# With Kidney Trouble.

CURED AT LAST BY GIN PILLS.

Whether you are just beginning to feel the first twinges of kidney pains 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 all!" 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 you know about Gin\_Pills, so that it might be the means of relieving some other sufferer.

"HENRY WAKEFORD, Toronto." 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 Winnipeg, Man.

By EMILE GABORIAU.

"Lord Murray, who was very indulgent, pardoned many grave faults, but one fine morning he discovered that his adopted son had been imitating his signature upon some checks. He indig-

nantly 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 smried 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 set-Ming 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 mo-

"The money is in this room," he said. "Very good. This frankness is cred-Itable 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

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pawnbrokers' 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 big head. "I thought

he would have sense enough to do "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!"

ceipts for all the articles which he has 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 ascendency 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 lig.s, and said, with emotion:

press my appreciation? How can I repay the great service you have ren-

"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 tomy & Co. 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 Mile, Madeleine." "Madeleine shall be his wife, monslenr," interrupted the banker. "I give you my word, and I will so publicly exonerate him that 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 Irene Haidley, who had rejected him.

"Monsieur," he said before going, "excuse my intruding any advice, but Mme. Fauvel"-"Andre!" cried the poor woman. "An-

The banker hesitated a moment, then, following the impulse of his heart, ran to his wife and, clasping her

"No; I will not be so foolish as to struggle against my heart. I do not pardon, Valentine; I forget-I forget

M. Verduret had nothing more to do at Vesinet. Therefore, without taking leave of the banker, he quietly left the room and, taking his cab, ordered the years. At the time I began taking Gin | driver to return to Parls and drive to Pills I could not turn in bed without pain. | the Hotel du Louvre as rapidly as pos-If I moved at night, the pain would be sible. His mind was filled with anxiso great that it would wake me up. Now ety. He knew that Raoul would give I am free of pain, and feel as well as I did him no more trouble. The young rogue 23 years ago. I feel it my duty to let -os probably taking his passage for some foreign land at that very moment. But Clameran should not escape the punishment he deserved. But Gin Pills hold out a guarantee of cer- how was it possible to inflict this puntain, quick relief. They will stop the ishment without compromising Mme. pain-heal the sick kidneys-and build Fauvel? M. Verduret thought over the up the whole system-or your druggist various cases similar to this, but not will refund your money. That shows one among his repertory of expedients could be applied to the present circumstances. After long thought he decided that an accusation of poisoning of her, Zobeide, who had been stolen must come from Oloron. "I will go away by the knight whom she loved thus test them at our expense and see for | there and work upon public opinion, so sourself whether or not Gin Pills are all | that to satisfy the townspeople the authat we claim them to be. Gin Pills | thorities would order an inquest in are for sale at all druggists. 50c a box - | Gaston's case. But this required time, 6 boxes for \$2.50. The Bole Drug Co., | and Clameran, being warned, would

It was almost dark when the carriage stopped in front of the Hotel du Louvre. M. Verduret noticed a crowd of people collected together in groups and heard the police crying "Move on!" The crowd would merely separate in one spot to join a more clamorous

group a few yards off. "What has happened?" demanded M. Verduret of a lounger near by.

"A strange thing," replied the man. "He first appeared at that seventh story window. He was only half dressed. Some persons tried to seize him; but, with the agility of a sleepwalker, he jumped out upon the roof, shricking 'Murder! Murder!' The recklessness of his conduct led me to suppose"-

The gossip stopped short in his narrative, very much astonished. His questioner had vanished. "Could it be Clameran?" thought M

He pushed through the crowded courtyard of the hotel.

At the foot of the staircase M. Fanferlot and three peculiar looking individuals were standing together. "Well," cried M. Verduret, "what's

the matter?" matter is this," said Fanferlot dejectedly. "I have no luck. You see how it is. This is the only chance I ever had of working out a beautiful case, and, presto, my criminal breaks

"Then it is Clameran who"-"Of course it is. When the rascal saw me this morning, he scampered off like a hare. On reaching the Boulevard of Schools a sudden idea seemed to seize him, and he struck out for this hotel, probably to get his pile of money. When he arrives, what does he see? These three friends of mine. The sight of them had the effect of a sunstroke upon him. He went raving mad." "Where is he now?"

"At the prefecture, I suppose. Some policemen handcuffed him and drove off with him in a cab."

"Come with me." M. Verduret and Fanferlot found Clameran in one of the private cells reserved for dangerous prisoners.

He had on a straitjacket and was struggling violently against three men who were striving to hold him while a physican tried to force him to swallow

"Help!" he shricked. "Do you not see him - my brother - coming after me? He wants to poison me!"

M. Verduret took the physician aside and questioned him about the maniac. "He is in a hopeless state," replied the doctor. "This species of insanity is incurable. He thinks some one is trying Then let the rascal go free. Here ! to poison him, and nothing will perare the 350,000 francs. Here are re- suade him to eat or drink anything, if she escape you, her peace goes with and as it is impossible to force any- | her." pawned. We should consider ourselves | thing down his throat he will die of starvation after having suffered all the tortures of poison."

M. Verduret, with a shudder, turned to leave the prefecture, saying to Fan-

"Mme. Fauvel is saved. God has punished Clameran." "That doesn't help me," grumbled Fanferlot. "All my trouble has been

for nothing. What luck!" "That is true," replied M. Verduret. "Case 113 will never leave the record office. But console yourself. I will send you as bearer of dispatches to a friend "How can I ever find words to ex- of mine, and what you have lost in

fame will be gained in gold." Later was celebrated at the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette the marriage M. Verduret reflected a moment and of M. Prosper Bertomy and Mile. Made leine Fauvel.

The banking house is still in Province street, but as M. Fauvel has decided to retire from business and live in the country the name of the firm has been changed and is now Prosper Ber- | the command of the Prince Hassan,

THE END.

Indiana For Bryan.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 8 .- Democrats of Indiana, in convention yesterday adopted a platform strongly endorsing force, or fraud, as best they might, W. J. Bryan for the presidency and selected a state ticket for all officers ex- | should dare to look upon his face cept governor.

Pangs of Despised Love. Victoria, B. C., June 8 .- Insane with jealousy, Gunner Butler of the Work | mariner and the captain of the ship. Point Garrison yesterday shot twice at |

There are many causes of nervousness, but

By RIDER HAGGARD Author "King Solomon's Mines," "She, "Cleopatra," "Allan Quartermain,"

"The World's Desire," Etc. ---

PROLOGUE. had cherished. Most of all did he think 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 woe 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 him 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.

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

with him all the day 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 Imauns 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

in secret had accepted the Koran, a that country where dwelt the maiden, her, her father, and her home. With him and another spy who passed as a Christian palmer, by the aid of Prince Hassan, one of the greatest and most trusted of his Emirs, he made a cunning plan for the capture of the maid-

and for her bearing away to Syria. Moreover-that in the eyes of all men her dignity might be worthy of 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, manning it with proved sailors and with chosen men-at-arms, under 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 it the Patent of her rank. Her he commanded this company to win by peace, or but that without her not one of them 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 These things did Yusuf Salad-ed-din.

and waited patiently till it should please God to accomplish the vision with which God had filled his soul in sleep.

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

or too much eating, by consuming alcoholic beverages, or by too close confineconsequence the stomach must be treated in a natural way before they can rectify their earlier mistakes. The muscles many such people, in fact in every weary, thin and thin-blooded person, do their work with great difficulty. As a result long. The demand for nutritive aid is ahead of the supply. To insure perfect muscle should take from the blood certain materials and return to it certain others. It is necessary 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 the settlers and which are now growing rapidly in professional favor for the cure of obstinate stomach and liver troubles. These are found to be safe and yet certain in their cleansing and invigorating effect upon the stomach, liver and blood These are: Golden Seal root, Queen' root, Stone root, Bloodroot, Mandrake root. Then there is Black Cherrybark. The medicinal principles residing in these native roots when extracted with giveerine as a solvent make the most reliable and efficient stomach tonic and liver invigorator, when combined in just the right proportions, as in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Where there

for the ingredients in varying amounts, The "Golden Medical Discovery" is scientific preparation compounded of the glyceric extracts of the above mentioned vegetable ingredients and contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs.

Godwin, with his dreaming face; and the bold-fronted, blue-eyed warrior, Wulf, Saxon to his finger-tips, not-

slow grace which marked her every

movement, "Would you sleep already, Wulf, and the sun not yet down?" she asked in her rich, low voice, which, perhaps because of its foreign accent, seemed quite different to that of any other woman.

"I think so, Rosamund," he answer ed. "It would serve to pass the time, and now that you have finished gathering those yellow flowers we rode so far to seek, the time-is somewhere

"Shame on you, Wulf," she said, smiling. "Look upon yonder sea and. sky, at that sheet of bloom all gold and purple-"

"I have looked for hard on half an hour, Cousin Rosamund; also at your back and at Godwin's left arm and side-face, till in truth I thought myself kneeling in Stangate Priory staring at my father's effigy upon his



Rosamond looked a very gueen. It is Godwin, the same crossed hands resting on the sword, the same cold,

silent face staring at the sky." "Godwin as Godwin will no doubt one day be, or so he hopes—that is, if the saints give him grace to do such deeds as did our sire," interrupted his brother.

to learn how far I stand from truth? Rosamund, speak first. Nay, not all the truth—a maid's thoughts are her own-but just the cream of it, that which rises to the top and should be

skimmed." Rosamund sighed. "I? I was thinking of the East, where the sun shines ever and the seas are blue as my girdle stones, and men are full of strange learning-" "And women are men's slaves!" in-

was you should think of the East who have that blood in your veins, and high blood, if all tales be true, Say, Princess"-and he bowed the knee to her with an affectation of mockery which could not hide his earnest reverence-"say, Princess, my cousin, granddaughter of Ayoub and niece of the mighty monarch, Yusuf Salah-eddin, do you wish to leave this pale land and visit your dominions in

eyes seemed to take fire, the stately form to erect itself, the breast to heave, and the thin nostrils to grow wider as though they scented some sweet, remembered perfume. Indeed, at that moment, standing there on the promontory above the seas, Rosa-

mund looked a very queen. Presently she answered him with another question.

there, who am a Norman D'A was and a Christian maid?"

> "The first they would forgive you, since that blood is none so ill either, and for the second-why, faiths can be changed." Then it was that Godwin spoke for the first time. "Wulf, Wulf," he said sternly, "keep watch upon your tongue, for there are things that should not be said even as a silly jest. See you, I love my cousin here better than aught eise upon the earth-" "There, at least, we agree," broke in Wulf.

"Better than aught else on the earth," repeated Godwin; "but, by the Holy Blood and by St. Peter, at whose shrine we are, I would kill her with my own hand before her lips kissed

"Or any of his followers," muttered Wulf to himself, but fortunately, perhaps, too low for either of his companions to hear. Aloud he said, "You understand, Rosamund, you must be careful, for Godwin ever keeps his word, and that would be but a poor end for so much birth and beauty and wisdom."

"Oh, cease mocking, Wulf," she answered, laying her hand lightly on the tunic that hid his shirt of mail. "Cease mocking, and pray St. Chad, the builder of this church, that no such dreadful choice may ever be forced upon you, or me, or your beloved brother-who, indeed, in such a case would do right to slay me." "Well, if it were," answered Wulf,

"I trust that we should know how to meet it. After all, is it so very hard to choose between death and duty?" "I know not," she replied; "but ofttimes sacrifice seems easy when seen from far away; also, things may be lost that are more prized than life." "What things? Do mean place, or wealth, or-love?"

and his fair face flushed as he spoke,

"Tell me," said Resamund, changing her tone, "what is that boat rowing round the river's mouth? A while ago it hung upon its oars as though those within it watched us." "Fisher-folk," answered Wulf care-

lessly. "I saw their nets." "Yes; but beneath them something gleamed bright, like swords." "Fish," said Wulf; " we are at peace in Essex." Although Rosamund did not look convinced, he went on; "Now for Godwin's thoughts-what

were they?" "Brother, if you would know, of the East also- the East and its wars." "Which have brought us no great luck," answered Wulf, "seeing that our sire was slain in them and naught of him came home again save his heart, which lies at Stangate yonder." "How better could he die," asked Godwin, "than fighting for the Cross of Christ? Is not that death of his at Harenc told of to this day? By our

Lady, I pray for one but half as "Aye, he died well-he died well," said Wulf, his blue eyes flashing and his hand creeping to his sword hilt. "But, brother, there is peace at Jeru-

salem, as in Essex." "Peace? Yes; but soon there will be war again. The monk Peter-he whom we saw at Stangate last Sunday, and who left Syria but six months gone-told me that it was coming fast. Even now the Sultan Saladin sitting at Damascus, summons his hosts from far and wide, while his priests preach battle amongst tribes and barons of the East. And when it comes, brother, shall we not be there to share it, as were our grandfather, our father, our uncle, and so many of our kin? Shall we rot here in this dull land, as by our uncle's wish we have done these many years, yes, ever since we were home from the Scottish war, and count the kine and plough the fields like peasants while our peers are charging on the pagan, and the banners wave, and the blood runs red upon the holy

sands of Palestine?"

Now it was Wulf's turn to take "By our Lady in Heaven, and our lady here!"-and he looked at Rosamund, who was watching the pair of them with her quiet, thoughtful eyes -"go when you will, Godwin, and I go with you, and as our birth was one birth, so, if it is decreed, let our death be one death." And suddenly his hand that had been playing with the sword-hilt gripped it fast, and tore the long, lean blade from its scabbard and cast it high into the air, flashing in the sunlight, to catch it as it fell again, while in a voice that caused the wild fowl to rise in thunder from the Saltings beneath, Wulf shouted the old war-cry that had rung on so many a field-"A" D'Arcy! a D'Arcy! Meet D'Arcy, meet Death!" Then he sheathed his sword again and added in a shamed voice, "Are we children that we fight where no foe is? Still, brother, may we find him soon!"

Godwin smiled grimly, but answer ed nothing; only Rosamund said: "So, my cousins, you would be

To be continued.

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cor. William and Kent-sts.

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. We have no secrets! We publish J. C. Ayer Co., the formulas of all our medicines! Lowell, Mass.

Copyright, '03-4, by H. R. Haggard. 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 small in the eyes of men, Nour-eddin, king of Syria, forced him to accompany his uncle, Shirkuh, 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 them dead now save one; and of his sisters, whom he

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, led astray 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 he learned her death. She had left a child, or so his spies told him, who, if she still lived,

"What do you hear, my niece?" he "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

that outstretched hand she drew down his keen-edged scimitar until it rested on her breast. Salah-ed-din awoke, and marvelled on his dream, but said nothing of it to any man. The next night it returned to him, and the memory of it went

Salah-ed-din said that this interpretation was wise and true, for thus also he had read his dream. Then he summoned a certain false knight who bore the Cross upon his breast, but Frankish spy of his, who came from his niece, and from him learned about

en if she would not come willingly,

THE REAL PROPERTY.

guards attending the person of their sovercism stood her cousing the twin

Trust to Nature. A great many Americans, both men and women, are thin, pale and puny, with poor circulation, because they have illtreated their stomachs by hasty sating ment to home, office or factory, and in fatigue comes early, is extreme and lasts health every tissue, bone, nerve and

the book of the false prophet."

is bankrupt vitality-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 sovereign remedy. Although some physicians have been aware of the high medicinal value of the above mentioned plants, yet few have used pure glycerine as a solvent and

usually the doctors' prescriptions called

brethren, Godwin and Wulf, tall and shapely men. Godwin was still as statue, his hands folded over the hilt of the long, scabbarded 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, darkhaired and eyed, ivory-skinned and slender-waisted, a posy of marsh flowers in her hand; the pale, stately

withstanding his father's Norman At the sound of that unstifled yawn, Rosamund turned her head with the

tomb, while Prior John pattered the Mass. Why, if you stood it on its feet,

Wulf looked at him, and a curious flash of inspiration shone in his blue "No, I think not," he answered; "the deeds you may do, and greater, but surely you will lie wrapped not in a shirt of mail, but with a monk's cowl at the last-unless a woman robs you of it and the quickest road to heaven. Tell me now, what are you thinking of, you two-for I have been wondering in my dull way, and am curious

terrupted. Wulf. "Still, it is natural

Egypt and in Syria?" She listened, and at his words her

CURE SICK HEADACHE, Y "And how would they greet me