frequently manifested for our future welfare. You never for one moment considered your own personal comfort, but have always shown a hearty willingness to make large sacrifices of time and energy that your pupils might make a creditable record and become equipped for the duties of life for which they were preparing. Your interest in us did not cease upon the completion of our course, but you always manifested an anxiety for our future welfare that cannot soon be forgotten.

"We are truly sorry that circumstances have arisen whereby you feel constrained to seek a change of climate, but we sincerely trust that you may be so much benefitted that we shall have the extreme pleasure of welcoming you back again to the position which you have so creditably filled. We ask you to kindly accept this small gift as a token of the goodwill and best wishes of your grateful pupils, ex-pupils and the faculty of the college.

"Signed on behalf of

"Present pupils, Jennie M. Johnston.

"Ex-pupils, Margaret Ferguson.

"Faculty, J. W. Westervelt, sen.

"London, Aug. 7, 1908."

Laborers' Excursions to the Canadian Northwest.

On August 19 and September 9 the Canadian Pacific will run laborers' excursions from London and vicinity to Winnipeg and other Northwest points as far west as Moosejaw. Special through train will leave London about noon on Wednesday, August 19.

The rate for the going trip is $10. Passengers can return for $18, providing they have certificate signed that they have worked with a farmer for at least thirty days. Original starting point must be reached on or before November 30. Secure tickets and full information from W. Fulton, C. P. and T. A., 161 Dundas street, corner Richmond. 26c

The sum of $150,000 was left to Henry Baxendale in England by his father if he would return to the Plymouth Brethren.

While Away on Your Vacation

You will want to know what is happening in London. We will mail The Advertiser to you at any point in Canada, the United States or Great Britain, without additional cost. Send a postcard or phone 107.

The London Advertiser Co.

LATE MRS. JOHN TUCKEY

Descendant of Old Scottish Family—Funeral at Hyde Park.

The funeral of the late Mrs. John Tuckey took place on Tuesday, Aug. 4, and was quite largely attended. The services were conducted bu Rev. Mr. Marshall, of the First Lobo Baptist Church, who in his remarks dwelt on the noble Christian character of the departed.

The interment was made at Hyde Park Cemetery, the pallbearers being Charles and Benjamin Tuckey, W. O. Carson, Mlah Robson, Duncan Campbell and Dougal Graham.

The deceased was descended from a noted Scottish family, her father being the late Malcolm Campbell, of Caradoc Township, formerly of Argyleshire, Scotland, and a descendant of the Argyles.

The late Mrs. Tuckey was in her 80th year, and is survived by her husband, two sons, Charles, of Lobo, and Benjamin, of London Township; also, four daughters Mrs. Jer. Robson of London Township; Mrs. D. Ashwell, of this city, Mrs. John A. McKellar and Mrs. J. Ardiel, of Brandon, Man.

MICE DESTROY CROPS

Plague of Rodents Invades District in Spanish Province.

Madrid, Aug. 8.—A plague of mice has invaded the district of Alcira, in the Province of Valencia. They have raided the fields and practically destroyed the entire crops, except rice and oranges, for which they seem to have no taste.

The agricultural syndicate announced that it would pay 15 centimes (about 3 halfpence) a dozen for dead mice, and within a few days 77,676 mice were paid for.

This carnage among the rodent tribe seems to have had little effect, however, and the plague is as bad as ever.

WANTS TO BE DEPORTED

Englishman Makes Peculiar Application to Police Chief.

Chatham, Aug. 8. — Thomas Pierce, a young Englishman, who has been in Chatham about a year, called on the chief of police and said he wished to be deported, in spite of the fact that he enjoyed steady employment here. The young man said his parents were deported from Chatham to the old country last spring, and he wished to follow them.

"We can't deport you, but we can send you to Toronto," said the chief indignantly.

Pierce returned to work.

Seaside Excursions.

Via Grand Trunk Railway System from all stations in Ontario to St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Portland, Me., and several other points in Maine, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Good going Aug. 10, 11, 12 and 13. Return limit Aug. 31, 1908. Full information from any Grand Trunk ticket agent. 26c

FRENCH ARMY SHORTAGE

Country Must Now Offer Greater Inducements to Enlist.

Paris, Aug. 8.—When the two years service bill became law in France it was hoped and believed that the effective strength of the army would be maintained up to the former standard by means of re-enlistment.

This hope has proved vain, and the authorities are now face to face with the problem of having to offer greater inducements to re-enlist. The difficulty lies not with the non-coms., who maintain more or less the maximum of 30,000, but with the corporals and privates.

Of the former it was expected that 11,000 would re-enlist on Nov. 1 last, whereas the number reached only just half that figure. The falling off was greater still with the privates. Forty thousand were expected to re-enlist, but only 2,500 actually did so.

A restaurant where a "full course dinner" may be had for 7 cents was opened recently at 200 Clinton street, New York.

According to the annual report of the Manhattan Trade School for Girls millinery is a very undesirable trade for girls in New York.

Excursions to Seaside and St. Lawrence Points.

The Canadian Pacific have put in effect greatly reduced rates to seaside and St. Lawrence River points, good going Aug. 10, 11, 12 and 13, and returning up to and including Aug. 31. Liberal stopover privileges are allowed, and persons contemplating a trip of this nature could not do better than get particulars, such as rates, etc., from W. Fulton, C. P. and T. A., 161 Dundas street, corner Richmond. 26c

TO-NIGHT Cascarets

BEST FOR THE BOWELS AND LIVER

10c. 25c. 50c. — THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP — All Druggists

Diarrhea

There is no need of anyone suffering long with this disease, for to effect a quick cure it is only necessary to take a few doses of

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy

In fact, in most cases one dose is sufficient. It never fails and can be relied upon in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is equally valuable for children and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year.

In the world's history no medicine has ever met with greater success.

PRICE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.