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If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

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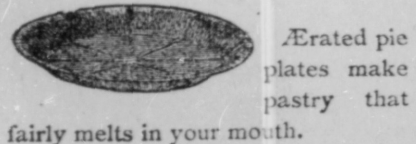
Don't wait a few days to see if it will "wear off"; it is much more likely to become dangerous and it will undoubtedly be much more difficult to cure. The longer you permit it to prey upon the delicate membranes of your throat, bronchial tubes and chest, the more you render yourself susceptible to other attacks and to chronic pneumonia or consumption.

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They cost no more than out of date lines, being stronger, cleaner, more durable.

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Sanderson & Co's. Goods

Never have to complain about their quality.....

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Good time to begin now—

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There will be no trip to or from Charlottetown next week; instead thereof, there will be three trips to Pictou from Georgetown.

CARVELL BRON., Agents

THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINOF.

BY FRED WHISHAW.

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SYNOPSIS.

The hero of this story, Boris Landrinof, is a young Russian, who was sent to England to be educated. He is hastily summoned home by his mother owing to the sudden disappearance of his father, Count Landrinof. Shortly after, in London, he is astonished when a friend tells him he has just seen his father. Accompanied by this friend he returns to Russia. Boris discovers a clue, and sets out in search of two men who have as he supposes abducted his father.

Borofsky, pleased with the compromise conveyed in the earlier part of the sentence, smiled acquiescence.

"I don't think I would," he said. "I can't swim. Yes," he continued, "the story sounds consistent enough, and it may be that our little rascal has come over, body and soul, into the enemy's camp."

"And no wonder either, I should say," said Percy, "since they starved him in the other, while we offer him food and raiment and shekels of gold and of silver. This student knows which side of his bread is well jammed!"

"The thing is, could the police have been such utter idiots as this would prove them," I said, "and, again, if they have blundered, will they acknowledge their blunder and allow poor father to come back?"

"The police blunder often enough," said Borofsky. "There would be nothing extraordinary in that. They would have drugged the count, of course—Andre & Co. I mean—so that he could not protest his innocence when arrested; at any rate, not in a comprehensible manner. As for whether the police will admit their blunder, that remains to be seen. We must interview the pristaf who arrested him. The student will tell you which district the house lay in."

"And if they simply laugh in our faces, as my fellow says they probably will, what then?"

"Then, apparently, he has another card up his sleeve," said Borofsky, "and since he seems to be very proud of it and very anxious to produce it for a wage we may hope it is a trump."

"If it is the key that will unlock father's secret and bring him back to his own," I said, "mother will pay any amount for it and feed the little rascal like a fighting cock all his life besides."

"Nonsense!" said Borofsky quite angrily. "She shall not pay him another penny. This time he shall swallow the pill which is not gilded. I shall take him in hand myself. You have done well, Count Boris, but not too wisely!"

"Let's tackle the police first," I said. "There's no need to quarrel over the other matter yet awhile. I'll just go back and find out from my man the address of the house in which my father had been placed in order to be arrested, according to the scheme of Andre and his friends."

The student was in a bad humor, I



The man who is blown up by a hidden mine of explosives may have seen things that should have aroused his suspicions, but heedlessly put them aside as of no moment. It is the same with the sickness that ends in death. Insidious disorders and bilious spells orders of the digestion. In themselves these complaints may not be dangerous, but if neglected their cumulative effect is terrible.

The man who neglects the little disorders that are the signs of approaching ill-health is walking over a hidden mine that may cause his death. The explosion will come in the guise of consumption or some other deadly disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all disorders of the stomach and liver. It cures 92 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, laryngitis, weak lungs, spitting of blood, lingering cough, nasal catarrh and diseases of the air passages. It acts directly on the diseased tissues, driving out all impurities and disease-germs. It is the great flesh-builder, blood-maker and nerve-tonic. There is nothing in the medicine store "just as good."

"Have been in poor health for about seven years," writes Mrs. I. Albert Eakins, of No. 148 Main Street, Dallas, Texas. "Every summer I'd have a bilious attack lasting two weeks, besides having all my life, general debility and headaches all my life, general debility and an inactive liver. I suffered with my bladder and kidneys for five years at least. I could not stand kidneys long at a time until I commenced your treatment. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. They have helped me wonderfully. I had a disagreeable drain and irregular periods. I thought I should go insane sometime. I worried about everything; had the blues all the time and did not care to live. Now I am well."

Constipation is a little illness that if neglected builds a big one. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe

found. I had forgotten to send up wine, he complained.

"You shall have it presently," I promised, and I bade him tell me at once the address I required.

"Not till I have the wine!" said he. "You shall have it the instant you have told me," I replied angrily. "Do you think I grudge you the wine? What is it to me if you besot yourself with two bottles or three?"

"Not a word till I see the wine!" he replied obstinately.

Had he known it, his pigheadedness cost that student dear, for I then and there determined that his next secret, if required, should not be unlocked with a key of gold, as the first had been. Borofsky should squeeze it out of him. The little fool seemed to forget or ignore that we had the terror side of him, if we cared to attack him at a disadvantage.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POLICE.

The student got his wine and I the required address. Some remark was made as to the length of time I had been in his room, but I said nothing of the undignified defeat I had suffered.

Then I went with Borofsky to the pristaf of the second oostastok of the Vassily Ostrof divisional police, leaving Percy on duty at home to hang about the passage and see that my friend the student was up to no mischief.

We found the pristaf at home and Borofsky did all the talking for our side, excepting when I was addressed and was obliged to answer.

The official looked coldly at us as we entered. Russian officials have a most disagreeable way. I have never seen any Muscovite in authority without this particular manner—a kind of disdainful and supercilious hauteur which neither affability nor humor nor gross flattery will penetrate, but only, occasionally—rather often—the almighty and all penetrating ruble.

"Yes?" said the pristaf.

"We have called," said Borofsky, "to consult you about a certain arrest effected by you or your men on or about the—"

"Stop!" said the pristaf. "Why have I to listen to this? Is the case still sub judice?"

"Yes and no," said Borofsky boldly. "It has been judged, or went without judgment; but it must be reopened."

"Who says so?"

"Those who have suffered injustice by it."

"Injustice? That is a foolish word to use in this place. Proceed. Who has suffered injustice—the delinquent?"

"The convicted, yes; he and others."

"Indeed! How so? He was convicted, you say, and, of course, punished. Has his innocence only now come to light?"

"It is not a matter of innocence and guilt, pristaf. A great blunder has been committed."

"A blunder! Dence take it, what blunder? Where—in this oostastok? It is impossible!"

"I admit that the department in this quarter is not to be suspected of blundering, as a rule," said Borofsky. "Justice reigns supreme in this oostastok and in the bosom of its enlightened pristaf, but this time you have been the victim of an organized conspiracy."

"Well, proceed," said the pristaf, not in the least flurried or softened by Borofsky's flattery. The fellow took it for what it was worth, and he knew the value of the compliments of those who came to make appeals at the police court.

"Proceed," he said. "We have blundered, but through no fault of our own. Some one has been too clever for us. Yes; proceed, sir."

"You must allow me to tell you the details of the affair, pristaf," said poor Borofsky, feeling that his remarks beat like waves upon the hard rock of this man's official impenetrability.

"Why should I?" said the pristaf. "It is surely your duty to investigate matters which are declared to you to need investigation and to set right that which is wrong. Here is a case in which, as I say, a terrible mistake has been made."

"I am not the judge," said the pristaf coldly. "My duty is to carry out the instructions of my superiors and to keep order in my district."

"Nevertheless a word from you signifying that a mistake may have been made would cause those superiors to reconsider the matter which is concerned. On the other hand, should you refuse to say that word the court could scarcely reopen any question unless influence and pressure were applied from without."

"Come. This is mere waste of time and idle talking," said the pristaf,

looking closely at Borofsky and at me. I think he wished to discern whether he had cause to fear any such influence and pressure from without as Borofsky's words made hint of.

"I have no time to waste on such matters as you speak of. My experience is that blunders are invariably imaginary. The court knows its business, and we know ours. Why should we blunder? You say there has been an intrigue. Who are you?"

"Borofsky, private detective, engaged in this matter, which is more important than you appear to suppose, Mr. Pristaf, and which will go farther than this court."

"So? A private detective—a young one indeed. The detective art is not to be learned in the nursery, young sir. And who is this other?"

"Count Boris Landrinof," I said.

The pristaf distinctly winced. "Oh!" he said. "The son of Count Vladimir, no doubt? What can the son of so eminent a person require in a police court?"

"That is what I wish to explain to you, pristaf, if you will allow me!" said Borofsky. "If you will turn back to the month of July last, you will find that you effected the arrest of a—"

"Stop! What has Count Landrinof to do with all this?"

"May I not tell the story from the beginning?" said Borofsky. "It is impossible to explain all without beginning at the beginning."

"Stop—the date of this arrest?"

"Seventeenth of July of this year."

"Good! The place of arrest?"

Borofsky gave the name of the house as provided by the student. The pristaf turned back the pages of his daybook.

"Good again," he said. "Now, what is the mistake complained of? Is it you, Count Boris, who complains, or Count Vladimir himself?"

"It is I," I said. "I both complain, and I will move heaven and earth but you shall set right your blunder, pristaf. Never think you will frighten me with your hauteur!"

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In desperation salves and ointments are applied, only to give rise to further disappointment and despair.

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