

# STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

It was a small room, scantily furnished, with the same marks of neglect and decay which met us at every turn. The walls were hung with discoloured tapestry which had come loose at one corner, so as to expose the rough stonework behind. A second door, hung with a curtain, faced us upon the other side. Between a square table strewn with dirty dishes and the sordid remains of a meal. Several bottles were scattered over it. At the head of it, and facing us, there sat a huge man, with a lion like head and a great shock of orange-coloured hair. His beard was of the same glaring hue; matted and tangled and coarse as a horse's mane. I have seen some strange faces in my time, but never one more brutal than that, with its small, vicious, blue eyes, its white, crumpled cheeks, and the thick, hanging lip which protruded over his monstrous beard. His head was averted on his shoulders, and he looked at us with the vague, dim gaze of a drunken man. Yet he was not so drunk but that our uniforms carried their message to him.

"Well, my brave boys," he hiccupped. "What is the latest news from Paris, eh? You're going to free Poland, I hear, and have meantime all become slaves yourselves—slaves to a little aristocrat with his grey coat and his three-cornered hat. No more citizens either, I am told, and nothing but monster and madame, and fairs, some made in all very well, to roll into the sawdust basket some of these mornings."

Duroc advanced in silence, and stood by the ruffian's side.

"Jean Carabin," said he.

"The Baron started, and the film of drunkenness seemed to be clearing from his eyes."

"Jean Carabin," said Duroc, once more. He sat up and grasped the arms of his chair.

"What do you mean by repeating that name, young man?" he asked.

"Jean Carabin, you are a man whom I have long wished to meet. It was our life."

"Supposing that I once had such a name how can it concern you, since you must have been a child when I bore it?"

"My name is Duroc."

"Not the son of—madame, I hear, and the son of the man who murdered."

"The Baron tried to laugh, but there was terror in his eyes."

"We must tell bygone be bygone, or there in the days of the aristocrats or the people. Your father was of the Girondins. He fell, I was of the mountain. Most of my comrades fell. It was all the fortune of war. We must forget all this and the names of our better, you and I."

"He held out a red twitching hand as he spoke."

"Enough," said young Duroc. "If I were to pass my sword through you as you sit in that chair, I should do what is just and right. I dishonor my blade by crossing it with yours. And yet you are a Frenchman, and have even held a commission under the same flag as myself. Rise, then, and defend yourself."

"That, sir," cried the Baron. "It is all very well for you young bloods—"

Duroc's patience could stand no more. He swung his open hand into the centre of the great orange beard, and the ruffian's head was thrown back, and his eyes above it.

"You shall die for that blow."

"That is better," said Duroc. "I will not knock you waiting, I promise you," and he hurried from the room.

I have said that there was a second door covered with a curtain. Hardly had the Baron vanished when the door opened, and noiselessly did she move that she was between us in an instant, and it was only the shaking curtains which told us whence she had come.

"I have seen it, all," she cried. "Oh, sir, you have carried yourself splendidly. She stooped to my companion's hand, and kissed it again and again ere he could disengage it from her grasp."

"Ay, madame, why should you kiss my hand?" he cried.

"Because it is the hand which struck him on the face, lying motionless. Because it may be the hand which will avenge my mother. I am his step-daughter. The woman whose heart he broke was my mother. I love him, I fear him. Ah, there is his step!"

In an instant she had vanished as suddenly as she had come. A moment later, the Baron entered with a drawn sword in his hand, and the fellow who had admitted us at his heels.

"This is my secretary," said he. "He will be my friend in this affair. But we shall need more of these young bloods. Perhaps you will kindly come with me to a more spacious apartment."

It was evidently impossible to fight in a chamber which was blocked by a great table. We followed him out into the dining-hall. At the farther end a light was shining through an open door.

"We shall find what we want in here," said the man with the dark beard. It was a large, empty room, with rows of barrels and cases round the walls. A strong lamp stood upon a shelf in the corner. The floor was level and true, so that no swordsman could ask for more. Duroc drew his sabre and sprang into it. The Baron stood back with a bow and motioned me to follow my companion. Hardly were my heels over the threshold when the heavy door crashed behind us and the key screamed in the lock. We were taken in a trap.

For a moment we could not realize it. Such incredible baseness was outside our experiences. Then, as we understood how foolish we had been to trust for an instant a man with such a history a flash of rage came over us, rage against his villainy and against our own stupidity. We rushed at the door together, beating it with our fists and kicking with our heavy boots. The sound of our blows and of our exertions must have resounded through the Castle. We called to this villain, hurling at him every name which might pierce even into his hardened soul. But the door was enormous—such a door as one finds in medieval castles—made of huge beams clamped together with iron. It was as easy to break as a square of the Old Guard. And our cries appeared to be of little avail as our blows, for they only brought for answer the clattering of chains from the high roof above us.

When you have done some soldiering, you soon learn to put up with what cannot be altered. It was I, then, who first recovered my calmness, and I prevailed upon Duroc to join with me in examining the apartment which had become our dungeon.

There was only one window, which had no glass in it and was so narrow that one could not see much as one's head through it. It was high up, and Duroc had to stand upon a barrel in order to see from it.

"What can you see?" I asked.

"Fir-woods, and an avenue of snow between them," said he. "Ah!" he gave a cry of surprise.

I sprang upon the barrel beside him. There was, as he said, a long, clear strip of snow in front. A man was riding down it, flogging his horse and galloping like a madman. As we watched, he grew smaller and smaller, until he was swallowed up by the black shadows of the forest.

"What does that mean?" asked Duroc.

"No good for us," said I. "He may have gone for some brigands to cut our throats. Let us see if we cannot find a way out of this mouse-trap before the cat can arrive."

The one piece of good fortune in our favor was that beautiful lamp. It was nearly full of oil, and would last us until morning. In the our situation would have been far more difficult. By its light we proceeded to examine the packages and cases

which lined the walls. In some places there was only a single line on them, while in one corner they were piled nearly to the ceiling. It seemed that we were in the storehouse of the Castle, for there were of various kinds, bins full of dried fruits, and a line of wine barrels. One of these had a spigot in it, and as I had eaten little during the day, I was glad of a cup of claret and some food. As to Duroc, he would take nothing, but paced up and down the room in a fever of anger and impatience. "I'll have him yet!" he cried every now and then. "The rascal shall not escape me!"

This was all very well, but it seemed to me, as I sat on a great round cheese eating my supper, that this youngster was thinking rather too much of his own family affairs and too little of the fine scrape into which he had got me. After all, his father had been dead fourteen years, and nothing could set that right; but here was Etienne Gerard, the most distinguished lieutenant in the whole Grand Army, in imminent danger of being cut off at the very outset of his brilliant career. Who was ever to know the heights to which I might have risen had I not been known to the world in this hole-and-corner business, which had nothing whatever to do with France or the Emperor? I could not help thinking what a fool I had been, when I had a fine young man before me, and everything which a man could desire, to go off upon a hair-brained expedition of this sort, as if it were not enough to have a quarter of a million Russians to fight against, without plunging into all sorts of private quarrels as well.

"I heard Duroc muttering his last, as 'You may do what you like to him when you get the upper hand. At present the question rather is, what is he going to do to us?'"

"I owe a duty to my father," cried the boy.

"That is mere foolishness," said I. "If you owe a duty to your father, I owe one to my mother which is to get out of this business safe and sound."

My remark brought him to his senses. "I have thought too much of myself!" he cried. "Forgive me, Monsieur Gerard. Give me your advice as to what I should do."

"Well," said I, "it is not for our health that they have shut us up here among the cheeses. They mean to end of us if they can. That is certain. They hope that no one will know what we have come here, and that no one will trace us if we remain. Do your hussars know where you have gone to?"

"I said nothing."

"It is clear that we cannot be starved here. They must come to us if they are to kill us. Behind a barricade of barrels we could hold our own against the five rascals whom we have seen. That is, probably, why they have sent that messenger to get assistance from the Baron."

"We must get out before he returns."

"Precisely, if we are to get out at all."

"Could we not burn down this door?" he cried.

"Nothing could be easier," said I. "There are several cases of oil in the corner. My only objection is that we should ourselves be nicely toasted, like two little oyster pates."

"Can you not suggest something?" he cried in despair. "Ah, what is that?"

"There had been a loud sound at our little window, and a shadow came between the stars and ourselves. A small, white hand was stretched into the lamp-light. Something glittered between the fingers."

"Quick! quick!" cried a woman's voice.

We were on the barrel in an instant. "You have sent for the Countess. Your horse are at stake. Ah, I am lost! I am lost!"

There was the sound of rushing steps, a hoarse oath, a blow, and the stars were once more twinkling through the window. The lady could not bring us out, but our blood cold with horror. Half a minute afterwards we heard a smothered scream, ending in a choke. A great door slammed somewhere in the silent night.

"Those ruffians have seized her. They will kill her," cried the Countess.

Duroc sprang down with the inarticulate shouts of one whose reason had left him. He struck the door so frantically with his naked hands that he left a blotch of blood with every blow.

"Here is the key!" I shouted, picking one from the floor. "She must have thrown it at us at the instant that she was away."

My companion snatched it from me with a shriek of joy. A moment later he dashed it down upon the boards. It was so small that it was lost in the enormous lock. Duroc sank upon one of the boxes with his head between his hands. He sobbed in his despair, could have sobbed, too, when I thought of the woman and how helpless we were to save her.

But I am not easily baffled. After all, this key must have been sent to us for a purpose. The lady could not bring us out, but the door, because this murderous step-father of hers would most certainly have it in his pocket. Yet this other must have a meaning, or why should she risk her life to place it in our hands? It would say little for our wits if we could not find out what that meaning might be.

I set to work moving all the cases out from the wall, and Duroc, gaining new hope from my courage, helped me with all his strength. It was no light task, for many of them were large and heavy. On we went, working like maniacs, slinging barrels, cheeses, and boxes pell-mell into the middle of the room. At last there only remained one huge barrel of cheese, which stood in the corner. With our united strength we rolled it out, and there was a little low wooden door in the wainscot behind it. The key fitted, and with a cry of delight we saw it swing open before us. With the lamp in my hand, I squeezed my way in, followed by my companion.

We were in the powder magazine of the castle—a rough, walled cellar, with barrels of powder round the walls, and a table in the centre. The powder from it lay in a black heap upon the floor. Beyond there was another door, but it was locked.

"We are no better off than before," cried Duroc.

"Where?"

"I pointed to the line of powder barrels."

"You would blow this door open?"

"Precisely."

"But you could explode the magazine."

"It was true, but I was not at the end of my resources."

"We will blow open the store-room door," I cried.

I ran and seized at in box which had been filled with candles. It was about the size of my shako—large enough to hold several pounds of powder. Duroc filled it while I cut off the end of a candle. When we had finished, it would have puzzled a colored officer of engineers to make a better petard. I put three cheeses on the top of each other and placed it above them, so as to lean against the lock. Then we lit our candle-end and ran for shelter, shutting the door of the magazine behind us.

It is no joke, my friends, to lie among all those tons of powder, with the knowledge that if the flame of the explosion should penetrate through one thin door our blackened limbs would be shot higher than the castle keep. Who could have believed that a half-inch of candle could take so long to burn? My ears were straining all the time for the thudding of the hoofs of the Cossacks who were coming to destroy us. I had almost made up my mind that the candle must have gone out when there was a smack like a bursting boom, our door flew to bits, and pieces of cheese, with a shower of turnips, apples, and spinners of cases, were shot in among us.

As we rushed out, we had to stagger through an impenetrable smog, with all sorts of debris beneath our feet, but there was a glimmering square where the dark

## IN DEEP DESPAIR.

A Montrealer Relates His Wonderful Experience.

He Had Tried Foreign and Local 'Physicians and was Oppressed Even Without Success—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured When All Other Medicines Failed.

Instances of marvellous cases by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are numerous, but the one related below is of special interest, owing to the peculiarity of the illness, and also the fact that in the present instance the gentleman is well known in Montreal. Mr. Charles Frank, Inspector of the mechanical department of the Bell Telephone Co., at 371 Avenue de la Station, and who resides at 51 Argyle Ave., in an interview with a Herald reporter, related the following wonderful cure by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People.

Up to three years ago I was in the best of health. About that time while in Glasgow, Scotland, where I was employed as a clerk in a hotel, and while sculling on the Clyde, a storm came up, and I had a pretty rough time of it for a while. I evidently must have injured myself internally, although I felt nothing wrong at the time. On my way home, however, I fell helplessly in a cab, as my legs were utterly unable to hold me up. I was confined to bed for several days in the same helpless condition, when I rallied, but found that my arms and a strange reddish hue. I called in a

The Baron was standing in the middle of the room, with his tangled mane bristling like an angry lion. He was, as I have said, a huge man, with enormous shoulders; and he stood there with his eyes fixed upon me with rage and his sword advanced, I could not but think that, in spite of all his villainies, he had a proper figure for a grenadier. The lady lay covering in a chair behind him. A wax figure of a man in white arms and a dog-whip upon the floor were enough to show that our escape had hardly been in time to save her from his brutality. He gave a howl like a wolf as he looked at me, and then, in an instant, hacking and driving, with a curse at every blow.

I have already said that the room gave no space for swordsmanship. My young companion was in front of me, and the narrow passage between the table and the wall, so that I could only look on without being able to aid him. The lad knew something of his weapon, and was as fierce and active as a wild cat, but in so narrow a space the weight and length of the giant gave him the advantage. Besides, he was an admirable swordsman. His parade and riposte were as quick as lightning. Twice he touched Duroc upon the shoulder, and once he struck him on the forehead, but he whirled up his sword to finish him before he could recover his feet. I was quicker than he, however, and took the cut upon the pommet of my sabre.

"Excuse me," said I, "you have still to learn the art of fencing. My sabre was broken, and I have no other weapon. He drew back and leaned against the tapestry-covered wall, breathing in little, hoarse gasps, for his foul living was against him."

"I will await your convenience."

"You have no cause of quarrel against me," he panted.

"I owe you some little attention," said I, "for having shut me up in your store-room. Besides, if I have met six men, I see cause enough upon that lady's arm."

"Have your way, then," he snarled, and leaped at me like a madman. For a minute I saw only the blazing blue eyes, and the red glared point which stabbed and stabbed, raining off to right or to left, and yet ever back at my throat and my breast. I had never thought that such good sword-play was to be found at Paris in the days of the Revolution. I do not suppose that in all my little affairs I have met six men who had a better knowledge of their weapon. He read death in my eyes, and I could see that he read it. The lightning died from his eyes, but he did not stop, and even after the final thrust had come, and died still hacking and cursing, with foul cries upon his lips, and his blood clotting upon his orange beard. I who speak to you have seen many battles, but this old memory can scarce contain their names, and yet of all the terrible sights which these eyes have rested upon, there is none which I care to think of less than that of orange beard with the crimson stain in the centre, from which I had drawn my sword point.

It was only afterwards that I had time to think of all this. His monstrous body had hardly fallen upon the floor, and I was before the woman in the corner sprang to her feet, clapping her hands together and screaming out in her delight. For my part I was disgusted to see a woman take such delight in a deed which I regard as no thought as to the terrible wrong which she had befallen her before she could so far forget the gentleness of her sex. It was on my tongue to tell her sharply to be silent, when, strange, choking smell took me by the throat, and a sudden, yellow glare brought out the figures upon the faded hangings.

"Duroc," I shouted, tugging at his shoulder. "The Castle is on fire!"

The boy senses upon the ground, exhausted by his wounds. I rushed out into the courtyard. It was only a little way to the door. It was our explosion which had set alight to the dry framework of the door. Inside the store-room some of the boxes were already blazing. I glanced in, and as I did so, my eyes were met by the signs of the powder barrels beyond, and of the loose heap upon the floor. It might be seconds, it could not be more than minutes, before the flames would be at the edge of the door, and I would be in the hands of the fire. I saw that my friends, before they cease to see those crawling lines of fire and the black heat beyond.

How little I can remember what followed. Vaguely I can recall how I rushed into the chamber of death, how seized I was by the hand, and how I was dragged down the hall, the woman keeping pace with me and pulling at the other arm. Out of the gateway we rushed, and on down the snow-covered path until we were on the fringe of the forest. It was at that moment that I heard a crash behind me, and glancing round, saw a great spout of fire shoot up into the wintry sky. An instant later there seemed to come a second crash far louder than the first. I saw that the trees and the stars whirling round me, and I fell unconscious across the body of my comrade.

It was some weeks before I came to myself in the post-house of Grenadier, and I remember that I had had a very bad fall. It had befallen me. It was Duroc, already able to go soldiering, who came to my bedside and gave me a piece of timber that had struck me on the head and had me almost dead upon the ground. From him, too, I learned how the Polish girl had run to Armand, how she roused our hussars, and how she had only brought them back in time to save us from the spear of the Cossack who had been summoned from their bivouac by that same black-bearded secretary whom we have seen galloping so swiftly over the snow. As to the brave lady who had twice saved our lives, I could not say very much about her. It was a moment from Duroc, but when I chanced to meet him in Paris two years later, after the campaign of Wagner, I was not very much surprised to find that I needed no introduction to his bride, and that by the queer turns of fortune he had himself, had he chosen to use it, that very name and title of the Baron Straubenthal, which showed him to be the owner of the blackened ruins of the Castle of Gloom.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A wealthy citizen of Berlin will erect a Y. M. C. A. building there.

Governments able to cycle will soon be in demand in Paris, such is the rage for cycling among girls.

## IRELAND'S VICEROY.

The Earl of Cadogan Makes His Start Entry Into Dublin.

A despatch from Dublin says:—The formal State entry into the city of the new Irish Viceroy, Earl of Cadogan, took place on Thursday afternoon. Upon his arrival at Kingstown the Viceroy was met by the commissioner of that place, who presented him with an address of welcome as he landed. In reply to the address, the new Lord Lieutenant said that he would spare no efforts to promote the material interests of Ireland, and expressed the hope that the administration of his viceroyalty would conduce to the peace and happiness of the country. On reaching Dublin city, the streets of which were lined with military and crowded with sightseers, Lord Cadogan was presented with an address of welcome by the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, but he was not similarly received by the corporation authorities.

"Dinna Fash Yoursel," Mem."

During the stay of the Queen some years ago in the vicinity of Loch Venachar, the Princess Louise, who lacks none of the love of her sex for shopping, drove into the town and was met by a young man, well-matched. Having procured what she was in search of, she was about to pay for it, when she discovered that she had left home without her purse. Explaining the matter to the draper, and promising to send the money next day, the Princess was greatly amused at receiving the characteristic reply: "Dinna fash yoursel," mem; yer mither has an account here."

Strictly Educational.

Many people afflicted with stammering are under the impression that they cannot be cured, this is a mistake as many testimonials show that permanent cures have been made. The Ontario Institute has removed to a large residence at 76 Bond Street, and the students are as much at home as in their own house, and by strict attention to the teaching course can be effected in four weeks. Write for circulars.

Lenly has almost always wisdom and justice on its side.—Hossa Ballou.

Rather do what is nothing to the purpose than be idle, that the devil may find the doing.—Quarles.

Korns. Korns.

There are more than one sort of korns. Some korn is planted in the ground and to other sort don't need planting; they grow quite naturally on men's heads and don't need hoeing. This kind of korn has two sort—one gentle or tender like usual Bill Jones steps on your foot, when it gets boiling hot and swears like everything; the other is hard headed and makes a row all the time, especially when your boots are on. I don't like korns, and use the Corn Extractor, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which removes them painlessly in twenty-four hours.

Certainly.

Now, sir, what do you mean by telling people that I had a reputation as a bar-room fighter? I have been a most persistent foe of the rum shops for years. Yes; that is what I said.

One Minute Cure for Toothache.

Medical in potency and power, guaranteeing at once to the distressed sufferer, the relief of toothache in a moment, and the most marvellous pain remedy known to science, may be used for all nerve pains. Test at once its efficacy.

A. P. 777.

Cold in the head. Nasabalm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails.

The Magic Touch

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla. You smile at the idea. But if you suffer from Dyspepsia

And indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

"That Just Hits It!"

"That soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep, and in short, raises the health tone of the entire system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ills.

Rob Roy Cigar

It's no because I'm Scotch but you can smoke a better Cigar than "ROB ROY," They cost 5c.

but I get sax of them for a quarter.

EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., MONTREAL.

510 PER WEEK and steady employ. 510, meat, you work in the locality where you desire to live. Write to us and we will explain the business. Write to day. The Queen Silverware Co., Montreal.

FARMERS here is a snap for you. Harris has simple cloth pieces for quilts. Send for circulars. Write to day. 27, 29, 31 William St., Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED for the Farmers' Friend and Account Book, highly recommended by the most prominent Ministers of Agriculture for Canada. Prices low. Terms liberal. Send for circulars. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto, Ont.

STAMMERING Permanently Cured (without a system) by a strictly Educational System. Write to day. THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE, 65 Shuter St., Toronto.

Machinery of all kinds. From Windmills, Fire Department Supplies and Waterworks Plants down to Engine Lacking of the best kind. J. E. NAUD, Manufacturers' Agent, 2327 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

BUSINESS CHANGES. If you want to buy or sell stock or business of any description write me. I have had large experience in the wholesale. An selling business coalitions. Correspondence confidential. No charge to buyers. JOHN NEW, 21 Adelaide East, Toronto.

The Leading Canadian College for WOMEN

Literature and Science, Music, Fine Art, Commercial. Address: PRESIDENT AVENUE, B.A., St. Thomas, Ontario.

## IRELAND'S VICEROY.

The Earl of Cadogan Makes His Start Entry Into Dublin.

A despatch from Dublin says:—The formal State entry into the city of the new Irish Viceroy, Earl of Cadogan, took place on Thursday afternoon. Upon his arrival at Kingstown the Viceroy was met by the commissioner of that place, who presented him with an address of welcome as he landed. In reply to the address, the new Lord Lieutenant said that he would spare no efforts to promote the material interests of Ireland, and expressed the hope that the administration of his viceroyalty would conduce to the peace and happiness of the country. On reaching Dublin city, the streets of which were lined with military and crowded with sightseers, Lord Cadogan was presented with an address of welcome by the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, but he was not similarly received by the corporation authorities.

"Dinna Fash Yoursel," Mem."

During the stay of the Queen some years ago in the vicinity of Loch Venachar, the Princess Louise, who lacks none of the love of her sex for shopping, drove into the town and was met by a young man, well-matched. Having procured what she was in search of, she was about to pay for it, when she discovered that she had left home without her purse. Explaining the matter to the draper, and promising to send the money next day, the Princess was greatly amused at receiving the characteristic reply: "Dinna fash yoursel," mem; yer mither has an account here."

Strictly Educational.

Many people afflicted with stammering are under the impression that they cannot be cured, this is a mistake as many testimonials show that permanent cures have been made. The Ontario Institute has removed to a large residence at 76 Bond Street, and the students are as much at home as in their own house, and by strict attention to the teaching course can be effected in four weeks. Write for circulars.

Lenly has almost always wisdom and justice on its side.—Hossa Ballou.

Rather do what is nothing to the purpose than be idle, that the devil may find the doing.—Quarles.

Korns. Korns.

There are more than one sort of korns. Some korn is planted in the ground and to other sort don't need planting; they grow quite naturally on men's heads and don't need hoeing. This kind of korn has two sort—one gentle or tender like usual Bill Jones steps on your foot, when it gets boiling hot and swears like everything; the other is hard headed and makes a row all the time, especially when your boots are on. I don't like korns, and use the Corn Extractor, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which removes them painlessly in twenty-four hours.

Certainly.

Now, sir, what do you mean by telling people that I had a reputation as a bar-room fighter? I have been a most persistent foe of the rum shops for years. Yes; that is what I said.

One Minute Cure for Toothache.

Medical in potency and power, guaranteeing at once to the distressed sufferer, the relief of toothache in a moment, and the most marvellous pain remedy known to science, may be used for all nerve pains. Test at once its efficacy.

A. P. 777.

Cold in the head. Nasabalm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails.

The Magic Touch

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla. You smile at the idea. But if you suffer from Dyspepsia

And indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

"That Just Hits It!"

"That soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep, and in short, raises the health tone of the entire system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ills.

Rob Roy Cigar

It's no because I'm Scotch but you can smoke a better Cigar than "ROB ROY," They cost 5c.

but I get sax of them for a quarter.

EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., MONTREAL.

510 PER WEEK and steady employ. 510, meat, you work in the locality where you desire to live. Write to us and we will explain the business. Write to day. The Queen Silverware Co., Montreal.