

Suffered for 23 Years With Kidney Trouble.

CURED AT LAST BY GIN PILLS.

Whether you are just beginning to feel the first twinges of kidney pain—or whether you have tried for years to find relief—Gin Pills will cure you. Surely you can't doubt their virtues after such a letter as this:

"I sent for a free sample of your Gin Pills some time ago, and found them to give me great relief, so I put myself under the treatment, and am now using the third box, and feel myself entirely cured. I have suffered with my kidneys for 23 years. At the time I began taking Gin Pills I could not turn in bed without pain, so great that it would wake me up. Now I am free of pain, and feel as well as I did 23 years ago. I feel it my duty to let you know about Gin Pills, so that it might be the means of relieving some other sufferer."

HENRY WAKEFORD, Toronto. Gin Pills hold out a guarantee of certain, quick relief. They will stop the pain—beat the sick kidneys—and build up the whole system—or your druggist will refund your money. That shows our confidence in Gin Pills. We will do more. We will send you a trial box of Gin Pills absolutely free if you will write asking for it and state the name of the paper in which you see this. You can test them at our expense and see for yourself whether or not Gin Pills are all we claim them to be. Gin Pills are for sale at all druggists, 50c a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man.

CASE 113

By EMILE GABORIAU.

"Lord Murray, who was very indulgent, pardoned many grave faults, but one morning he discovered that his adopted son had been imitating his signature upon some checks. He indignantly dismissed him. "James Spencer had been living in London about four years, managing to support himself by gambling and swindling, when he met Clameran, who offered him 25,000 francs to play a part in a little role which he had arranged. "You are a detective?" interrupted Raoul.

The fat man smiled grimly. "At present," he replied, "I am merely a friend of Prosper Bertomy. It depends entirely upon your behavior which character I appear in while setting up this little affair."

"What do you expect me to do?" "Where are the 350,000 francs which you have stolen?" The young rascal hesitated a moment.

"The money is in this room," he said. "Very good. This frankness is creditable and will benefit you. I know that the money is in this room and also exactly where it is to be found. Look in the back of that cupboard."

Raoul saw that his game was lost. He tremblingly went to the cupboard and pulled out several bundles of bank notes and an enormous package of pawnbroker's tickets.

"Very well done," said M. Verduret as he carefully examined the money and papers. "In this you have acted wisely."

Raoul had counted on this moment, when everybody's attention would be absorbed by the money, to make his escape. Softly he stole toward the door, opened it, slipped out and locked it on the outside. The key was still in the lock.

"He has escaped!" cried M. Fauvel. "Naturally," replied M. Verduret without turning his head. "I thought he would have sense enough to do that."

"But—" "Would you have this affair become public? Do you wish a case to be brought into the police court in which your wife is the victim?"

"Oh, monsieur!" "Then let the rascal go free. Here are the 350,000 francs. Here are receipts for all the articles which he has pawned. We should consider ourselves fortunate. He has kept 50,000 francs. So much the better for you. This sum will enable him to go abroad, and we shall never see him again."

Like every one else, M. Fauvel submitted to the ascendancy of M. Verduret. Gradually he had awakened to the true state of affairs. Prospective happiness was possible, and he felt that he was indebted to M. Verduret for more than life. He was not slow in expressing his gratitude. He seized M. Verduret's hand, as if to carry it to his lips, and said, with emotion:

"How can I ever find words to express my appreciation? How can I repay the great service you have rendered me?"

M. Verduret reflected a moment and then said: "Since you feel under obligations to me I have a favor to ask of you."

"A favor of me? Speak, monsieur. You have but to name it. My fortune and life are at your disposal."

"Well, then, monsieur, I confess I am Prosper's friend and deeply interested in his future. Can you not exonerate him, restore him to his position? You can do more than this, monsieur. He loves Marie, Madeleine."

"Madeleine shall be his wife, monsieur," interrupted the banker. "I give you my word, and I will so publicly exonerate him that to no one shall reproach him with what has been my mistake."

The fat man quietly took up his hat and cane, which stood in a corner, as if he had been paying an ordinary morning call, and turned to leave the room.

There are many causes of nervousness, but poor blood heads the list. The doctors call it anemia. The blood lacks red corpuscles. At your first opportunity, consult your doctor about taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Ask him if he has anything better for weakness, debility, nervousness. If he has, take it. If not, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Get well, that's what you are after.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Get well, that's what you are after.

THE BRETHREN

By RIDER HAGGARD

Author "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Cleopatra," "Allan Quatermain," "The World's Desire," Etc. Copyright, '03-4, by H. R. Haggard. PROLOGUE.

Salah-ed-din, Commander of the Faithful, the King Strong to Aid, Sovereign of the East, sat at night in his palace at Damascus and brooded on the wonderful ways of God, by Whom he had been lifted to his high estate. He remembered how, when he was but a small child in the eyes of his people, king of Syria, he had been taken to accompany his uncle, Shirkuk, to Egypt, whither he went, "like one driven to his death," and how, against his own will, there he rose to greatness. He thought of his father, the wise Ayoub, and the brethren with whom he was brought up, all of his sisters, whom he had cherished. Most of all did he think of her, Zobeide, who had been stolen away by the knight whom she loved even to the loss of her own soul—yes, by the English friend of his youth, his father's prisoner, Sir Andrew D'Arcy, who had strayed by passion, had done him and his house this grievous wrong. He had sworn, he remembered, that he would bring her back even from England, and already had planned to kill her husband and capture her when she learned her death. She had led a child, or so his spies told him, who, if she still lived, must be a woman now—his own niece, though half of noble English blood.

Then his mind wandered from this old, half-forgotten story to the war and blood in which his days were set, and to the last great struggle between the followers of the prophets Jesus and Mahomet, that Jihad* for which he made ready—and he sighed. For he was a merciful man, who loved not slaughter, although his fierce faith drove him on from war to war.

Salah-ed-din slept and dreamed of peace. In his dream a maiden stood before him. Presently, when she lifted her veil, he saw that she was beautiful, with features like his own, but fairer, and knew her surely for the daughter of his sister who had fled with the English knight. Now he wondered why she visited him thus, and in his vision prayed Allah to make the matter clear. Then of a sudden he saw this same woman standing before him on a Syrian plain, and on either side of her a countless host of Saracens and Franks, of whom thousands and tens of thousands were appointed to death. Lo! he, Salah-ed-din, charged at the head of his squadrons, scimitar aloft, but she held up her hand and stayed him.

"What do you hear, my niece?" he asked. "I am come to save the lives of men through you," she answered; "therefore was I born of your blood, and therefore I am sent to you. Put up your sword, King, and spare them."

"Say, maiden, what ransom do you bring to buy this multitude from doom? What ransom, and what gift?" "The ransom of my own blood freely offered, and Heaven's gift of peace to your sinful soul, O King. And with that outstretched hand she drew down his keen-edged scimitar until it rested on her breast.

Salah-ed-din awoke, and marvelled at his dream, but said nothing of it to any man. The next night it returned to him, and the memory of it went with him all the days that followed, but still he said nothing.

When on the third night he dreamed it yet again, even more vividly, then he was sure that this thing was from God, and summoned his holy Imams and his Diviners, and took counsel with them. These, after they had listened, prayed and consulted, spoke thus:

"O Sultan, Allah has warned you in shadows that the woman, your niece, who dwells far away in England, shall by her own nobleness and sacrifice, in some time to come, save you from shedding a sea of blood, and bring rest upon the land. We charge you, therefore, draw this lady to your court, and keep her ever by your side, since if she escape you, her peace goes with her."

Salah-ed-din said that this interpretation was wise and true, for this also he had read his dream. Then he summoned a certain false knight who bore the Cross upon his breast, but in secret had accepted the Koran, a Frankish spy of his, who came from that country where dwelt the maiden, his niece, and from him learned about her, her father, and her home. With him and another spy who passed as a Christian palmer, by the name of Prince Hassan, one of the greatest and most trusted of his Emirs, he made a cunning plan for the capture of the maiden if she would not come willingly, and for her bearing away to Syria.

Moreover—that in the eyes of all men her high dignity might be won by her high blood and fate—by his decree he created her, the niece whom he had never seen, Princess of Baalbec, with great possessions—a rule that her grandfather, Ayoub, and her uncle, Izzeddin, had held before her. Also he purchased a stout galley of war, manned it with proved sailors and with chosen men-at-arms, under the command of the Prince Hassan, and wrote a letter to the English lord, Sir Andrew D'Arcy, and to his daughter, and prepared a royal gift of jewels, and sent them to the lady, his niece, far away in England, and with the Patent of her rank. Her he commanded this company to win by peace, or force, or fraud, as best they might, but that without her not one of them should dare to look upon his face again. And with these he sent the two Frankish spies, who knew the place where the lady lived, one of whom, the false knight, was a skilled mariner and the captain of the ship.

These things did Yusuf Salah-ed-din, and waited patiently till it should please God to accomplish the vision with which God had filled his soul in sleep.

CHAPTER I. From the sea-wall on the coast of Essex, Rosamund looked out across the ocean eastwards. To right and left, but a little behind her, like guards attending the person of their sovereign, stood her cousins, the twin

Trust to Nature.

A great many Americans, both men and women, are thin, pale and puny, with poor circulation, because they have ill-treated their stomachs by eating or drinking too much eating, by consuming alcoholic beverages, or by too close confinement to home, office, factory, and in consequence the stomach must be treated in a natural way before they can rectify their earlier mistakes. The muscles in many such people are flaccid in every way, their entire blooded person do their work with great difficulty. As a result fatigue comes early, is extreme and lasts long. The demand for nutritive aid is ahead of the supply. To insure perfect health every tissue, bone, nerve and muscle should take from the blood certain materials and return to it certain others. The secret is to prepare the stomach for the work of taking up from the food what is necessary to make good, rich, red blood. We must go to Nature for the remedy. There were certain roots known to the Indians of this country before the advent of the whites which later came to the knowledge of a certain English physician, who was rapidly in professional favor for the cure of obstinate stomach and liver troubles. These are found to be safe and yet certainly efficient. To insure perfect effect upon the stomach, liver and blood, these are: Golden Seal root, Queen's root, Stone root, Bloodroot, Mandrake root, and the herb called Black Cherry bark. The medicinal principles residing in these native roots when extracted with glycerine as a solvent make the most reliable and efficient tonic and liver invigorator, when combined in just the right proportions, as in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Where there is a general debility, such as nervous exhaustion, bad nutrition—and thin blood, the body acquires vigor and the nerves, blood and all the tissues feel the favorable effect of this solvent and usually the doctors' prescriptions called for the ingredients in varying amounts, with alcohol.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is a scientific preparation compounded of the glyceric extracts of the above mentioned vegetable ingredients and contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs.

brethren, Godwin and Wulf, tall and shapely men. Godwin was still as a statue, his hands folded over the hilt of the long, scabbard sword, of which the point was set on the ground before him, but Wulf, his brother, moved restlessly, and at length yawned aloud. They were beautiful to look at, all three of them, as they appeared in the splendor of their youth and health. The imperial Rosamund, dark-haired and eyed, ivory-skinned and slender-waisted, a poem of a woman, moved restlessly, and at length yawned aloud. They were beautiful to look at, all three of them, as they appeared in the splendor of their youth and health. The imperial Rosamund, dark-haired and eyed, ivory-skinned and slender-waisted, a poem of a woman, moved restlessly, and at length yawned aloud. They were beautiful to look at, all three of them, as they appeared in the splendor of their youth and health. 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