



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 of the digestion and bilious spells are passed by as of no moment. 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 constipation or some other deadly disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all disorders of the stomach and liver. It cures 98 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 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 on my feet long at a time until I commenced your treatment. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pleasant Pellets.' 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.



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The D & A Corset, it fits so comfortably, supporting the figure, while yielding easily to every movement. It lasts well, and sells at popular prices.—MORAL: YOUNG WOMEN WEAR THE D & A CORSET.

**EPPS'S COCOA**

ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA Possesses the following Distinctive Merits:

DELICACY OF FLAVOR. SUPERIORITY IN QUALITY. GRATEFUL and COMFORTING to the NERVOUS or DYSPEPTIC. NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED

In Quarter-Pound Tins only. Prepared by JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

Give the Baby a Chance **Martin's Cardinal Food** The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids. KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL

**LIME.**

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85—pat. mar. 1 mo



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A MAN MILD ABOUT Kuram went through his devotions with a preoccupied, inattentive mind that evening. At any rate the first thing he did after turning his face from Mecca was to pour a flood of objurcations on Amood Sinn, on Koor Ali, on Tabal and all concerned with them. But that did not bring them, and once more the commander, however, did not lie down. Long after his men were snoring at the sky I watched his dark and solitary figure moving to and fro in angry, uneasy expectancy.

"There shall be a reckoning for this," I heard him mutter once. "Woe be to the man who causeth this delay." He was still walking about when I fell asleep.

I was enjoying a happy dream, when all at once in the black darkness I was roused by the crackle of firearms and the shrill voices of excited men.

"The enemy, the enemy," they shouted, as I sprang up, rubbing my eyes. "The devil on the black horse with 10,000 demons at his back." And then all along our front there was a momentary line of leaping fire which showed our scurrying men confusedly trying to get into fighting order. To our great surprise there came no response to our volley, nor could we hear any movement outside our own lines, though we hearkened with ears that would have heard the stealthy tread of the panther.

"The enemy has run," said some one, exultingly. "Our fire has given him fleet feet to make off." And just then, as if in answer to this boast, there was the vicious ping of flying lead in the air, and some of our men dropped screaming to the earth. We delivered another volley blindly into the darkness, then waited for the return fire, but it did not come.

Savage at the double disgrace of being fooled and taken unawares, Abou Kuram ordered a sortie, but the party had not gone 20 yards when another shower of bullets fell upon us from the opposite direction. The foe was running round us, peppering us at his will. A second sortie party was instantly sent out, but like the first it came back without making any discovery. Only some said they had seen a terrible apparition on a black horse of gigantic size, and that steed and rider breathed blue flame. So the army stood there, nervously handling its matchlocks and supplicating the protection of the prophet. The prophet was evidently gracious for there were no more of these ugly surprises that night. The foe, content with a moderate amount of fun, had gone off to chuckle over his success and get up his courage for a big fight.

Abou Kuram knew it was coming. He knew, too, that the enemy, flushed with success, would be exceedingly tough to deal with, and the knowledge incensed him afresh against his ally for being so dilatory. But intelligence was at hand. Just as the morning star was fading out of sight Koor Ali and his little band were at last spied



Koor Ali and his little band were at last spied emerging from a defile.

emerging from a defile in the mountains. Abou Kuram watched them with never a word, but his face was set, and in his heart were the elements of a fearful explosion.

As Koor Ali approached we saw that he was accompanied by a stranger of rank, whom we judged to be an emissary from Amood Sinn. At sight of him Abou Kuram became sterner than ever.

"Behold, now we shall have a feast of words," he said to me, "and we shall be talking idly when we ought to be driving Yumen Yusel to destruction."

When at length the company drew up, he received their salute coldly, and listened, with a mixture of scorn and haughty impatience, to the florid speech which the Envoy hastened to make. The many expressions of personal good-will with which the oration was interlarded he acknowledged stiffly; indeed the responses were so unwillingly made, one with half an eye could have seen it would be far more congenial to him to draw his sword and fall furiously on than to stand and listen. Koor Ali, perceiving the temper of his chief, and well knowing what it meant, advanced, with the object of making his report, and so cut short the palaver. But he had not uttered a dozen words when Mohammed ben Eldad Hassam (such was the stranger's imposing name) interrupted him.

"Peradventure, I may be permitted to say to my lord's brother," said the Envoy, beaming upon Abou Kuram, with a feline softness and craftiness of expression, "that as to the delay which hath occurred the good and gallant Koor Ali and his followers, who showed the courage of lions in coming to us, are in no wise to blame." "My lord ought not to trouble himself with such small matters," returned

Abou Kuram, with the slightest of bows and the faintest of smiles. "They become not his rank. Besides, he is weary, and needeth rest."

"I am indeed weary," responded Ben Eldad, with unruffled urbanity. "And it is because of that I would speak in behalf of Koor Ali, for may I never have the holy joy of sitting in the prophet's presence if he hath not driven us as if we were things of iron and steel, and not men of simple flesh and blood."

"It is not proper that my lord should thus add to his weariness," interrupted Abou Kuram. "Let him withdraw to my tent and have his feet washed by his servant's slaves and food set before him and take the rest of which he is so much in need. Koor Ali will himself tell his story," and with an imperative manner that was not to be resisted he led Mohammed ben Eldad Hassam to the retirement of the tent. In a minute he was back again.

"Now," he said to Koor Ali, drawing himself up with soldierly sternness, "we will hear what thou hast to say. Wherefore didst thou tarry so long, and what tidings hast thou brought?"

Koor Ali gave his story briefly and clearly. To begin with, he said, they did not find Amood Sinn at the place appointed, an excursion of the man on the black horse and his marauders having driven him deeper into the mountains. This change of situation involved an arduous search of forty-eight hours, and when at last Amood Sinn was found he was skulking among the rocks as if he were a fox, with his army scattered he knew not whither.

(To be Continued.)

**A**

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