

Felt Weak and Nervous.

Had Faint and Dizzy Spells.

These symptoms arise from a weak condition of the heart and nerves. Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts and deranged nerves.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

will be found an effective remedy. Through the medium of the nervous system, they impart a strengthening and restorative influence to every organ and tissue of the body.

They restore enfeebled, enervated, exhausted, debilitated, or overworked men and women to perfect constitutional power.

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"I was sick for the past year, and became thoroughly run down. I had faint and dizzy spells, and felt weak and nervous all the time. I tried numerous remedies, but could get no help. I then read in the paper about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and got a box of them. Before I had used one-half the box I began to get better, so got another one, and by the time the two were finished I was as well as ever."

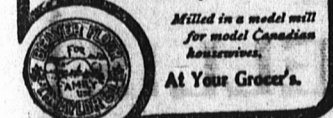
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From POINT DU CHENE, train leaving St. John's at 11:00 a.m. for SUMMERSIDE, connecting there with express train for Charlottetown and Pictou.

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EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER III (Continued.)

"Why's a panther 'traid o' folks?" I inquired. "Waal, ye see, they used t' be friendly, years an' years ago—folks an' panthers—but they wan't eggscactly cal'lated t' git along t'gether some way. An' o' the panther gin' em one uv her cuba great while ago jes' t' make frien's. The cub he grew big an' used t' play an' be very gentle. They was a boy he tuk to, an' both an' em got very friendly. The boy an' the panther went off one day 'n' the woods—guess 'twas more'n a hundred year ago—an' was lost. Walked all over an' an'ly got t' gol' round an' round 'n' a big circle till they was both on 'em tired out. Come night they lay down es hungry es few bears. The boy he was kind o' 'traid o' the dark, so he got up clus t' the panther an' lay 'tween his paws. The boy he thought the panther smelt funny, an' the panther he didn't jes' like the smell o' the boy. An' the boy he hed the leg ache an' kicked the panther 'n' the belly, so t' he kin' o' gagged an' spit an' they wan't heather on 'em reel comfortable. The sof' paws o' the panther was jes' like pincushions. He'd great hooks in 'em sharper'n the p'int uv a needle. An' when he was goin' t' sleep he'd run 'em out jes' like an' o' cat—kind o' playful—an' pur an' pull.

"All t' once the boy felt sumthin' like a lot o' needles prickin' his back; made him jump an' holler like Sam Hill. The panther he spit sassy an' riz up an' smelt o' the ground. Didn't neither on 'em know what was the matter. Bime by they lay down ag'in. 'Twan't only a little while 'fore the boy felt sumthin' prickin' uv him. He holler an' kicked ag'in. The panther he growled an' spit an' clumb a tree an' sot on a limb an' peeked over at thet queer little critter. Couldn't neither on 'em understan' it. The boy c'd see the eyes o' the panther in the dark; shone like tew live coals eggscactly. The panther'd never sot 'n' a tree when he was hungry an' see a boy below him. Sumthin' tol' him t' jump. Tail went swish in the leaves like that. His whiskers quivered; his tongue come out. C'd think o' nuthin' but his big empty belly. The boy was scarted. He up with his gun quick es a flash, aimed at his eyes an' let 'er flicker. Blew a lot o' smoke an' bird shot an' paper waddin' right up int' his face. The panther he lost his whiskers an' one eye an' got his hide full o' shot an' fell off the tree like a ripe apple an' run 'er his life. Thought 'he'd never see nuthin' c'd growl an' spit s' powerful es that boy. Never c'd bear the sight uv a man after that. Always made him gag an' spit t' think o' the man critter. Went off tew his own folks an' tol' o' the boy 'spit fire an' smoke an' growled s' t' times t' her ears off. An' now whenever they hear a gun go off they always think it's the man critter growlin'. An' they gag an' spit an' look es if it made 'em sick t' the stomach. An' the man folks they didn't no good 'plinion o' the panther's any more. Fact is a man he can be any kind uv a beast, but a panther he can't be nuthin' but jest a panther."

Then, too, as we lay there in the freight Uncle Eb told the remarkable story of the gingerbread bear. He told it slowly, as if his invention were severely taxed. And here is the story: "Once they wuz a boy got lost. Was goin' cross lots t' play with 'nother boy an' hed t' go through a strip o' woods. Went off the trail t' chase a butterfly an' got lost. Hed his kite an' cross gun, an' he wandered all over till he was tired an' hungry. Then he lay down t' cry on a bed o' moss. Furry quick they was a big black bear come along.

"What's the matter?" said the bear. "Hungry," says the boy. "Tell ye what I'll dew," says the bear. "If ye'll scratch my back fer me I'll let ye cut a piece o' my tail off t' eat." "Bear's tail, ye know, hes a lot o' meat on it—hearn tell it was gran' good fare. So the boy he scratched the bear's back, an' the bear he grinnea an' made his paw go patty pat on the ground—it did dew so splendid. Then the boy tuk his jackknife an' begun t' cut off the bear's tail. The bear he flew mad an' growled an' growled so the boy he stopped an' didn't dust out no more.

"Hurts awful," says the bear. "Couldn't never stan' it. Tell ye what I'll dew. Ye scratched my back, an' now I'll scratch your'n." "Gee whis!" said I. "Yes, sir, that's what the bear said," Uncle Eb went on. "The boy he up an' run like a neller. The bear he laugh-ed hearty an' scratched the ground like Sam Hill an' dug the dirt higher'n his head.

"Look here," says he as the boy stopped, "I let swallered a piece o' mutton. Run yer hand int' my throat, an' I'll let ye hev it." The bear he opened his mouth an' showed his big teeth. "Whew!" I whistled. "The't eggscactly what he done," said Uncle Eb. "He showed 'em plain. The boy was scarted 'n' a weasel. The bear he jumped up an' down on his hind legs an' laughed an' holler-ed an' shook himself.

"Only jes' foolin'," says he when he see the boy was goin' t' run ag'in. "What ye 'traid uv?" "Can't bear t' stay here," says the boy. "Lass ye'll keep yer mouth shut."

"He done noble," said Uncle Eb, patting the old dog as he rose to poke the fire. "Furry good chap I call 'im! He can hev half o' my dinner any time he wants it."

"Who do you suppose it was?" I inquired. "Robbers, I guess," he answered, "an' they'll be layin' fer us when we go out mebbe; but, if they are, Fred'll find 'em, an' I've got O' Trusty here, an' I guess the'll take care uv us."

His ride was always flattered with that name of O' Trusty when it had done him a good turn.

Soon as the light had come clear he went out in the near woods with dog and rifle and beat around in the brush. He returned shortly and said he had seen where they came and went.

"I'd a-killed 'em deader 'n' a door-pail," said he, laying down the old rifle. "I'd a-killed 'em any way."

They brought water from the river and had our breakfast. Fred went on ahead of us, when we started for the road, scurrying through the brush on both sides of the trail as if he knew what was expected of him.

He flushed a number of partridges, and Uncle Eb killed one of them on our way to the road. We resumed our journey without any further adventure. It was so smooth and level under-foot that Uncle Eb let me get in the wagon after Fred was hitched to it.

The old dog went along soberly and without much effort, save when we came to hills or sandy places, when I always got out and ran on behind.

Uncle Eb showed me how to brake the wheels with a long stick going downhill. I remember how it is the dog's head at the first down grade and how he ran to keep out of the way of it. We were going like mad in half a minute, Uncle Eb coming after us calling to the dog. Fred only looked over his shoulder with a wild eye at the rattling wagon and ran the harder.

He leaped aside at the bottom, and then we went all in a heap. Fortunately no harm was done.

"I declare!" said Uncle Eb as he came up to us, puffing like a spent horse, and picked me up unhurt and began to untangle the harness of old Fred. "I guess he must 'a' thought the devil was after him."

The dog growled a little for a moment and bit at the harness, but coaxing reassured him, and he went along all right again on the level. At a small settlement the children came out asking questions. Some of them tried to pet the dog, but old Fred kept to his labor at the heels of Uncle Eb and looked neither to right nor left. We stopped under a tree by the side of a narrow brook for our dinner, and one incident of that dinner I think of always when I think of Uncle Eb. It shows the manner of man he was and with what understanding and sympathy he regarded every living thing.

In rising his teapot he accidentally poured a bit of water on a big bumble-bee. The poor creature struggled to lift himself, and then another down-pour caught him and still another until his wings fell drenched. Then his breast began heaving violently, his legs stiffened behind him, and he sank head downward in the grass. Uncle Eb saw the death throes of the bee and knelt down and lifted the dead body by one of its wings.

"Jes' look at his velvet coat," he said, "an' his wings all wet an' stiff. They'll never carry him another journey. It's a bad man has t' kill every step he takes."

The bee's tail was moving faintly, and Uncle Eb laid him out in the warm sunlight and fanned him awhile with his hat, trying to bring back the breath of life.

"Gully!" he said presently, coming back with a sober face. "Thee's a dead bee. No tellin' how many was dependent on him or what plans he hed. Must 'a' gin' him a lot o' pleasure t' fly round in the sunlight, workin' every fair day. 'S all over now."

He had a gloomy face for an hour after that, and many a time in the days that followed I heard him speak of the murdered bee.

We lay resting awhile after dinner and watching a big fly of ants. Uncle Eb told me how they tilled the soil of the mound every year and sowed their own kind of grain—a small white seed like rice—and reaped their harvest in the late summer, storing the crop in their dry cellars under ground. He told me also the story of the ant lion—a big beetle that lives in the jungles of the grain and the grass—of which I remember only an outline, more or less imperfect.

Here it is in my own rewording of his tale: On a bright day one of the little black folks went off on a long road in a great field of barley. He was going to another city of his own people to bring helpers for the harvest. He came shortly to a sandy place where the barley was thin and the hot sunlight lay near to the ground. In a little valley close by the road, and of the ants he saw a deep pit in the sand with steep sides sloping to a point in the middle and as big around as a biscuit. Now, the ants are a curious people and go looking for things that are new and wonderful as they walk ahead, so they have much to tell worth hearing after a journey.

The little traveler was young and had no fear, so he left the road and went down to the pit and peeped over the side of it.

"What in the world is the meaning of this queer place?" he asked himself as he ran around the rim. In a moment he had stepped over, and the soft sand began to cave and slide beneath him. Quick as a flash the big lion beetle rose up in the center of the pit and began to reach for him. Then his legs flew in the caving sand, and the young ant struck his blades in it to hold the little he could gain.

Upward he struggled, leaping and bounding in the dust. He had not seen the rim and had stopped, clinging to get his breath, when the lion began slinging the sand at him with his long feelers. It rose in a cloud and fell on the back of the ant and pulled at him as it swept down. He could feel the mighty cleavers of the lion striking near his hind legs and pulling the sand from under them. He must go down in



We were going like mad.

helpless and slash him into a dozen pieces. He was letting go in despair when he felt a hand on his neck. Looking up, he saw one of his own people reaching over the rim, and in a fifty they had shut their fangs together. He moved little by little as the other tugged at him and in a moment was out of the trap and could feel the honest earth under him. When they had got home 'im told their adventure some were fer going to slay the beetle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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CHAPTER IV.

WE listened awhile then, but heard no sound in the thicket, although Fred was growling ominously, his hair on end. As for myself, I never had a more fearful hour than that we suffered before the light of morning came. I made no outcry, but clung to my old companion, trembling. He did not stir for a few minutes, and then we crept cautiously into the small hemlocks on one side of the opening.

"Keep still," he whispered. "Don't move or speak."

Presently we heard a move in the brush, and then quick as a flash Uncle Eb lifted his rifle and fired in the direction of it. Before the loud echo had gone off in the woods we heard some thing break through the brush at a run.

"S a man," said Uncle Eb as he listened. "He ain't a-losin' no time nuther."

We sat listening as the sound grew fainter and when it ceased entirely Uncle Eb said he must have got to the road. After a little the light of the morning began sifting down through the tree tops and was greeted with innumerable songs.



Stansied Ladies' College

Orders New Scale Williams Pianos No other Canadian piano enjoys the popularity among Educational Institutions, Ladies Colleges and Conservatories of Music as does the New Scale Williams Piano. No other piano stands the test so well where all the excellence in the way of musical perfection in required, and at the same time, durability and all serviceable qualities.

Stansied Ladies' College—a cut of which is reproduced above—tested the New Scale Williams Piano thoroughly, and in competition with other makes, with the result already stated, namely, the adoption of the New Scale Williams, officially for the institution. The following letter from Principal Flanders gives the history of the case. Stansied College is only one of a large number of similar institutions which have taken similar steps:—

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C. E. FLANDERS, PRINCIPAL, STANSTED COLLEGE.



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