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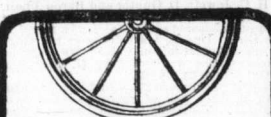
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I was cured of Sciatic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
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MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT



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Pneumatic Carriage Tires
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Tires for Baby Carriages

The Dunlop Tire Co., Limited
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Orders left at McMurtry & Co.—M.

A TANGLED SKEIN.

(Continued)

"He asked if I was her granddaughter," replied Alice, laughing. "It was funny to see how indignant she was. She drew herself up like a duchess, and looked at him. 'I never had a child, my lord,' she said, and he looked foolish. 'Dear me, no, I forgot. I beg your pardon,' he stammered, and he got out of the room without asking any more questions. I liked the young gentlemen better. I could talk to them!"

"Fine young fellows they were then. Mr. Godfrey—Lord Merrion that is now—was always most to my liking. His brother seemed a stupid, mooning sort of a fellow."

"That he wasn't," Alice said, warmly. "Mr. Godfrey was the noisiest, and the most full of fun and nonsense, but his brother was the most gentlemanly. I used to go in constant fear of the younger one. He terrified me out of my wits almost with all sorts of pranks, but the other one treated me as though I were a little lady instead of the housekeeper's poor relation. A true gentleman was Mr. Cuthbert Merrion."

"It is odd how the race seems to be dwindling away," Richard Adair remarked. "An old lady I knew in the village there—a Mrs. Komar—was full of all sorts of prophecies and forebodings to Merrion Royal. She had an old rhyme prediction that after twins there would be no heir to the title and fortune, and there is none."

"No. It seems queer, doesn't it? There does seem a curse upon some families, doesn't there? This one has lasted since some civil war where one twin brother killed the other in battle. Fancy twin brothers taking opposite sides like that."

"I can fancy anything of those good old times, Alie, but I can't fancy what has put Merrion so much into your head to-day."

"That man's face, Dick."

"Did you recognize him, then? Was it a face you knew?"

"My dearest, no. It was more like an ape than a human creature. But that it had clothes on of some sort, I should not have known it for a man. But it looked at me with such curious eyes, and then in a flash I seemed to be in England, and at Merrion Royal with Mrs. Bruce."

"All a dream, born of the heat and your weakness, my darling. Oh! thank Heaven for that," he added, as a breeze, somehow, cooler than the stifling atmosphere within blew through the open window. "Do you feel it?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, with a gasp for breath. "And—Oh, Dick, it was no fancy. Look there!"

A weird, wild face was peering in at the door. As Alice had said, something more like a monkey than a man but for the white hair which hung in tangled masses over its eyes and down on its shoulders behind.

"Don't be frightened, dear love," the young man said to his wife, for she was shivering in him in abject terror. "He won't hurt you. He looks starved."

"Starved, indeed? The face was wan, and the eyes distended, and the hands that clutched the doorpost for support were like claws in their horrible leanness. The form was clad in an odd collection of fragments of native cloth, part the scarcely distinguishable remains of European clothing. On the head was a native hat, fastened under the chin with a piece of string."

"Who are you?" asked Richard Adair, as the man stared vacantly around him. "What do you want?"

The creature gasped something in a hoarse voice, almost like the bark of a dog, and having spoken, fell down in a senseless heap at their feet.

Whoever he might be, he was a human creature in dire need, and the young man summoned his servants, and made them minister to his wants.

They gave him bread and water, sparingly, for he had come to that fearful pass when a mouthful too greedily swallowed may be death. They could make nothing of him, even when strengthened by feeding. He did not seem to know his name or where he came from, and only shook his head and muttered helplessly at every question put to him.

"I think he's crazy, poor fellow," Richard remarked. "But where the deuce has he been? I've never seen him before. He must have dropped from the clouds."

"There aren't any to drop from, Dick, dear," his wife said, with a laugh. "I wish they were. Try him in French. I fancy he's a European."

It was hard to tell, for he was almost black now, but he had a decidedly

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. H. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take 77 tablets.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.



AFTER

The guests are gone the smile slips from the face of the hostess and she gives up to the pain which racks her body. Many a woman entertains and wears a smile while her back aches and her nerves quiver with pain. Surely any medicine which offers relief to women would be worth a trial under such conditions. But when the woman's medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is offered with the proof of efficacy in thousands of well attested cures, what excuse can then be offered for suffering longer?

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"It is with the greatest pleasure I write you the benefit my mother has received from your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" says Miss Carrie Johnson, of Lowell, Mass., U.S.A. "She suffered untold misery with uterine disease and nervousness, and had a constant roaring and ringing noise in her head. After taking six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' she was entirely cured."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets stimulate the liver.

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It was hard to tell, for he was almost black now, but he had a decidedly

European shape of head. His hands and feet, too, had nothing of the negro about them, nor the hair, which, though so unkempt and matted, was fine and soft. His face looked like that of a very aged man, but his teeth seemed good, and his hands, though painfully thin, were firm and sinewy.

Mr. Adair spoke to him in French and then in German, in both of which languages he could converse fluently, but he took no more notice of either than he had done of the English.

"I'll try again by-and-by," he said. "He isn't dying, is he?"

"No, dear. Not now. He's quite worse now, I fancy, and will sleep some time. Perhaps he will speak to us when he wakes up."

The miserable creature had sunk down in a huddled heap, too utterly exhausted to have any thought or care where or how he rested, and putting something under his head they left him to sleep as long as he would.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON BOARD THE "GOOMPTREE."

Speed, speed, thou fleet vessel; thy sails are unfurled, On, seek me not, whither—my home is the world!

—HAYNES BAYLEY.

Wherever the wretched creature who had so frightened Mrs. Adair had come from he was an utter stranger in the colony. He slept long and so heavily that but for his breathing they would have thought him dead, a moveless, worn-out sleep that seemed to have no feeling in it. They lifted his hands, and they felt like those of a corpse. They pulled him from the place where he had dropped into a more sheltered corner, but he never woke.

His feet were fearfully bruised and lacerated, as though he had walked a long way, and they were bound up in pieces of native matting, such as the

tribes in the interior of the country sometimes brought down to the coast for sale and barter. Such ragged civilized clothing as he had on seemed to be the remains of garments such as are taken out to Africa by the shipload for trading with the natives, and could give not the slightest clue to their wearer's identity.

When it grew cool, Richard Adair went and made all the enquiries he possibly could, but no one had seen or heard of any such person as he described. Vagrants, such as we know them, are unknown in colonies such as Cape Coast Castle, and this man's appearance was so singular that no one seeing him for a moment could either overlook or forget him. He took many people to look at his strange guest as he lay sleeping on a corner of the veranda, but he was as strange to them as though he had dropped from the moon.

"I started, he's either English or American," he said to a man who was puzzling over the man's aged-looking face and white hair. "But I fancy he's either crazy or drunk, or both. What's to be done with him when he wakes?"

"Maybe he'll be able to speak then, poor devil," was the answer. "What has he been up to, I wonder? He looks as though he had been through thorns, and over stones, and under water. I don't think he's an man."

"Nor I."

"Many things whiten the hair besides age. He looks as though he had gone through enough to make him a hundred at least. If he does turn out a lunatic we must take care of him somehow. The state has not provided us with a lunatic asylum. But we must see that he does no mischief."

For sixteen hours the stranger slept like a man who has a lifetime of rest to make up, and then Mrs. Adair, sitting close by the window to get the benefit of the welcoming coolness before night fell and left all blank darkness, was startled by the stranger once more standing before her.

Agitated with her fear of him was mixed the strange feeling of something familiar, though she could not recognize a feature of the wild, wasted face. Again there flashed into her mind things and scenes of long ago, shifting like the turns of a kaleidoscope, which she vainly tried to associate with the curious object before her.

"Richard!" she called, but her husband was out of hearing, and in terror she started up, for the man was very close to her.

To be continued.

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Bronchitis is becoming very prevalent, but is not now incurable, for Catarrhine cures even the worst cases. Catarrhine Inhaler sends the healing medicated air into every air passage in head, bronchial tubes, and lungs; it reaches the germs and destroys them. Catarrhine soothes and cools the inflamed membranes, quickly relieves the cough and feverishness, and the laborious breathing and soreness in the wind-pipe are relieved at once. When Catarrhine is taken, Bronchitis is cured in one to five days. It has been extensively used, and never once failed. Even cases of 5, 10 and 20 years' standing that have baffled the skill of the best physicians have been cured by Catarrhine. Get it to-day and be cured. Price \$1.00; small size 25 cents, at druggists or Poison & Co., Kingston, Ont.

A FARMERS' TRUST

A combination of all the farmers in the province of Quebec is being organized for the purpose of exporting products at a better price than at present. This new trust would have agencies in all the country towns, the members of which would be required to subscribe for general expenses and maintenance. It is proposed to establish abattoirs and refrigerators, and a central office. It is patterned after a similar association that exists in New Zealand.

PARK'S EMULSION is displacing the older, ordinary emulsions, because it is in keeping with modern scientific improvements and wholly worthy to supersede any cod liver oil product heretofore offered. If you desire an emulsion that will accomplish all that you desire, see that you get PARK'S PERFECT EMULSION.

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Wanted—A case of Neuralgia that Bentley's Nerve Food will not instantly relieve. All dealers 25c.

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To persons suffering the results of thin blood and wasted nerves, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food supplies the needs of the system and brings perfect health. It occupies a field by itself and is unique in these respects. That it cures by forming new, rich blood and nerve force, building up the system and increasing the weight.

It is a reconstructive, restorative and revitalizer of the most unusual merit, which sends new life and new vigor to every part of the body, and gradually and permanently cures all nervous troubles and diseases resulting from weak blood and low vitality. 50 cents a box, at all druggists, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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"Sovereign" shoes represent the highest and best in shoe making. Flexible, light, strong and handsome. Laced or buttoned shoes \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00. Low shoes or Oxfords \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per pair. Branded on the soles: "SOVEREIGN SHOE."

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Whitewash Brushes, 10, 15, 20, 25, 35 and 40c.; Small Paint Brushes, 5, 10, 15c.; 4 pkgs of Tacks for 10c.; Tack Hammers, 5, 10 and 15c.; Large Nail Hammers, 15c.; Tack Drawer, 5 and 10c.; Screw Drivers, 10 and 15c.; and anything you will need, ask for it and we can give it to you at half of what you will pay in other stores.

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