

There were no other sounds. help?" Up the driveway Captain Eri hur-"I guess not. John Baxter's sick, ried. There were no lights in the lower part of the house, and the dining room door was locked. The kitchen door, however, was not fastened, and the captain opened it and entered. Shutting it carefully behind him, he groped

but there's the whistle. Come on, Mr. Hazeltine, if you ain't in a special hurry. Maybe we will need you." They reached the corner by the postoffice to find Dr. Palmer, who had practiced medicine in Orham since he ved his diploma, waiting for them Captain Perez, who had discovered the physician on the Nickerson piazza, was standing close by with his fingers in his month, whistling with the regularity of a foghorn. "Cut it short, Perez," commanded Eri. "We're here now." "Yes, but Jerry ain't," and the whistling began again. "Dry up, for the land's sake! D'you want to fetch the whole tribe here? There's Jerry, now Come on, doctor." John Baxter was lying just as the captain had left him, and the others watched anxiously as the doctor lis tened at the parted lips and thrust his hand inside the faded blue waistcoat. "He's alive," he said, after a moment, but unconscious. We must get him home at once." "He heard the bell and was runnin" to the fire when he was took," said Captain Jerry. "Run out in his shirt sleeves, and was took when he got as fur as here." "That's the way I figger it," said Eri unblushingly. "Lift him carefully, you fellers. Now then!" "I warned him against overexertion or excitement months ago," said the doctor, as they bore the senseless burden toward the big house, now as doctor.

man came in, a stout woman dressed in black "alpaca" and wearing brass ed audibly. "Dr. Palmer," said Captain Eri, "let

is Dr. Palmer." tucket shook hands, the former with puzzled expression on his face. "Perez," continued the captain, "let me make you known to Mrs. Snow-Mrs. Marthy B. Snow"-this with especial emphasis-"of Nantucket. Mrs. snow, this is Cap'n Perez Ryder." They shook hands. Captain Perez managed to say that he was glad to meet Mrs. Snow. Captain Jerry said nothing, but he looked like a criminal

lets for constipation and other ills of childhood and find them without a doubt is the first of English musical conductors. Curiously en-ough, until he was 17 Mr. Wood had set his mind on adding the letters TA without a doubt is the first of English in the best medicine I have ever given my little ones" Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr unsuspecting parent. "Well, mother," seriously continued the child, "the next time you marry don't marry a m R.A.' ' to his name. Even to is devoted to the art of sketching, and a fine afternoon sometimes finds him rushing off to the country to in-Intervals for meals, he often conducts at Queen's Hall from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. But he has always been known as a hard worker, and when at 19 he joined the Rousby Opera Co. as con-ductor he frequently worked twelve hours a day for two worked twelve

which is a simple remedy, easily taken, and once used it will always be prized as a sovereign remedy.

"Mother," said five-year-old Jack, how much older than you is father?" "Just thirteen years," replied the

er than you; don't you know it is bad luck?"-Delineator.

Repeat it :- "Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds." The government of Austria makes

nard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

rimmed spectacles. Captain Jerry gasp-

me make you acquainted with Mrs. special inducements to farmers who Snow of Nantucket. Mrs. Snow, this will reclaim waste lands and make

ITED.

use of them.

Mr. Henry J. Wood, the popular conductor of Queen's Hall, London, whose orchestral concerts attract so many music-lovers at this time of the year, is only 38 years of age, and without a doubt is the first of English

along to the entrance of the next ro "John!" he called softly. There was no answer, and the house was pertectly still save for the ticking of the big clock. Captain Eri scratched a match, and by its light climbed the stairs. His friend's room was empty The lamp was burning on the bureau, and a Bible was open beside it. The bed had not been slept in.

Thoroughly alarmed now, the capstain, lamp in hand, went through one room after the other. John Baxter was not at home, and he was not with the crowd at the fire. Where was he? There was, of course, a chance that his friend had passed him on the way or that he had been at the fire, after all, but this did not seem possible. However, there was nothing to do but go back, and this time the captain took the path across the fields.

The Baxter house was on the shore road, and the billiard room and postoffice were on the main road. People in a hurry sometimes avoided the corner by climbing the fence opposite the Baxter gate, going through the Dawes pasture and over the little hill back of the livery stable and coming out in the rear of the postoffice and close to the saloon.

Captain Eri, worried, afraid to think of the fire and its cause and only anxious to ascertain where his friend was and what he had been doing that night, trotted through the pasture and over the hill. Just as he came to the bayberry bushes on the other side he stumbled and fell flat.

He knew what it was that he had tumbled over the moment that he fell across it, and his fingers trembled so that he could scarcely scratch the match that he took from his pocket. But it was lighted at last, and as its tiny blaze grew brighter the captain saw John Baxter lying face downward in the path, his head pointed toward his home and his feet toward the billiard saloon.

CHAPTER VII.

OR a second only Captain Eri F stood there, motionless, stooping over the body of his friend. Then he sprang into vigorous action. He dropped upon his knees and, seizing the shoulder of the prostrate figure, shook it gently, whispering, "John! John!" There was no answer and no responsive movement, and the captain bent his head and listened. Breath was there and life, but, oh, so little of either! The next thought was, of course, to run for help and for a doctor, but he took but a few steps when a new idea struck him, and he came back.

Lighting another match, he examined the fallen man hurrledly. The old "Come Outer" lay in the path with his arms outstretched, as if he had fallen while running. He was bareheaued, and there was no sign of a wound upon him. One coat sleeve was badly scorched, and from a pocket in the coat protruded the neck of a bottle. The bottle was empty, but its odor was strong. It had contained kerosene. The evidence was clear, and the captain knew that what he had feared was the truth.

For a moment he stood erect and

black as the grave that was so near its owner. "We must find some one to take care of him at once. I don't be lieve the old man has a relation within a hundred miles."

"Why don't we take him to our house?" suggested Captain Jerry. "Twouldn't seem so plaguy lone some, anyhow."

"By mighty!" ejaculated Captain Eri in astonishment. "Well, Jerry, I'll be switched if you ain't right down brilliant once in awhile. Of course we will. He can have the spare room. Why didn't I think of that, I wonder?" And so John Baxter, who had not paid a visit in his native village since his wife died, came at last to his friend's home to pay what seemed likely to be a final one. They carried him up the stairs to the spare room, as dismal and cheerless as spare rooms in

the country generally are, undressed him as tenderly as their rough hands would allow, robed him in one of Captain Jerry's nightshirts-the buttons that fastened it had been sewed on by the captain himself and were all sizes and colors-and laid him in the big corded bedstead. The doctor hastened away to procure his medicine case Ralph Hazeltine, having been profuse ly thanked for his services and promising to call the next day, went back. to the station, and the three captains sat down by the bedside to watch and wait.

riosity.

Captain Eri was too much perturbed to talk, but the other two, although sympathetically sorry for the sufferer. were bursting with excitement and cu-"Well, if this ain't been a night!"

exclaimed Captain Jerry. "Seem's if everything happened at once. Fust that darky and then the fire and then this. Don't it beat all?" "Eri," said Captain Perez anxiously,

"was John layin' jest the same way when you found him as he was when we come?"

"Right in the same place," was the

awaiting the fall of the drop. "Doctor." continued the captain, pay ing no attention to the signals of distress displayed by his friend, "I heard

you say a spell ago that John here needed somebody to take care of him. Well, Mrs. Snow-she's a-a-sort of relation of Jerry's"-just a suspicion of a smile accompanied this assertion-

"and she's done consid'rable mussin' in her time. I've been talkin' the thing over with her, and she's willin' to look out for John till he gits better."

The physician adjusted his eyeglasse and looked the volunteer nurse over keenly. The lady paid no attention to

the scrutiny, but calmly removed her bonnet and placed it on the bureau. "Cap'n Baxter's in here, I s'pose. Shall I walk right in?" she said to the

The man of medicine seemed a little surprised at the lady's command of the situation, but he said:

"Why, yes, ma'am; I guess you may. You have nursed before, I think the captain said." "Five years with my husband. He

soil and climate. It is a persistent grower, in fact too persistent in some places, and its eradication has be-come more or less of a problem. It has proved itself to be exceedingly valuable as a permanent pasture grass especially in dry localities, but the strong and extensive root system —penetrating five feet into the soil and extending laterally by root stocks, as does perennial sow thisle— which gives it its drouth-resisting qualities, make it a difficult grass to had slow consumption. Before that with my mother and most of my broth-



life. More of that than anything else, I guess. Now, if you'll come in with me, so's to tell me about the medi-

followed her into the sickroom, while the three mariners gazed wide eyed in at the door. They watched as Dr. Palmer explained medicines and gave directions. It did not need an expert to see that the new nurse understood

her business. (To be Continued.)



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not only one of the most capable jour-nalists in England, but also the orig-"The unlucky in love are said to be

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ne man who invented the gas meter has just died. He takes his place as coming the nearest to date to solving the problem of perpetual motion. —Hartford Courant.

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W. N. U. No. 726.

nalists in England, but also the orig-inator of those popular public sub-scriptions which have been a notable feature of The Telegraph. His lord-ship, in fact, has always been a leader in every good work connected with the press. He has a thorough prac-tical knowledge of the printing trade and journalism. His father, the late Joseph Moses Levy, who founded The Telegraph, placed his son as an ap-prentice to the printing business. In due time young Levy became dramatic critic of the paper, and ultimately principal proprietor, having mean-while assumed the name of Lawson. He has frequently entertained the Eradication of Brome Grass. Brome grass has proven a blessing to the prairie section of Western Canada because of its adaptability to the soil and climate. It is a persistent

He has frequently entertained the King at Hall Barn, where Edmund Burke, the statesman, spent many happy days. Hands and Pockets.

He was an English tourist, and when the train stopped at a high-land station he regarded the lounging natives with a curious ckoning one of them to him, said :

which gives it its drouth-resisting qualities, make it a difficult grass to eradicate. At the Lacombe Experi-mental farm in North Alberta the superintendent is trying different depths and times of ploughing and various methods of cultivation with a view to locating its most vulnerable point. The grass is so valuable—being superior to timothy in every way but this one—that if a sure means of kill-ing it when required can be found it "Good gracious, Donald-I suppose your name is Donald or Macdonald -you don't tell me that the misfor-tune of unemployment has reached so far north?" "Och, no," said Donald. "It's no" so bad as that whatever." "Well, but," said the investigator

"Well, but," said the investigator, "why is it I see a number of stal-wart young men like you standing about with their hands in their pockets?" "Oh," replied Donald, "it's perhaps because we have na been far enough south to learn to put them in other people's pockets." ing it when required can be found it will become a prime favorite with stocking growing farmers.

A Deep Hole. hole has been bored in Silesia to depth of 7.000 feet.

Her Motto. "I think it is high time," said Mrs

Oldcastle, "for the people of this coun-try to take a firm stand against vivi-"So do L," replied her hostess. "No north, no south, is my motio."-Chi-

The Barrier. First Tramp-You won't get nothing decent there; them people is regeta

First Tramp-Yes, and they've got : dog wot ain't .- Philadelphia Inquirer.

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hadn't seen each other for months. One of them had a wife who oc-New York City leads in the num of her newspapers and periodicals, for she publishes one-hundredth part of One of them had a wife who oc-casionally figured in the society columns. After they had exchanged views on things in general, the other man asked him—"Is your wife enter-taining this winter?" "Not very," said be the entire output of the earth.

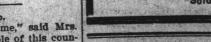
Lord Burnham, the proprietor of The Daily Telegraph, which paper undertook the publication of Queen Alexandra's Christmas Gift Book, is The total population of the British Empire is over 400,000,000. said he.



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