## The Rose and Lily Dagger

WOMAN'S PERFIDY # # # #

"Most dreadful case, Mr. Locke," he aid gloomily. "I can't believe yet said gloomily. "I can't believe yet that it's true—I mean, sir, that anything of the kind has happened."
"It is hard to believe, yes," assented Gerald, looking at the ground that the man might be the state desired.

ency.
"It is, indeed, Mr. Locke. To think "It is, indeed, Mr. Locke. To think that the marquis—one of the highest in the land, sir—should be lying in prison charged with murder! Of course I know he is innocent, but it's the disgrace of being suspected of such a crime, to say nothing of being in prison, that knocks me over. Just think of such a noble, warm-hearted man being accused of such a dreadful deed. Why, look at his friendship for the signor! Do you think, that a man who would saddle himself for life with a poor blind man—and you know how attentive, and gentle, and with a poor blind man—and you know how attentive, and gentle, and thoughtful he is with him—is the kind of man to stab a fellow creature in the back? Oh!"—and Mr. Ingram burst out with a passionate oath—"it drives me mad to hear people talk about it. But it will all come right, Mr. Locke!" And he looked at Gerald anxiously.

Gerald looked down.

"Yes—we hope so," he said. "Yes, certainly."

ertainly."

"Hope so! exclaimed Ingram.
"Well! and he swore again, "if anything happens to the marquis, Mr.
Locke, there will be two murders instead of one!"

"Hush!" said Gerald, glancing at
the windows warningty for In-

the windows warningty, for Ingram's voice had grown terribly distinct in his indignation.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of any one hearing me, sir," he said bitterly "Lady Scott is lying ill—quite prostrated—in her rooms in the south wing, and otherwise the house is nearly empty. There was no use in keeping a pack of servants wailing and creeping about the place, declaring tney saw ghosts, and the rest of it, and I packed them off. Not, mind, that any of them believed his lordship emitty! No. avery one Not, mind, that any of them believed his lordship guilty! No, every one of 'em thinks as I think. It's my belief that many of them would have taken his place if that had been possible, for," bitterly, "with all his wildness and evil temper, his lordship had a knack of winning the heart of everybody in the household. You never heard him bully and bluster as some of your goody-goody men do! No! It was always a smile. ter as some of your goody-goody men do! No! It was always a smile, and a kind word, however, sad he might be, and until Miss Elaine came he was nearly always sad and absent-minded."

Gerald Locke looked up. "Why?" he asked. Ingram shook his head.

Ingram shook his head,
"I can't say, sir. No one knows,
There was something in his past
life-up there in London most like
-which seemed to change and alter him. Haunted him, one might

say."

Gerald Locke pricked up his ears.

Everything, the smallest detail of
the life of the man he had undertaken to save from a shameful
death, was of moment to him.

"You know nothing of it?" he

asked, earnestly. "If so—but I need not tell you how important it is that I should know of anything, however apparently trivial, which might throw a light on the dark

"I don't know. No one knows" said Ingram, "Not even the valet. I've gone so far as to ask him if he had ever heard of anything happening to the marquis that might have made him so quiet and gloomy

"Well, he doesn't. He's been with him for years. No one leaves his lordship's service unless he's oblig-ed. Strange that, for a man who's given to stabbing in the back, isn't it?" he put in, sarcastically. "The it?" he put in, sarcastically. "The only thing he remembers is that at one time some years back — the marquis gave him a long holiday, and said he was going to travel. The valet thinks his lordship went abroad, but he might have gone to Glengowrie, the place in Scotland,

## MAKE BABY FEEL GOOD.

A baby's temper depends upon how he feels. If ailing he will be cross, worry the mother and annoy every-body in the house; if feeling well he will be bright, active and happy. It is easy to keep your baby feeling good by profiting by the experience of mothers who give their little ones Baby's Own Tablets. One of these mothers, Mrs. C. W. Shore, Castleton Out. ton, Ont., says: "Our child, eight months old, has always been trou-bled with indigestion. We had medibled with indigestion. We had medi-elne from two ploctors and tried other remedies without benefit. I then sent for a box of Baby's Own Tablets and found them just what was required. The child is now all

and is doing well.' Indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers, in fact all the minor ailments of little ones are cured by Baby's Own Tablets. They nlways do good and cannot possibly do harm, and may be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. Sold by druggists or direct by mail, a box, by addressing the Dr. Medicine Co., Brockville,

you know—"
"I know. Well?"
"His lordship was away, wherever he was, for nearly two years; and all that time this man never heard from him. His wages were paid by the solicitors in London, and they told the valet to let them have his

told the valet to let them have his address. But not one word came from the marquis, though he was not in the habit of keeping his whereabouts secret, and had always taken the man with him."

"Yes!" said Gerald, seating himself on the stone rail of the steps, and listening intently. "Well?"

"Well, sir, the marquis came back at last from wherever he was, and telegraphed to the valet; and the man went up to London to him. He found the marquis a changed man." found the marquis a changed man.

"How?"
"Well, to use the valet's own words—he was telling me this last night in his room; the poor fellow is as cut up as if the marquis were his own brother—the change consisted in this: Before he went away, his lordship was gay and light-hearted in all his wildness; but now, after he had come back all the light-hearted in all his wildness; but now, after he had come back, all the light-heartedness had gone, and he seemed ten years older. He still went about town, even played a bit—all the Nairnes were fond of cards, Mr. Locke—but he seemed to take no interest in anything. And the restlessness, the Wandering Jew business which the people talk so much about, began. The valet tells me that it was not at all an unusual thing for his lord-

all an unusual thing for his lord-ship to start for the Continent, or Norway, or anywhere, at a moment's notice. He'd come down here sometimes quite as if he meant to stay, and after a few hours, or day or two at most, it would be, 'Field, pack the portmanteau; am going to-night,'" Gerald Locke nodded.

"I know; I have heard of his restessness.'

lessness,"
"Yes, and that wasn't all. Before
this time the marquis was fond of
the society of ladies; quite the ladies' man, Field says, and a great
favorite with them. And no wonder.
You'd find it hard to match his
lordship for make and face, Mr.
Locke."

Gerald nodded again.

Gerald nodded again.

"Go on. All this is important, and may help me, Mr. Ingram."

"Well, sir, I hope to God it may!
Field assured me that after he had come back the marquis shunned ladies' society. If he went to one of their soires or receptions or balls, or whatever you call them, of their soirees or receptions or two, and go to the club and stay there playing cards or billiards. And he wouldn't visit at country places as he used to do. A complete places as he used to do. A complete change seemed to have con him. He was quite altered. Field says that sometimes when he's come into the room he'd find his lordship sitting. sitting with his head upon his hands like a man who'd bee:: ruined, or lost-

"Lost ?" said Gerald. "Well, lost the only woman he'd ever cared for. Yes, Mr. Locke, I—and you—can guess that a woman was at the bottom of it. It's always a woman. Don't the French say when-ever anything goes wrong, 'Find the woman'? I'm not a French scholar.'' Gerald nodded,

Gerald nodded.
"Well, sir, that went on till he cam-"Well, sir, that went on till he came down to the Castle and saw Miss Elaine. And then—well, we know what happened. And for my part I can only say that I was not surprised. There isn't a lovelier or a sweeter lady in the world than Miss Elaine. No, Mr. Locke, I wasn't surprised when I heard of their engagement, but I was surprised when I heard that the engagement was broken off, and that Miss Elaine had run away. That worries me more than anything. Why, sir, from what I know and have seen of her, I should know and have seen of her, I should have said that she was the last woman in the world to have deserted her sweetheart in the hour of his ad

Gerald Locke hung his head.

"Miss Delaine was called away be fore—before the discovery of the murder," he said, lamely

Ingram shook his head. "That's the mystery to me, sir," he said. "Not this murder; that will be cleared up, no doubt. It mast be cleared up! But that Miss Elaine, the kindest, the nicest lady we know should leave him just at the

the kindest, the nicest lady we know, should leave him just at the beginning of this trouble?"

Gerald Locke was silent for a moment and then he said:

"And Lady Scott is ill, you say?"

"Yes sir, quite knocked over. She's a proud Lady, Mr. Locke, and this carting the marquis off to prison has just knocked her over."

"And Signor Zanti?"

Ingran shook his head.

"I'm as sorry for him as for any one, excepting the marquis. Hethe signor—is just heartbroken. It's dreadfui to see him. They talk about a man's hair turning grey in a single night; well, Mr. Locke, if his hair hasn't turned grey, the signor has grown old in a single night."

"I am going to the bridge," said Geenld.

fools expected to see I can't imagine. They just came and stared at the bridge and the stream as if they expected to have the whole murder played out for them, or the dead man's ghost. Fd go with yoa, but I'm waiting for the head keeper, Davie. Everything seems at sixes and sevens. Two of the under keepers gave notice this morning. There is nothing I can do for the marquis, I suppose, Mr. Locke?"

Gerald said no, that there was nothing Mr. lugram could do, and as he walked on he reflected bitterly how little he himself could do.

He passed through the shrubbery and into the little glade or opening before the bridge, and then on to the bridge itself, and stood looking down at the stream, which was bubbling along as giddly and light-heartedly as ever, singing bitthely as it had sung while the deed of blood was being done.

Gerald looked round him, though of course there was nothing to be gleaned by inspecting the scene. As Ingram had said, there had apparently been no struggle, no conflict. Charles Sher-win had been killed at once by that sharp, swiftly dealt blow of the gro-tesque dagger.

The rail of the bridge was a low

one little more than two feet high. The murdered man had evidently

The murdered man had evidently staggered back against it as the dagger struck him, and had either overbalanced or been pushed over by the hand that had dealt the stab.

There again! Gerald could not bring himself to imagine the marquis guilty of thrusting his victim into the stream, or even leaving him there. He was far more likely to call for assistance, and exclaim, "I have killed this man! Take him up. see to him!"

him up. see to him!"
It seemed impossible to Gerald
that such a man as Lord Nairne
should come back to the house and leave the dead man lying out in th stient night.

shient night.

The marquis might be passionate, vengeful, utterly unable to control his temper; but no one who knew him, however slightly, could deem him capable of cowardice and mean-

ness.

Grand stepped off the bridge and went down the bank, standing looking for a minute or two at the spot where the body had been found; then he went up again, and slowly made his way back toward the house, feeling that he helplace as when he feeling just as helpless as when he had entered the grounds, and he was rather startled at seeing a man seated on the rustic beach which stood in a little leafy recess by the walk.

It was Luigi Zanti, and he was sitting with his head leaning on his hands, his whole attitude eloquent of melancholy brooding.

He raised his head as Gerald's the racehod his head as Gerald's

He raised his head as Gerald's step reached his ears, and Gerald was startled by the change wrought in the blind man's face. It was, as Ingram had said, as if the Italian had grown old since his master and friend had been taken from him.

"Signor Zanti," he said.

Luigi half rose, then sank back.

"It is you," Mr. Locke," he said. "It hought I knew the sten, but my

"It is you," Mr. Locke," he said. "I thought I knew the step, but my hearing seems confused. I——" He broke off with an earnest entreaty. "You have seen him? Has he sent me any message? Surely he has sent one word to me?"

one word to me?".

Gerald sat down beside him.

"Yes," I have just left him," he
replied. "He did not send you a
message, Luigi, but you will not
think he has forgotten you, because he has not spoken of you. He speaks of no one, indeed, he says very little

al out anything."

"The strong suffer in silence," murmured Luigi, his hands clasped
tightly, "and he is strong. I know
him." There is no one who knows
him better—so well—as I do. He
will not speak—" He stopped, as if
he suddenly remembered that he was not alone Gerald looked at him thoughtfully.

"No," he said. "You will do al"

can be said. "You will do all shall I shall try. assented Gerald

gloomily. "But it is hard, uphill work, when one has so little to go upon, and when one's own client declines to help."

Lulgi did not look startled or almed but his beed gash still leven. "He will say nothing?" he said,

after a pause

after a pause.

"Nothing," repeated Gerald, "and that is the very worst course for a man in the marquis' situation to adopt toward his lawyer.'

"Yes, yes, yes!" breathed Luigi, as if a heavy weight were pressing down upon his chest and making it sufficult for him to speak.

"You must do it all alone, without aid, without—" He stopped, and Gerald, who could not resist the Gerald, who could not resist the temptation, sprang the question upon him suddenly:
"Luigi, do you know where Miss Elaine is?"

He saw the blind man start and

wince as he shook his head.

"No. Why—why do you ask?"

"isn't it a natural question? She was engaged to the marquis—his promised wife——" promised wife--"She is so no longer," Luigi broke in abruptly. "They parted — there was no blame on either side, remember that! She is blameless, faultless. The night—"

"The night of the murder," on n Gerald, distinctly.

dogged kind of stubbornness.
On the night of the murder, yes, it what has that to do with it, "I don't know. Do you?" he added,

Luigi, his face still set and hard shook his head.
"No. She has nothing to do with
it. Let her alone. Do you want
to drag her innocence and purity
into the shameful glare of a court

into the shameful glare of a court of juities. Let her alone, I say!" His voice grew stern and angry. "She has suffered enough Besides." and he seemed to control himself with a great effort, "she could do no good. She could not help him, if you were to find her and drag her into the witness box. Remember that—" ber that-

"How do you know that?" said Gerald, in a low voice. Luigi let his head fall again.

his hair hasn't turned grey, the signor has grown old in a single night."

"I are going to the bridge," said Gerald.

"Yes, sir? It's pretty quiet there in hed. Gerald Locke, you have not now, but after the news spread the piace as thronged. What the head swifty, with a look of terror in with us."

Luigi let his head sail again.

"How do I know?" he repeated slowly, cautiously, his hands trembling. "How could she help him? She knows nothing of it. She was green and fresh on the farm.?" of the lift am "Gosh, yes! Specially them an city jays wat's board-in," with us."

BOYS OF TO-DAY

Will be the Men of the **Future** 

they Should be Rugged and Sturdy, Full of Life and Ready for Work, Play or Study-Keep Them Healthy

Growing boys should always be calthy and rugged. Ready for play, ready for study, and ready at any time for a hearty meal. This condition denotes good health, but there are entirely too many who do not come up to this standard. They take no part in the maniy games all healthy boys indulga in; they are stoopshouldered, dull and listless; they complain of frequent headaches, and

their appetite is variable. Some-times parents say, "Oh, they'll out-grow it." But they won't-it's the blood that's out of condition, and blood that's out of condition, and instead of getting better they get worse. What boys of this class require to make them bright, active and strong is a tonic, something that will build up the blood and make the nerves strong. There is no medicine that can do this as quick'y and as effectively as Dr. Will.ams Pink Pills. Mrs. Mary Compton, of Merritton, Ont., tells what these pills did for her sixteen-year-old son. She easys: "About two years ago my son Samul began to decline in health. Suys: "About two years ago my son Samu: I began to decline in health. He grew very pale and thin, and at times experience! serious welk spells, couled with a tired, worn-out feelign, and as the weeks went by he grew worse. This alarmed me, for my husband had died of what the doctors called pernicious anaemia, and I feared my son was going the same way. I had often read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pill's would cure anaemia, and decided that he should try

mia, and decided that he should try mia, and decided that he should try trem. A couple of boxes made a decided improvement in his condition, and by the time he had taken a half cozen boxes his health was better than it had been for some years previous. His weight had increased, his listlessness hed disappeared, and he was blessed with a good appetite. I may add that other members of my family have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I consider these fills the best of all medicines."

"an, who said to him,
"Ah, my son, what have your friends done to you?"

"They have left me here to die," I suppose," replied the youth with camment to show that he was afraid.
"Oh, you will not die if you will agree to do as I require," said the man, "I will make you well again, but in turn you must be my slave, and hunt for me all the rest of your life."

To this the youth agreed as he medicines."

Poor and watery blood is the cause of nearly all diseases, and it is be-cause Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act of hearry all classases, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood, both enriching it and increasing the quantity, that they cure such troubles as anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuraligia, heart troubles, incipient consumption and the various ailments that affilet so many women. These pills may be had from any dealer in medicine, or will be sent nostrail at medicine, or will be sent postpaid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. If you value your health never allow a dealer to persuade you to take something else

on his white face, which was not lost on Gerald.

on his winter lace, which was not lost on Gerald.

"No, I have not sent for her, for the hest of all reasons," he replied.
"I do not know where she is. No one knows. Nothing has been heard of, or from, her since she left, the morning after the murder."

Luigi drew a long breath of relief as it seemed to Gerald.

"But of course, I could find her," he went on moedily. "I intended doing so. I had made out an advertisement for the papers,—"

Luigi raised his head and listened breathlessly. breathlessly.

"But the marquis has foroidden Luigi sighed heavily and let his read fall again with an expre

head fall again with an expression of resignation.

"He is right," he said at last;
"he is right. II—If Elaine were your sister, Gerald Locke, would you wish her to appear in this? Would you not do all, risk all, rather than her purity should be sullied by contact with all this shame?"

"I don't know," said Gerald, watching the white, haggard face. It deends. If I thought she could

It depends. If I thought she could throw any light upon it, help to clear up the mystery, and save an innocent man, even though she were my sister, I should expect her and desire her to come forward'

There was silence for a moment then Luigi said in a low voice: "And if she could not save him?' Gerald was silent. Was it possible Luigi Zanti knew comething of the truth, and he, too, desired Elaine

"And if she could not save him?" repeated Luigi with melancholy earestness. "Then she is better away." said

Gerald, with a sigh that was almost a groan. "Luigi, I see—I should be blind—oh, forgive me!" "Go on."
"I cannot help seeing that you cannot help seeing that you

know-You know ou not tell me?" Luigi shook his head doggedly. Gerald Locke laid his hand upon the blind man's thin arm.

the blind man's thin arm.
"Consider, for God's sake, consider!" he said solemnly. "This is not a light thing. It is a matter of life or death! Of life or death! You know the evidence that has been brought against him."
"I know it—yes," responded Luigi

"I know it—yes," responded Luigi with a stifled moan:
"It is—damning! As it stands, with nothing further to strengthen it, it may be sufficient to—to condemn him. You understand?"
"My God! Yes, I understand," moaned Luigi, the great drops of sweat standing on his white brow.
"And neither he, who knows/mill nor you, who know something, will nor you, who know something, will nor you, who know something, will speak. Do you intend to remain silent? Do you mean to say nothing till the verdict - guilty? - has been pronounced? For Heaven's sak

Heaven's sake Luigi, if you can say one word that may help me saye your friend-"A brother could not be dearer to e!" fell from Luigi's white lips.
"Well, then!" urged Gerald.
(To be Continued.)

As Other See Us.

WHY INDIANS LOVE THUNDER.

Among some tribes of Indians the thunder is held in great reverence;

they sing songs to it, and have dances in its honor.

As a reason for doing this they tell the following story:

Once upon a time threee young men Once upon a time threee young men were on the war path from their homes, when the youngest of them had the misfortune to break his leg. By Indian law it became the duty of the other two warriors to carry the youth safely to his home. So they made a rude litter and carried him on it until they became tired. Finally they came to a range of mountains and, as the trail was steep and it was hard work to carry the youth any further, they lake the

the youth any further, they laid the litter down and went to one side, where they held council together. "Lot us leave our wounded com-pasion where he is," said one. "It is too much work to carry him far-

ther."
"Agreed," said the other. "We will say that he was killed by the cnemy and no one will ever be the wiser, for he will certainly die, if we leave him here."
"So the wicked men threw the youth into a deep cleft in the rocks and went on their way home to the village. When they had come there they reported that the boy had died from wounds received in a fight with the enemy.

Great was the grief of the boy's Great was the grief of the boy's

Great was the grief of the boy's widowed mother, who wept and groaned at the loss of her son.

But the youth was not dead. As he lay in the cleft in the rocks where the wicked warriors had thrown him, he saw, sitting a little way off, a strange looking old man, who said to him.

To this the youth agreed, as he saw no other way out of his predicament; and the old man (who was not an old man at all, but a porcupine who had assumed the shape of an old man) cured him of the hurts and soon had him hunting to him the same of the same soon had him hunting the hurts and

soon had him hunting for him and bringing home the game he killed to the cleft in the rocks.

to the cleft in the rocks.

"Whenever you kill anything which is too heavy for you to carry, call me and I will come and help you," said the old man.

All winter the youth hunted for his master. One day when the spring had come the youth killed a big bear which was too heavy for him to carry to the cleft in the rocks alone.

"Now I will go and call the old man," he said.

nan," he said. But, just as he was stooping down

But, just as he was stooping down to feel of the bear and see how fet he was, he heard a murmur of voices behind him, and, turning in surprise, beheld three men, or figures in the shape of men, who wore cloud-like garments with wings.

"Who are you and what are you doing in this wilderness where no man ever comes?" cried the youth. Then they told him that they were the Thunderers, whose mission it was to go about over the earth doing good, and destroying things which harmed mankind. Just now they were after the old man who lived were after the old man who lived in the cleft in the rocks, who was no old man at all, but a wicked porcupine, as they would presently prove to him.

'Run back," they said, "and tell him to come and help you with the bear."

him to come and help you with the bear."

So the youth went and told the cld man that he must come and help carry the bear home. But the old man said he could not go out if there was any sign of a cloud in the sky.

The youth looked around and said that the sky was clear. So the old man came out and went with him to where the carcass of the big bear was lying. Then they cut up the bear, the old man constantly urging the youth to make haste, and the meat was placed on the old man's shoulders as he directed, the youth all the time being greatly astonished at the strength he showed.

Loaded with the bear meat the old man began to run toward the cleft woman to dance. There are no for-

in the rocks as fast as he could, but clouds began to gather rapidly in the sky and the thunder rumbled in

and ran faster and faster, but the thunder rumbled nearer and nearer. Then the old man assumed his proper shape of a huge porcupine, and went scampering away, shooting his quilts cut behind him as he ran. But the thunder followed him with peal after peal until, finally, a bolt of lightning struck him and destroyed him.

stroyed him.
Then the three Thunderers appeared again and said to the youth: "Now that our work here is done we will carry you home to your mother, who has been grieving for you all the time?"

So they gave him a cloud suit with wings like their own, and the four swept away through the air to the Indian village where the youth's

widowed mother dwelt.

It was night when he found himself in his mother's confield, and, going to the opening of the lodge, he drew back the curtain which covered it and stood there in the moon-light

light.

The widow started up and gazed at him with terror, but he said:
"Do not be frightened, mother; it is no ghost, but your long-lost son, who has come back to take care of

you."
Then the widow wept tears of joy, while he told her all his adventures, and they lived happliy ever after. And that is why the Indians dance and sing to the thunder.

The laziest of all laziness, Herbert W. Horwill in the Critic, is the practice of coining unnecessary words. It might have been supposed, that, when there is already in existence a word which exactly denotes the idea to be expressed, it would be easier to fall back upon this word than to invent another. In fact, however, it often requires less effort to construct a linguistic monstrosity than to find the term that has been consecrated by good usage. Take, for instance, such words as Take, for instance, such words as extinguishment, revealment, withdrawment, devotement, denotement and startlement. It is not difficult to trace the mental process. The word, extinguish, was in the speaker's mind. He wanted a noun, and to stick "ment" on to the verb was an expedient nearer to hand then the expedient nearer to hand than the search for "extinction." Occasionally the quick change is from the noun to the verb. When a man says, "to adthe verb. When a man says, "to administrate," we may be sure that he first thought of "administration," and that he was then in too great a hurry to notice that the analogy with such pairs as celebrate and celebration, would mislead him. I one were making a collection of linguistic curios, one might add to it such exhibits as propellation, affirmance, clientage, reminniscential, move-

exhibits as propellation, affirmance, clientage, reminniscential, moveless, traditionary, leisuristic, unsympathy, and bishoply. In the mind of the offender there seems almost to be lurking a kind of predatory; false analogy, which grabs at his expression and distorts them before he can help himself.

Is it too late to purify our speech from these mischlevous tendencies, or from these mischlevous tendencies, or must we be content to see a great language turned into shoddy? Certainly the effectiveness of English as an organ of thought is weakened by the careless use off its vocabulary. The creation of redundant words

really adds nothing to the resources of a tongue, and the overworking of some words, combined with the underworking of others, means actual Impoverishment. Only a pedant would object to the gradual expansion of the dictionary by means of the adoption of new kiloms and terms. When our ancient metaphors when our ancient metaphors have lost their edge, we may be pardoned if we turn even to colloquialisms for pointed expressions to take their place. But there is no prothrough confusion.—Chicago Post.

all the time being greatly astonished at the strength he showed.

Loaded with the bear meat the old man began to run toward the cleft in the rocks as fast as he could, but should began to gather rapidly in the sky and the thunder rumbled in the sky and the thunder rumbled in the old man threw down his load

down the narrow streets.

At night the Heligolanders gather in the public halls, the men to drink beer, smoke and play cards, and the woman to dance. There are no formalities, as all the islanders have known each other from infancy.—

From "Queer Little Heligoland," by Arthur Inkersley, in Four-Track News for September.

## Another Cure of Chronic Disease

Of the Kidneys and Bowels-Well-known Steamboat Man Endorses Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills-Statement Vouched for by Minister.

Mr. James A. Buchner, Port Robincon, Ont., was for years a steamboat man, and is favorably known in
cvery port from Cieveland to Montreal. Until a few months ago he
was for years a great safferer from
kidney disease, rheumatism and contipation, Dr. Chass's Kilney-Liver
Pills have made him well, and for
the henefit of others he has made
the statement below:

thought of again recovering health, I
continued the use of these pills until
had used six or eight boxes and
was again enjoying my former health
and vigor, I shall always recommend
ideal 'medicine.''
Rev. W. D. Masson, Methodist minister, Port Robinson, Ont., writes;
Being personally acquainted with
Mr. J. A. Buchner, who was cured

farm?"

yes! Specially when I was in such a miseration when I

Mr. James A. Buchner, Port Robin- | thought of again recovering health, I

was for years a great siferer from kidney disease, rheumatism and constipation. Dr. Chase's Kilney-Liver Pills have made him well, and foothe benefit of others he has made the statement below:

M. Fincher writte: "For many rest I was the unhappy victim of kidney trouble, rheumatism and constipation, which became is severe as to make life a burden! I was a constant sufferer, entirely unfit for work; appetite was fickle; I became machated; could not sleep, but arcsen the morning tired and enfeebled. I lingered on in this condition, gradually growing worse, and became despondent and discouraged because I could obtain no relief from the many medicines used.

"Friends advised Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I now feel thankful that this medicine came to my land; when I was in such a missing it to be in any way misleading of untrue."

"It is by curing just such chronic and complicated cases as this that come so well known as a medicine of excaptional merit. Their direct and complicad ection on kidneys, liver and howels makes them successful where ordinary medicines fail. One pill a 20se; 25 cents a box, at all Galers, or Edmanson, bates & Co... Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and complicated cases as this that this medicine came to my