Mother Gave Her Child Away.

Had Given up all Hope of Living. Heart Trouble was Cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mrs. Andrew Savoy, Grattan's, N.B., writes:—"In the year 1905 I was taken sick and did not think I could live any length of time. My trouble was with my heart and people told me that nothing could be done for a case like mine. I consulted the very best doctors but they could do me no good. For seven weeks I could hardly cross the floor. I had no pain, but was so weak nobody in the world can believe how I felt. I had given up all hopes of living and had given my little girl to my sister-in-law.

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"I will never be without them in my home for God knows if it had not been for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I would not have been alive now."

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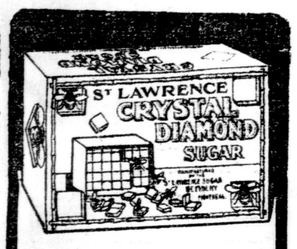

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A ROYAL WARD

By Percy J. Brebner, author of "Princess Maritza," "Vayenne," etc.

The question seemed to startle him into sudden action. Driven into a corner, he was a desperate man. His pistol was in his hand, as he spoke, and Sir Rupert Ashton glanced at him. Perhaps Mary saw the look, and remembered what Baxter had said only a little while ago. She laid her hand quickly on his arm lest he should make good his words and shoot Sir Rupert like a dog.

Dubuisson did not answer Betty's question, but turned upon Ashton fiercely.

"Curse you! Are you satisfied now with your lying work?"

"Curse me, it is just; I hope you will yet live to think less harshly of me." Sir Rupert was as calm and deliberate now as before he had been agitated and almost incoherent. "At least, in warning you, I spoke the truth. Lady Betty, your splendid courage has failed. I have done my work too well. There is still a chance—take it. Here is the ring. The plantation to the road will screen you, and you may make your way across the stable-yards without being seen. They lust for my destruction more than they do for yours. They——

"Had you not come, very probably they would not have come, either," said Dubuisson. "Had you not been here, Lady Betty's appeal might have won."

"They would have come. They were not to be appeased," was the answer, "and my being here may save you, if you act promptly. They shall have a hunt that will rejoice them. Give me two minutes' start, then make for the creek. I believe you will find the way clear."

Some servants came rushing from the rear of the house. On that side the rioters had found another method of destruction to delight them. Fire!

"Abbots Chase is burning!" they cried.

"Another reason for prompt action," said Sir Rupert. "There is the ring. If I succeed, Dubuisson, put it to the credit side of my character and think some good of an evil man. Give me two minutes. When you hear the first wild howl of hatred and triumph, then it will be time for you to go. Forgive me, Lady Betty, if you can."

Before anyone could utter a word, before Betty realized that the heavy gold signet ring was in her hands, Sir Rupert had gone through the servants' quarters. They listened, wondering what his intentions might be. Then came the rapid beating of horses' hoofs upon the cobble-stones of the stable-yard, then only the sound of smashing glass, and the sharp crackle of fire; then a screaming roar of voices, madness and malignity at their highest frenzy.

"It is horrible," said Betty, with lowered head, her nerve failing her for a moment.

"It is time to go," said Victor.

From one side of the house came a roar of triumph. One part of the crowd had broken in.

"The servants!" said Betty.

Some of them had fled already, others came rushing into the hall, and followed their mistress without question. Through the stables they went, across the yards, amazed that no one blocked their path, stunned almost at the realization of such sudden freedom. Once in the plantation the servants dispersed. The country towards Dartmouth was clear, they all had friends there. Their safety lay in being no longer associated with Abbots Chase. Had their mistress been in need of their help and protection some of them would certainly have had the courage to stay beside her; but she had no such need. She went hand in hand with a man whose face was set and determined, who was armed to protect her, Lady Betty herself bid them seek safety without delay.

"Happier times will come to Abbots Chase," she said, and went on through the plantation with her lover.

Clouds of smoke were rising from the house, a roar of voices came from it, but part of the mob had found other work more to their taste. In a long stream, the weaker runners being left behind, men were rushing across the park to their left, going farther and farther away from the plantation every moment.

"Sir Rupert has kept his word," said Dubuisson; "we should hardly have been able to get away so easily if he had not drawn a large part of the crowd in pursuit of him."

"Well, good luck go with him," said Baxter, but the generous thought cost him an effort.

"We must forgive, Victor; the man has suffered horribly," said Betty.

"I know; who can know better than I do, dearest? He made me suffer like that, too."

They came to the road, which was deserted, but as they were about to cross it, Deborah stopped them.

"Here we part, for the present, at least," she said. "The way is clear to Dartmouth, and no one would interfere with such an unimportant person as I am."

"Nonsense, Deborah, We haven't time for folly, now," said Betty.

"It's not folly, it's good, common sense. Old Mrs. Bates will take me in until I can get back to London. The Duke and Duchess of Petersham must be told everything, others must be told, too. Many things must happen before it will be safe for you to return, and someone must be at hand to see that they happen satisfactorily. You're in disgrace in this country at present, Betty; and it's not safe for you just now. Mr. Dubuisson—or marquis, I should say. I've done a good deal of harm, but I'm going to do something to repair it. Give me a kiss of forgiveness, Betty, and don't trouble. If the old Abbots Chase is burning we shall build a new one, and never fear, its mistress shall come to her own again.

The kiss was given, and as they kissed a tear or two were mingled; Deborah even kissed Mary, and asked her not to remember what a disagreeable person she could be.

"I shall hope to thank you better, some day," said Dubuisson, "but I do not like your going alone."

"You won't leave Betty to come with me, Mary must go with her mistress, and Mr. Baxter won't leave Mary, so I do not see how my going alone is to be avoided."

"I've had some hard thoughts of you, ma'am," said Baxter. "I'm very sorry they ever came into my head."

Deborah smiled, and then she turned almost fiercely to Dubuisson.

"You've won the fairest woman in this country; make her happy; and God keep you all."

She turned abruptly and walked away in the direction of Dartmouth, and after watching her for a few moments they crossed the road and hurried to the shelter of the woods, through which somewhere there descended a tortuous path to the creek.

It was not easy to find. Once or twice Dubuisson almost despaired of finding it at all, so well was it hidden. The afternoon had deepened into evening, and in the woods it was almost dark. Had not Capt. Hyde, growing anxious, come a little way up the path from the strip of shingle, Dubuisson might not have found it that night.

Hyde stopped, recognizing Dubuisson and Baxter. Betty held out the ring.

"Where is Sir Rupert?" the captain asked, bending to see the ring clearly.

"You are to put to sea with us at once. Sir Rupert is not coming. He has found a better way."

"Come quietly," he said. "There were men on the hillsides a little while back."

The boat was not on the strip of shingle; it was too large to be beached there, but lay at the mouth of the creek, hidden equally from sea and land by a cleft in the bluff of rock which sheltered these quiet waters.

"There are still men on the hillsides," said Hyde, as his passengers stepped aboard. As the boat caught the first puff of wind in her sails and revealed herself as she slipped out towards the open sea, there was a shout from the hillside, and an answer to it which might have been an echo.

"Can that be Sir Rupert?" asked Betty.

"No," Hyde answered. "His would be a call like a storm bird's. There would be no mistaking it. You'll be the lady that escaped from the inn. Sir Rupert said it might be you who would bring the message."

"Then he had arranged it all before he came to Abbots Chase?"

"Abbots Chase!" said Hyde.

"Yes. I am Lady Betty Walmisley."

"I don't understand. Will you tell me what has happened yonder?" and he pointed toward the receding shore. It was impossible to tell exactly where the mouth of the creek lay; the whole stretch of coast looked rocky and precipitous, walls of bare cliff with never a foothold where a man might cling. In one place a flat green slope came down to the very edge of the cliff. From this distance it looked so smooth and at such an angle that a stone might easily roll across it, and coming to the knifelike edge, spring outwards in a sheer drop to the wave-washed rocks three hundred feet or more below.

It was Betty who told the story, letting her hand rest in Victor's the while. It was gently told, only enough said of Sir Rupert's enmity to explain why they had delayed to take his advice until too late. She made much of his riding out to face the mob, an action which had enabled them to escape after all. This evening, with her lover beside her, with the music of the water at the bows, telling of danger being left farther and farther behind, it was easy to forgive.

"So he's found a better way," Hyde murmured; "he has a new scheme. I would sooner have him here with us. But they'll never catch the mare, my lady, you may reckon on that. I'd been on the lookout for Sir Rupert, when the coach broke down. It was a case of cutting cables and getting sea room. I knew he'd have to do it, and had ridden his own favorite mare to the inn. Why, there isn't an animal from Exeter to Dartmouth who could get a head in front of her."

If Capt. Hyde was satisfied, his face remained grave, and he looked back at the land as if there was regret at leaving it.

They were silent when the story was told. There was something of sadness in the quiet evening, and reaction had come. Betty's eyes were fixed upon the shore, receding so rapidly, fixed upon that smooth sweep above the cliff, for somewhere not far behind it lay Abbots Chase, the home of her fathers, the home she loved; and Abbots Chase was burning.

(To Be Continued.)

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

LADIES' ROUND YOKE WORK APRON—NO. 5779.

Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure. Size 36, bust measure, will require 6⅜ yards of 36-inch material. Every woman knows the advantage of a big, protective apron that covers the entire dress. Here is one that suits the housewife, artist and others that are employed in pursuits that require a complete covering of the gown. It is made of figured percale, and is as simple and practical as it is neat and attractive. Full-length sleeves are provided, but their use is optional, as with the elbow sleeves now in vogue, long sleeves in the apron are really not necessary Any of the apron materials are suitable for the development, such as Holland, checked gingham, percale chambray and butcher's linen.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents is silver or stamps.

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CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is ten cents in cash or in postage stamps.

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A MEDICINE OF REAL WORTH AND MERIT.

It Not Only Cures Colds and Grip, But Prevents Them From Resulting in Pneumonia.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is intended especially for acute throat and lung diseases, of which colds, croup and whooping cough are the most common. Those who have used it for years and are in a position to know its real value, assert that it is without an equal for the treatment of these diseases. It not only cures colds and grip, but counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia.

It has come into almost universal use as a preventive and cure for croup, and has never been known to fail.

In cases of whooping cough it keeps the cough loose, expectoration easy and renders the paroxysms of coughing less frequent and less severe, depriving that disease of all dangerous consequences.

It is pleasant to take, which is of much importance when the medicine must be given to small children.

It contains no opium or other harmful substance, and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.

It is an ideal remedy both for adults and children, and we think the most perfect and most effectual yet produced in any country.

LIFE AND INFERNO IN SIBERIAN PRISON

The Awful Cruelties to Convicts Described by a Soldier.

St. Petersburg, March 29.—An insane prison governor in Siberia is making life an inferno to the political prisoners under his control. Their almost incredible sufferings are described in a letter from a condemned soldier, which has reached here.

"For some time past," he writes, "the life of the convicts has been almost unbearable. The arrival of a new governor at the prison has been celebrated by all the convicts being put in irons. We have been deprived of the privilege of making purchases of tea, sugar and tobacco. This means that we have no nourishment over and above the prison diet, and we are almost dying of hunger.

"But this is nothing to the punishments that the convicts have to suffer. For a trivial breach of the prison regulations we are sent to the cells. In each dark, unheated cell there are from seven to ten convicts. Most of them are ill and they receive no medical attention. Those invalids who are fortunate enough to be in the hospital are kept in irons. And the punishment of the lash is becoming more and more generally used.

"The men who were confined in cell No. 8, deprived of their clothes, refused to march with the others to their work; so M———, the director of the prison, sent for a file of troops and ordered them to be taken forcibly. Two of the convicts were killed and eight were seriously injured in the struggle that followed. Those who survived the scrimmage received 110 lashes each; but even this was not considered sufficient, and the rest of the convicts, who had nothing whatever to do with the affair, received a hundred lashes each. Furthermore, the thongs used were steeped in salt, and salt was rubbed into the open wounds.

"Finally the convicts of cell No. 8 and several others—forty of them altogether — were tried by court-martial, and thirteen of them were sentenced to death and thirteen more to penal servitude for life.

"Since this occurred there has been no limit to the mad brutality of the governor. The lighting of a cigarette has become an offense that only fifty lashes can punish fitly. The immediate result of all this has been an epidemic of suicide. Of the convicts who recently arrived at ——— and who found it impossible to bear this insane ferocity, six killed themselves. Then, as a means of dealing with this epidemic, it was decreed that the friends of suicides should receive the lash. Seven more have followed the example of these six, and these things still go on."

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PURITY FLOUR

A WAR TIME ROUTE

Troops and Supplies Couldn't Enter by Way of Hudson Bay.

Toronto, March 29.—The advantages of the Hudson Bay route via Fort Churchill, from a military point of view, were discussed tonight at the Canadian Military Institute by Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, the well-known explorer of the sub-Arctics of Canada, who is a lieutenant in the Corps of Guides.

Such a route, he said, would be of inestimable advantage in case Britain should be involved in war, supplying as it would a direct means of communication by which grain could be shipped from Western Canada to Britain when the St. Lawrence route might be intercepted. Then, should the southern boundary of Canada be invaded, troops from Britain could be landed at Fort Churchill independently of the St. Lawrence or any other route.

The route, Mr. Tyrrell said, was open between four and five months of the year. The distance from Fort Churchill to Liverpool was almost exactly the same as from Montreal to Liverpool.

THE WHITLA KIDNAPPERS.

Mercer, March 29. — The preliminary hearing and safe return to the Mercer jail of James H. Boyle, and the rumor that his woman companion may entirely escape prosecution and soon regain her liberty, are the developments of the day in the Whitla kidnapping case.

No one but James Boyle had any fears for his safety today, when he was taken to Sharon for arraignment, but he was terribly frightened. He was scarcely able to murmur the words waiving a hearing in the court room.

The opinion is spreading that Mrs. Boyle will not be prosecuted, but will very shortly be quietly eliminated from the case and allowed to depart. There is said to be no local proof whatever to connect her with the abduction, and as she absolutely refuses to aid the local officers in the least, the supposition is that she will soon be free. This is borne out by the delay in arraigning her. It is said her prosecution is not eagerly desired by Mr. Whitla.

THE TRIAL OF HOLLAND.

Toronto, March 29.—Christopher A. M. Holland is to be tried by Magistrate Denison on Monday next, April 5. To each of the eleven charges of forgery and fraud which are laid against him he pleaded not guilty in the police court today, and his counsel, T. C. Robinette, K. C., asked for a week's remand.

STOLE LEAD PIPING.

Toronto, March 29.—Henry Wardrope was sentenced at the police court this morning to eight months in the Central prison for stealing lead piping. He took some ninety pounds of the piping from an empty house, doing considerable damage in the job, and sold it for $2 15. He had previously served eighteen months for a similar offense.

STOMACH DERANGEMENT

HER LIMBS ACHED. WORN OUT—TIRED. HEADACHES, DIZZINESS.

Mrs. Scholes' Case Like That of Thousands Cured by the Celebrated Tonic Ferrozone.

This is but one example of the sickness, the dull, aching weariness that afflicts so many homes today.

Hundreds of women, single and married, will recognize in Mrs. Scholes' statement symptoms from which they suffer continually.

Almost instant in its wonderful results, better than any other tonic in the word, is Ferrozone. All other medical discoveries seem as nought compared with the vital bracing health Ferrozone so surely brings.

Proof of Cure.

"People in ordinary circumstances find sickness the greatest burden of all," writes Mrs. W. S. Scholes, the wife of a well-known citizen in Russell. But the mother with young children must keep going, whether sick or well. This was my plight just before my third child was weaned. I became weak and pale, and at night I was so weary that I ached all over. I slept poorly, suffered with indigestion and headaches that almost blinded me.

"At last, when thin, wrinkled and hollow-cheeked, I was urged to use Ferrozone. For the first time in years I enjoyed freedom from headaches, my appetite picked up, I grew stronger, felt better and slept soundly. You can't imagine my joy in seeing my strength, color and spirits returning. Week by week I improved, gained eleven pounds and have been robust ever since."

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Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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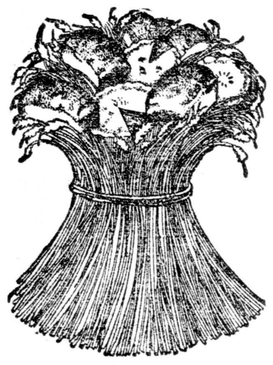

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A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment, MRS. F. E CURRAH, Windsor, Ont. 1 ft

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