

The People's Chance



The entire Stock of W D McKay, at the Bargain Corner, must be sold in six weeks, so you can be sure of big bargains in Ready-to-wear Clothing, Tweeds, Blankets, Hats, Caps, Dress goods, etc. It's a golden opportunity to buy goods, slightly damaged by fire and water. Don't lose any time in finding your way to the Bargain Corner.

PROWSE BROTHERS.

IN AN AIRSHIP

A. P. E. Islander's Adventure.

Short Story Written for the Guardian by "Dan Casey."

(Continued from Saturday.)

As this proposition had more of generosity than justice in it, I demurred a little on that ground, but he easily persuaded me that it was necessary, that I, this only confidant, should be the man to share the reward as well as the danger of the experiment, and so it was arranged. We were to meet at his house in the evening and test the machine. That was the first thing to be done. The hours that intervened between then and sunset, were, I think, the longest I ever spent; but they passed and as the sun disappeared behind the western hills, we were ready for what to each of us was the greatest event in our lives. Within the sheltering vines of the summer house, we prepared our ship. The propeller, when spread out for work, measured ten feet in diameter, and was so adjusted that it could be folded like an umbrella. In about half an hour we had steam on the engine, and by a simple contrivance of hand-worked fans, we soon had the ship, as we now called her, above the garden shrubbery, floating higher and upward, until we had reached a clear space outside the village. Here we adjusted the propeller, which until now, stood out like a spar with a furled sail. Steam was turned on, and working slowly and cautiously at first, we found she responded readily, not only to the propeller but to the steering gear. How anxiously we watched her every movement, turning her to right and left, now upward, now downward, not a word spoken! Breathlessly we watched her, as more steam was turned on! Away she sped, straight as an arrow, upward, onward, till the earth seemed drifting past us as if caught up by some mighty whirlwind, and was being hurled away into the night we were leaving behind us. The evening was perfectly clear, the stars shone with a brilliancy I had never seen before. Twilight was deepening in the valleys; the river, that heretofore had been only a muddy stream, was now a silver thread that seemed drawn by an invisible hand toward the silver bay in the distance. The village which we had left a few minutes ago was now a speck, its white houses and shining church spires giving it the

appearance of an iceberg floating swiftly toward the sea beyond. Still upward and onward we flew till my brain reeled with the speed of our flight. And still we had never uttered a word. Evans' hand was on the lever that controlled our motion. He slackened speed, turned the ship about and we retraced our course, finding our way easily in the deepening twilight, first to our village and then to Evans' garden. The matter was now finally decided. He would start for England as soon as we could get ready. An hour of preparation found us with our valises on board, a well supplied larder, two good mariners' compasses and a week's supply of coal. I need not enter into the details of our home leaving. We both deceived our wives for the first time in our lives, telling them we were going to the country for a week's absolute hiding and rest. We justified the deception with the thought that on our return when explanations would be possible, a few thousand dollars would mollify any heart-burnings that might follow.

About midnight we started, and when above the obstructions of earth, we set our course due east, and gave her head. She darted off like a rocket. This system of travel was new to us both, and I cannot say it was enjoyable. Keeping her course at an attitude that secured us against obstructions of any kind we sped on in the dark. How distinctly I remember the coming on of grey dawn, when off the Newfoundland Coast, its jagged and serrated Capes whirling past us, still with that monster-like swiftness, still in the hands of a monster! Out over the broad Atlantic, lying like a leaden sheet away down beneath us, onward we sped! Up rose the sun, streaking the sky with long patches of red and gold, and mirroring itself in myriad suns in the depths of the rolling ocean. Onward, ever onward, till the roar of the air whizzing past us, seemed like a hurricane into the very teeth of which we were being driven by an irresistible force! Unable to bear the terrible strain any longer, I shouted to Evans,

"Stop her, for God's sake!" He backed the lever. She slowed up, and now we breathed again, breathed the fresh ocean air. Away in the distance to the south of us we could see a large ocean steamer speeding westward. A little north of the course we were following, a gigantic iceberg hove in sight, its tall precipitous sides bathed in the rich golden hues of the morning sunlight, spires, pinnacles, crosses, inky caverns, giving it the appearance of a little city cut adrift from the world and floating out into darkness.

Again Evans pushed the lever, and again we sped on through the air. The ocean, thousands of feet below us, spread out like a huge white sheet, not a ship, not a speck could we see anywhere. From our dizzy height, with our maddening speed, it seemed as if we had become separated from the earth, and were rushing onward into infinite space. Wife and children now seemed a part of the life we had left. Would we ever see them again? Would the voyage ever come to an end? Could brain and mind stand this strain any longer?

I looked back at Evans. His hand still grasped the lever. He was apparently as calm and cool as when we stood in his garden, examining the yet untried ship. I could not complain again. I had not the heart to again ask him to slow up; and so our ship sped on. The sun climbed over our heads, dropped slowly towards the west. I could not count time in the ordinary way. Earth and sea and sky, were floating away and we were breasting an eternal gale which could not move us, against which we could not prevail.

Suddenly Evans shouted, "Land ahead, there's Ireland!" And away off I could see what seemed a shadow on the horizon. Gradually it took shape—land, headlands, rivers, forests, houses, villages; and now it was beneath our feet, and night was coming on again. Looking backward, I could see the colors fading out of the western sky. The sun had disappeared, leaving only a bright, broad, triangular skimmer of light, which paled out into the darkness on either side. And we were going into the darkness, black, inky darkness, not a star, not a ray of light anywhere visible. Still onward we shot. And now we peered into the dark for a light. Surely some city, some village, must soon cross our track! Had we crossed the British Islands? Had we lost our

reckoning? A terrible fear again seized me, and again I called to Evans.

"We are lost, stop her, stop her!" Again she slowed up, and again I was able to breathe freely. But the strain was beginning to tell on me. I was sick, faint, dizzy.

Suddenly, right ahead I saw a lightning flash. It was quickly followed by a terrific thunder peal. How it crashed and roared around us! It seemed as if we had been suddenly enveloped in a great electric cloud, sparks flew from the sides of the ship. The copper wire, the talisman with which our little craft could defy the hitherto unconquered law of gravitation, became a live coil. Sputtering sparks flew out on all sides. The storm was now upon us in all its fury, a violent gale, blinding lightning, and deafening thunder! We could not speak. We, or at least, I was dazed, stunned, motionless. That horrible fear again seized me! What if the lightning should melt our wire! I called Evans, but even as I spoke, the wire became red hot, turned white, parted, and our ship dropped like a stone! Down through the thunder cloud, down through coils, rings, bars of living lightning, down into darkness!

Seeing nothing, knowing only that in a few seconds we would be dashed to the earth, and all would be over, I became calm. I was going to die; it would all be over in a moment! Home and wife and children—my whole life passed before me. Would they ever know what had happened? I should not have regretted them. This was my only regret now. Could I only have blotted out that little deception, could I only send one little message to explain, could I only make them feel that I had never lied to them. I could die without a pang. All this, and much more passed through my mind, as I kept falling, falling, waiting for the crash that I knew must be near. At last it came! We struck what I supposed must be a tree, glanced off and struck another. I was hurled violently against the ship, my head striking against the bottom, and all was over.

When I awoke I found myself in bed, with my old doctor peering into my face and holding my hand with his fingers on my pulse. I felt so faint, that it took all my strength to whisper: "I wasn't killed after all!" "No my boy," he said, "but don't talk yet; you are all right," and he put a teaspoonful of brandy in my mouth,

Boils Kept Coming

But after B. B. B. was used they permanently disappeared.

From the days of Job to the present boils have been one of the great afflictions of the human race.

Very few people escape having them at some time.

All the poulticing and lancing you may do won't cure them and stop more coming.

Boils are bad blood bursting out. And the bad blood must be made pure before the boils will disappear.

Burdock Blood Bitters is the greatest blood purifier known.

It cleanses the system and removes every particle of foul material from the blood.

Then never another boil comes and health and strength are permanently restored.

Mrs. Roland B. Keith, Butternut Ridge, Kings Co., N. B., made the following statement with reference to her brother's cure of boils by B. B. B.:

"My brother was terribly afflicted with boils for a considerable time. They were of large size, and when one went away another came. I attended him, and poulticed with different things, and he had a doctor attending him, but still the boils kept coming. At last we got a couple of bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, and started giving it to him. There was soon a change for the better, and the boils stopped coming in a week's time, and by the time he had used 3 bottles of B. B. B. his blood was purified, all the boils went away and he has never had one to trouble him since."

which I swallowed.

"Water," I whispered. And he gave me a spoonful. This refreshed me, but oh how weak I was, my very breathing was a burden.

I was so anxious to know what had happened, that I could not resist any longer, and with what strength I had asked him, "Was Evans killed?" He did not answer me at first, and fearing the worst, I cried out "tell me!" He put his hand on my head and said quietly, and soothingly "No, there was no one hurt, you are all right, but you must keep quiet! Go to sleep. When you wake you will know all about it. Now go to sleep." He spoke so quietly and so reassuringly that I felt all was right, and I could wait. Life seemed to be coming back to me and I now experienced a sense of restfulness and quiet that I knew meant life. And so I yielded to the soothing sensation that crept over me, and soon was in the land of forgetfulness. Again I awoke. This time, I felt strong enough to open my eyes and look around. I was in my own room. The doctor was still sitting by my bedside.

When I looked into his face, he smiled and said "Well, you are feeling stronger?"

"Was I badly hurt?" I asked him. "Yes, my boy," he answered. "You have been very sick, but you are coming all right, only you must not talk yet."

"Who brought me home? How did they find us?" I again asked, for I was still anxious about Evans, anxious to know what had happened; and the questions I would ask kept chasing each other, and would not be checked.

I knew I ought to keep still, knew that I was working myself into a fever. "Tell me all about it, doctor, and I'll keep still but I must know what happened, I can't wait any longer!"

He again took my hand, and as he noted the rapid pulse, shook his head and looked grave. "There is nothing to tell," he said quietly. "You have been very sick, and unless you keep quiet and stop worrying yourself, and talking, you'll have a relapse, and all the doctors on earth can't save you. You are all right now, but don't talk!"

I thought it strange that he never mentioned the accident. "I was sick? Wasn't I hurt? Didn't I fall? Didn't Evans fall?" "No," he said, "you have had brain fever, a bad case too. You have been in bed now three weeks, but if I could only get you to keep still, and stop talking you would very soon come all right again." I understood it all now, altho' it cost me quite an effort to get that airship out of my mind, and as the truth of the situation began to dawn upon me, I smiled grimly, and went to sleep.

In a few weeks, I was able to be out again, but the airship and the voyage across the Atlantic, are as real as if I had taken the trip.

DAN CASEY.

Increase the Subsidies.

SIR,—With all provincial governments of this Dominion the great and important question is, how to make the revenue meet the expenditure. During the past ten years nearly every province has had to face a big deficit. The provincial debts are piling up, and the interest charges each year adding to the burden. Over and above the subsidy received from the general government almost all this revenue for provincial purposes must be raised by direct taxation. In a new country, such as this direct taxation is not popular. Covering a large territory with a small population is a costly country to run. With four times the population the different provinces would cost very little more for roads or bridges, education, public works and administration of justice. That seems strange, but nevertheless it is true. Would our roads and bridges cost any more if there were four times the traffic on them? Court houses, jails, and all public buildings would cost no more than at present. Some of our jails have to-day, only one prisoner and that one the jailor, and you know our judges have not enough to do to keep them out of mischief. Our schools would not cost any more if they had four times the number of scholars to-day. We have a school of every square mile and most of them with only fifteen or sixteen children. Give us even double our present

population and you will find we will not have any deficit, or have to resort to direct taxation. Until our population increases we must have a different arrangement with the federal government. With a monopoly of the customs and excise the federal government finds no difficulty in making both ends meet, and can well afford to spend a portion of what they collect in duties towards the support of education, &c. &c. through the channels of the provincial governments. A compact, or partnership was entered into at Confederation just and fair to each province, and it is useless for any one province to ask for better terms. Whatever is done for one must be done alike for all. I would suggest this remedy. Let the electorate of Canada go to parliament and say, "We are satisfied with the terms of Confederation save in one respect, that is you had no right to fix the subsidy at 80c per head. We want that made movable to suit the times and just give us for the next 10 years \$1.25 per head subsidy and you will place every province on a sound financial basis and it will be a fair arrangement to all. It will only mean \$2,500,000 for the federal Finance Minister to raise and it can very easily be done by indirect taxation, or perhaps the Ministers of Railways and Public Works might raise that amount by practicing a little economy. Under this scheme P. E. Island would get an additional subsidy of \$55,000 and Quebec about \$700,000, and the other provinces in like proportion. We take a census every 10 years and it should then be decided what subsidy should be paid during the next 10 years—it might be reduced or increased as circumstances demanded.

CITIZEN.

A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

SIR.—There appears to be some trouble about the appointment to the Governorship as there are so many applicants. The competition for the position is so great that some aspirants are ready to fill the position at a reduced salary. Now I want to make a suggestion which I think will meet with the approval of the poor tax payers of this province. As the present building known as Government House is in a dilapidated condition and the furniture worn out, it will mean a big outlay by the local government before the new Governor can occupy it. Now as we have no money for the purpose, I would suggest that the salary as paid by the federal government be not reduced, but that one thousand dollars of the same be paid to the Chief Justice to administer the government and the balance being \$6,000 00, be paid in to the local treasury. This arrangement to continue for five years with the following results to the people of this province:

5 years \$6,000 a year	\$30,000.
5 " expenditure	\$2,000
a year	\$10,000.
Total	\$40,000.

The average expenditure on Government House and grounds by the provincial government has been \$2,000 a year and will continue to be if you do not adopt the above plan. We can well afford to close Government House against Mr. West and others, and save the above.

TAXPAYER.

P. S.—I am not writing against Mr. West any more than against others. I think his claims are as good as any other applicant.

An Ailsa Craig Lady

Suffered from weak heart action dizziness and impoverished blood.

She took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and is now enjoying perfect health.

There are many persons in Ailsa Craig, Ont., who can say this year—"Thanks to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills—I now have good health,—better than I have had for years."

"In this town alone, more people have been cured of such diseases as palpitation, skip beats, dizzy and faint spells, nervousness, sleeplessness, anaemia, dyspepsia, pale and sallow complexion, weakness, female complaints and general debility by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, than by all other remedies combined."

One of those who owes her restoration to health to these little life savers is Mrs. Bell A. Ross.

"This is what she says about it. "For years I have suffered from weak action of the heart, and three years ago was attacked by La Grippe which served to intensify the trouble. As a result I became very weak, my nerves were treacherous, I was irritable, easily alarmed and worried."

"I was troubled a great deal with dizziness and my blood was so thin that I suffered from the cold."

"I had shortness of breath and frequently felt as though I would die."

"Since taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at Dr. Stewart's Drug store, I am a great deal better."

"My nerves are toned up and my blood has become enriched and vitalized, so that it circulates freely. My heart is strong and I am free from the disease which arose from its former weakness."

"I feel that I should give this information in order to benefit other suffering from heart and nerve troubles."

"Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggist or sent by mail. T. MILBURN & Co, Toronto, Ont."

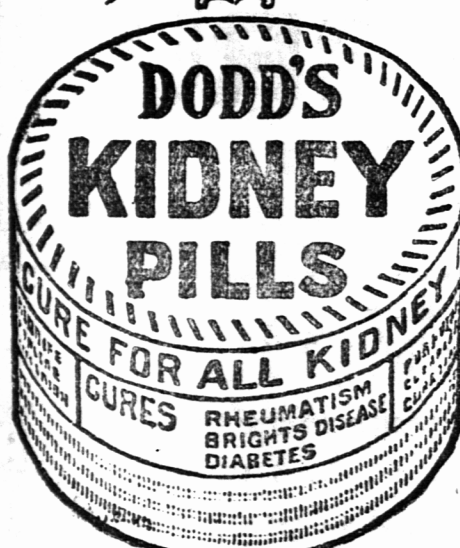
WANTED—A smart boy to run parcels and sell goods—Apply in own handwriting giving age. Address, R. P.O. Box 371, 21st

Vitality

FOR WEAK GIRLS AND BOYS

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

Substance-Shadow



If you want a horse worth \$100, you'd be silly to pay \$100 for his photo only. If you need DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS you'd be silly to buy an imitation.

DODD'S ARE SOLD IN BOXES LIKE THIS. TAKE ONLY

D-O-D-D'S