THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 12; 1906.

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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Many men and women toss night after night upon sleepless beds until near dawn. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right. Worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated er disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system that it cannot be quieted. Or, again, you have heart palpitation and sensation of sinking, a feeling you are going to die; or perhaps you wake up from your sleep feeling as though you were about to choke or smother, and rest leaves you for the night. Allow these cenditions to continue and you will feel your health declining.

It is the nerves and heart that are not acting properly.

They soon induce healthful, refreshing sleep, not by deadening the nerves, but by restoring them to healthy action and removing all symptoms of heart trouble, which is often the cause of nervousness and speak.

which is often the cause of nervousness and sleeplessness.

Mrs. Ennis Chambers, Massey Station, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I was so bad at times I could not lie down in bed at nights but would have to sit up. I doctored for a whole year and got no relief. I took three boxes of Milbura's Heart and Nerve Pills and was so completely cured I have not been troubled since. I cannot recommend them too highly."

Speak.

"Monsieur." I cried, half choked, "there is a plot—a vile plot to murder you!"

"No, Monsieur. Here in Paris. In the streets tonight, when you go to the king."

Monsieur sprang to his feet, his hand on his sword. Lucas turned white. Vigo swore. Monsieur cried:

"How, in God's name, know you that?"

"You have been betraved. Monsieur."

come from the king: he asked in a lowered voice.

"No."

"From M. de Valere?"

"No."

"Then who the devil are you?"

"Ah, St. Quentin."

"Ah, St. Quentin," he said, as if he found that rather tame. "You bring news from there?"

"No, I do not. Think you I shall tell

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"No one may enter. M. Vivo, not even

from there?"

"No, I do not. Think you I shall tell you? This news is for Monsieur."

"It won't reach Monsieur unless you learn politeness toward the gentlemen of his household," he retorted.

We were getting into a lively quarrel

WEARY DAYS AND

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

We were a page sprang up to bar our passage.

"No one may enter, M. Vigo, not even you. M. le Duc has ordered it. Why, Felix! You in Paris!"

"I enter," said Vigo; and, sweeping Marcel aside, he knocked loudly.

"I came last night," I found time to say under my breath to my old comrade before the door was opened.

The handsome secretary whom I had taken for the count stood in the doorway looking askance at us. He knew me at once and wondered.

"You cannot enter, Vigo. M. le Duc is occupied."

occupied."

He made to shut the door, but Vigo's

foot was over the sill.

"Natheless, I must enter," he answered unabashed and pushed his way into the "Then you must answer for it," returned the secretary, with a scowl that sat ill on his delicate face.

were about to choke or smother, and rest leaves you for the night. Allow these conditions to continue and you will feel your health declining.

It is the nerves and heart that are not acting properly.

They can be set right by the use of MILBURN'S HEART

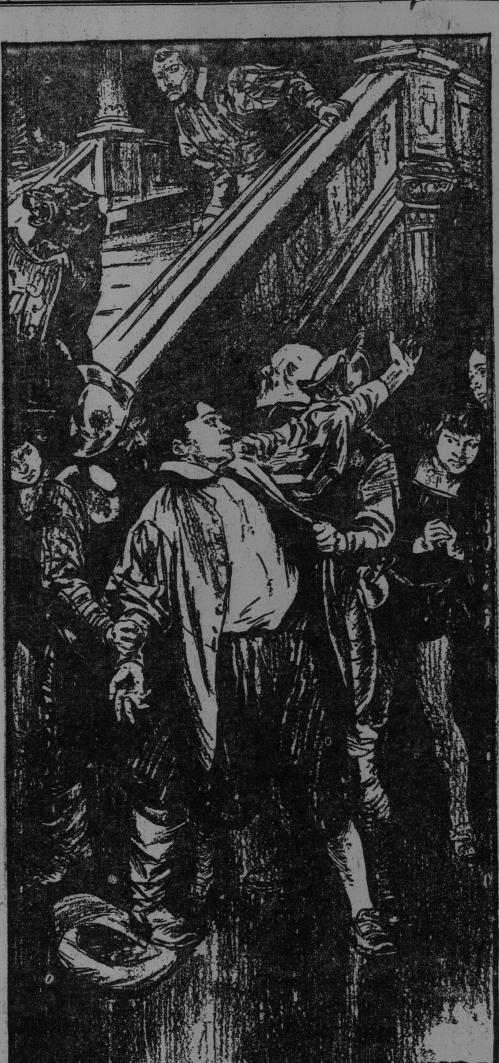
MILBURN'S HEART

AND came to me.
"Felix Broux!" Monsieur exclaimed, with his quick, warm smile—a smile no man in France could match for radiance. I had no thought of kneeling, of mak-

ompletely cured I have not been troubled since. I cannot recommend them too highly."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at a lealers or sent direct on receipt of price 'to T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, by the little door in the alley—"

Diable!" breathed Vigo.



"M. le Duc, let me in, it is a matter of life and death."

