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a rheumatic shoulder, or a knee or toe that makes you wince with pain can be relieved by one of several popular and efficacious remedies always kept in stock at Higginbotham's drug store. Every standard preparation—liniment, for embrocations or others for internal use—known to relieve and cure rheumatism at your beck and call.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

SETTLERS' ONE-WAY EXCURSIONS

To Manitoba and Canadian Northwest will leave Toronto every TUESDAY during MARCH and APRIL, 1902.

Passengers travelling without Live Stock should take the train leaving Toronto at 1.45 p.m.

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J. RIGGS
Tobacconist and Fancy Goods Dealer, Kent-st., Lindsay

IVAN, THE SERF.

(Continued from Page 3.)
ed where Selim lived, and also obtained somewhat of a glimpse of the merchant's character.
But this latter did not give him much hope. It rather made the way more dark, for he found that the present possessor of Myrrha was noted for his sternness of manner and utter disregard of everything opposing him. Yet he resolved to go toward the suburb of Pera and see what fate had in store for him. He might at least, he thought, find some one who could tell him of her—some servant who had seen her, and knew her situation. He knew he had no power—no authority—no friends. He did not dare to apply to one of his own countrymen, for from his native land he was but a fugitive, and the sword of death hung pending from the flag that might have been his bulwark of safety. He was all alone against the dark fate that opposed him.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE HAREM.—FANTIMA

Let the reader picture a place the most sumptuous in conception—where the sensualist shall find all he volknoth of wealth, and where the voluptuary shall realize all he can hope in pleasure's power—and the fanciful picture will most surely fall in with the reality of the harem of the merchant Selim. The room was spacious, with the walls hung with gold-casemented tapestry and the most costly of eastern fabrics; the lounges and ottomans were of the softest and most pliable materials, and literally groaning with their weight of wealth; the floor was lost beneath a carpet that covered up the feet in its luxurious softness; in the centre of the apartment played a silvery fountain of richly perfumed waters, while the lattice-work windows were curtained with roses that breathed forth such odors as might tempt the gods from the pure atmosphere of their celestial abodes. Selim was one of the most wealthy men in the Moslem capital, and in this abode he made it all palpable.

In this apartment was seated the Circassian captive, Myrrha. She was reclining on one of the low lounges, with her pale brow bent upon her hand. She was as beautiful as ever, though the bloom of health had given place to a cast of sadness, and the flush of joy had passed away, leaving only the grief marks of a crushed soul upon those sweet features. Sorrow could not mar such beauty as hers, nor could grief blot out the angel that virtue had inspired within her.

Upon a rich cushion at Myrrha's feet sat a young female, beautiful in the extreme, but with a beauty totally different from her companion; and yet she was a Circassian, and her name was Fatima. Her hair was black as the plumage of the raven, and her large black eyes were like the depths of starlit night. She was gazing up into Myrrha's face, and the kindest of sympathy was palpable upon her features.

"Be calm—be calm," she said, in a tone of soft entreaty, at the same time raising one of her jewelled hands and resting it upon Myrrha's arm. Why should you bewail your fate more? It will do you no good, and it may do you much harm. Selim is not a man to be trifled with. Ah, Myrrha, I know his nature well."

Fatima spoke in a tone so strange and full of import, and her face bore such a stamp of meaning upon it, that Myrrha was startled.

"What mean you," she asked, raising her brow from her hand and gazing inquisitively upon her companion.

"I mean that Selim will be obeyed," was Fatima's reply. "I know him well. He can be kind—very kind—and to you I know he must be kind; but beware of his wrath. I have seen it, Myrrha—I have seen it."

"But how? In what?" uttered Myrrha, moved for the while from her first cause of grief.

"If I should tell you I should risk my own life," said Myrrha, anxiously and perhaps with some curiosity.

"I might risk my own life and yet I might save yours," responded Fatima, casting her eyes upon the carpet as though she was meditating.

"But you must tell me. You mean something—something of importance. I should surely know my master's character."

"So you ought to know it," resumed Fatima, looking up again. "But can you be secret?"

"As the grave!" said Myrrha. "I said that you had better obey him," returned Fatima, "for he will not long brook disobedience. I have seen those who disobeyed him, and I know how terrible is his judgment. Do you see those rippling waves that now dance in the sunlight?"

"Yes," whispered Myrrha, gazing out upon the waters of the Bosphorus.

"Well, they are dancing over the graves of those who have been false to Selim."
Myrrha trembled and clasped her hand upon her bosom.
"And is there no law in Constantinople to prevent this?"
"Ah, yes there is a written law, made by the present sultan; but who shall apply it to Selim? The law does not know what he does. If Abdul Medjid knew of it he might punish our master; but the dark, deep waters of the Bosphorus do not tell his secrets. Beware!"
Myrrha had heard it all, and she knew well its meaning. At first she was moved by a terrible fear, but gradually she overcame it, and, as her thoughts had freedom to go on to the pursuits of other things, a new idea seemed to have possessed her, for a glimmering light shone in her eyes; and with one hand on her companion's shoulder, she said:
"Fatima, you are content to remain with Selim?"
"Yes, surely I am," returned the dark-eyed girl, looking up with curious surprise depicted upon her face. "You love him?"

HEALTH IN SPRING

NATURE REQUIRES ASSISTANCE DURING THESE MONTHS
To Help Throw off the Impurities That Have Accumulated During the Winter Months—Purgatives Should Not be Used—It is a Tonic That is Needed

In this climate there are many reasons why people feel all out of gear in the spring months. Perhaps the chief of these is the long hours in imperfectly ventilated offices, shops and houses during the winter months. You may feel that there is nothing serious in the matter; you are only a little tired after slight exertion, or perhaps your appetite is sickle, or little pimples or eruptions on the skin show that the blood is not as pure as it should be. If you feel thus, way not only your comfort but your health demands that you take proper steps to cleanse yourself of the blood impurities that are responsible for your condition. You need a tonic, blood purifier, nerve strengthener and general up-lifter of the entire system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People meet all these requirements more perfectly than any other medicine. These are tonic pills and not violent and weakening like purgative medicines. Nature does not require a violent measure in spring, but a helping hand to throw off the impurities which have accumulated during the winter, and so toning and strengthening every organ and function that a condition of perfect health will prevail. Everyone—old and young—ought to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the spring. There is no other medicine will do you so much good. Mr. James Salmon, postmaster, Salmon Creek, N.B., says: "Last spring I was feeling decidedly unwell. I was weak, dizzy at times, and continually felt tired. My appetite was poor and I was losing in weight. I tried several medicines but nothing did me any good until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a few boxes of these made me feel like a new person. I would advise all who feel run down and out of sorts to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also effective in the cure of all diseases due to poor, thin, watery blood or weak nerves. Do not take a substitute for these pills—it is a waste of money and a menace to health to do so. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"What is it?" asked Fatima. "Sleep here!"
She pointed out to the waters of the Bosphorus as she spoke and not even her finger trembled.
Fatima was moved more by that simple expression and emotion than by all else that had been said, for she saw that it was all meant.
"No, no," she uttered, after she had regarded her afflicted companion for some moments with a feeling of approaching awe, "you would not do that. You had better try to love Selim."

"O, you know not what you say, nor the nature of the soul to which you speak," quickly returned Myrrha, starting up and clasping both of Fatima's hands in her own. "I will tell you all; you shall know the secret of my soul, and then you will know how to pity me. In my own fair home was a man whom I loved with the strength of my soul and I was all the earth to me and I to him. Our loves were pledged, our vows were made, when all his bright and fair. So long as I live, my love is his; nor can time, nor place, nor trials, nor afflictions, nor threats, move that love from me. They tore me from him and sold me away among strangers. He was young and fair—as golden as the morn when she first blushes in the east—as fair as the stately cedar upon the rose-vines cling—and as noble and as generous as the summer sun that invigorates all nature with its presence. Alas! he is lost to me for the while, but I cannot give up the hope that I shall see him again."
Fatima indeed understood this, for she bowed her head, and the tears of sympathy stood out on her long dark lashes; but before she could make reply, Myrrha continued thoughtfully:
"It may be that when we meet again it shall be in heaven, but be it whatever it may, my heart is all his own. When I saw him last he was weak and faint, and his best blood had been spilled in my defence. But he was not dead then. I hope he lives."

"Ah," uttered Fatima, with a sad shake of the head, "you must not hope too much. You may as well acknowledge the truth at first. Your early love is dead to you, for from this place you will find no escape."

"None!" said Myrrha. "Do none ever escape from their prisons?"
"I never knew it, though I know not that I ever knew one who wished it; but I know there is no escape from here. Selim's harem is guarded by most jealous eyes. Between here and liberty there are scores of scimitars that are never sheathed. You would escape his power only to fall into the arms of death. I love you, Myrrha, and I would save you. Were it another, or were you from any other country than Circassia, I would let you die ere you should share Selim's love."

"You need not fear," returned Myrrha, with a grateful look, "for I shall take none of his love from you."
"But you cannot take it, for he already loves you. Hark! here he comes. I know his step."

"Then God save me. Try to please him. Take my advice, now, for I know him well."
"He may kill me if he pleases."
"Beware! or you may find how quickly your prayer can be answered. For one that he loved not he might feel only anger; but for one that he loves as he loves you, he has but one other feeling and that is almost-sh! he comes. Beware! Let us live happily together. Love him, and I will be all I can to you."

As the footsteps sounded upon the corridor, Fatima glided away into an adjoining apartment, and Myrrha was left alone to meet her master; and in a moment more the heavy silken arras were drawn aside, and Selim entered.

(Continued Next Week.)

An Editor's Diary

The diary of a western editor contains the following entries, which may be taken as a sample of what the average newspaperman's life is made up of, both east and west.

Been asked to drink	11,262
Frank	416
Requested to retract	416
Did retract	416
Invited to parties and receptions by parties fishing for puffs	3,333
Took the hint	33
Didn't take the hint	3,300
Threatened to be whipped	170
Been whipped	0
Whipped the other fellow	4
Didn't come to time	166
Been asked what's the news	300,000
Told	23
Didn't know	200,000
Lied about it	99,977
Been to church	2
Changed politics	33
Expected to change still	50
Gave for charity	85.00
Gave for terrier dog	25.00
Push on hand	1.00

A COUNCIL CHAMBER GHOST

Sounds Which Puzzled the Alderman of Montreal City—A Captive Pigeon
For several days there had been ghost-like moanings in the city council chamber at Montreal which had mystified both the aldermen and the janitor. Moreover, every morning, regularly, the handsome desk in the centre of the council chamber, which the city clerk occupies, would be found covered with scraps of mortar and other debris.

It was at first thought that some practical youth was trying to have a little fun at the expense of the city fathers; a watch was set, but the ghostly sounds continued and the mortar was found every day as usual on the table.

One day last week, Mr. Drouin, the janitor, had a systematic search made of the loft over the council chamber. The mystery was at once solved. A disconsolate pigeon was found under the boards of the loft and directly over the chamber. The ornament over the chamber had been arranged so that air could come through it. In this cosy retreat the pigeon could see both the city fathers and listen to their flights of oratory.

It is thought that the pigeon must have flown into the loft through one of the towers. When found it was very weak through hunger. Mr. Drouin gave it a good square meal and then set it free. It will doubtless have wondrous things to tell to its comrades of what Montreal aldermen can do in the way of speech-making.

CAMERON

School report for the senior department Cameron public school for the month of March. Names in order of merit. 5th class—Ethel Gibbs 81, Oswald Gibbs 70, Sr. 4th Pearl Walroth 60, Elfedda Cundal 57, Ona Fell 55, Laara Dunn 50 Alma McMaybee 43, Wilfred MacGregor 43, Nabb 48, Richard Earle 44, Garnet Roy Perrin 27, Findlay Mark 19, Junior 4th—Vera Campbell 82, Myrtle Anderson 77, Zillah Eyres 76, Pearl Perrin 57, Harry Earle 38, Hazel Hooet 20, Hazel Third-Hazel Downer 63m Tommy Oakley 62, Geo. Goodhand 60, Everett Fell 45, Wallace Dunn 39, Irene Mark 37, Bert Bryson 35, Violet Hepburn 35 Bert Bates 25.

Good conduct and neatness—Alma McNabb, George Goodhand, Ethel Gibbs, Ona Fell Vera Campbell Myrtle Anderson Hazel Downer. Bert Bryson attended every day except one in the whole term, N. O. McQUADE, Principal.

School report for the month of March. Names in order of merit. Junior 3rd—Edward McNabb, Alton Anderson, Floyd Downer, Albert Lee. Second book—Percy Cundal, Esther Campbell, Part II—Lawrence Finney Bessis Suggitt, Howard Bryson, Ethel Irwin, Sammie Anderson, George McNabb, Willie yNros. Part first—Arthur Lee, Russel Goodhand, Richard Goodhand, Albert Goodhand, Maud Wallace, Pearl Bates, M. JARDINE, teacher.

Stops the Cough And Works Off the Cold
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay Price 25 cents.

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This is a new and surprising cheap ornamental very showy and surprisingly cheap. It is wanted for door yards, division fences in town and farms, orchards, etc. It is 20 cts. PER FOOT. Painted and coated at only one price. Just think of it. Let us send you full particulars. Make farm fences, poultry netting, nails and staples.
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