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Ask your doctor how many preparations of cod-liver oil there are. He will answer, "Hundreds of them." Ask him which is the best. He will reply, "Scott's Emulsion." Then see that this is the one you obtain. It contains the purest cod-liver oil, free from unpleasant odor and taste. You also get the hypophosphites and glycerine. All three are blended into one grand healing and nourishing remedy.

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MISS CAPRICE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

Author of "Doctor Jack," "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER XX—Continued.
So John rests on his oars and waits for the chance to come; and the unseen hand that weaves the fabric of their lives, manipulates the shuttle through the wool.
When Mustapha catches his eye he comes up hastily, understanding there is something in the wind.
"We are to go again into the old town."
"When, monsieur?"
"This night. See! Ben Taleb has sent me a message."
The Arab looks at the paper steadily; it might as well be Sanskrit to him.
"Read it, monsieur."
So John complies, and his guide takes in all that is said. He nods his head to show that he understands.
"This time I, too, will change my appearance, and they will not know that it is Mustapha Cadi who walks through the lanes of old Al Jezira with an unbeliever at his side."
"A bright thought, Mustapha. When shall we leave the hotel?"
"Say half-past nine, meet me here. I will have all arranged. The business is safe."
John prepares for business. He remembers that on the previous occasions he had need of weapons—that they came very near an encounter with the natives—and hence arms himself.
Before quitting the hotel, he fees it incumbent upon himself to see Lady Ruth, and tell her where he is going. Nothing like beginning early, you know. She has already commenced to control his destiny.

CHAPTER XXIII.

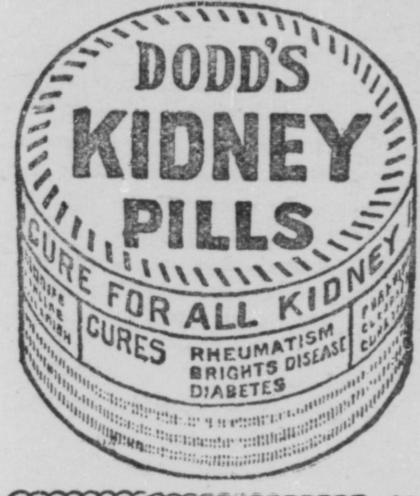
John hears at last.
A native servant brings him a note, and it can be set down as positive that the young Chicagoan eagerly breaks the seal.
It is from Ben Taleb. He writes a fair English hand, for he is a man of much education.
"Come again this night at eleven. Tell Mustapha to be at the wall where you departed from my house at that hour, and to rap upon the large stone with the handle of his knife, giving the signal of Mahomet's tomb."
"BEN TALEB, of Morocco."
So John's heart thrills with expectation. This looks friendly; he may be near the end of his journey. It is still dark and uncertain ahead, for even when he has found his mother, a reconciliation between these separated parents seems impossible. The past has too much of bitterness in it to be easily put aside.
His first thought is of Mustapha, and he casts around for the Arab, whom he last saw close by the door of the hotel.
The dusky courier is near by, engaged in a little game with several companion guides, for the Arab, as a rule loves gaming, and will risk everything, but his horse.
Lady Ruth has a headache, and is bathing her brow with cologne in the privacy of her little boudoir parlor, but readily consents to see the young man.
"You'll think me a fright, John, with my hair brushed back like this"—John stops this in a trice, as an ardent lover might, taking advantage of the professor's absence, and the fact that Aunt Gwen has gone back in the second room for another chair—"but once in a great while I have a headache that will only succumb to certain process. You will excuse me?"
"Indeed, I sympathize with you; have had the same splitting headache myself more than a few times. I wouldn't have intruded—"

A WRONG IDEA OF... DYSPEPSIA

Throws all the Blame on the Stomach—The Real Seat of Trouble is the Intestines—The Permanent Cure is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.
It is an old idea long since exploded that digestion is confined to the stomach. No modern scientist denies that by far the greater part of digestion and the more difficult part takes place in the intestines. This explains why dyspepsia is never really cured by preparations which merely aid stomach digestion and act only on the stomach.
This fact also explains why Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have been so remarkably successful as a cure for the worst forms of dyspepsia and indigestion.
Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly on the kidneys, liver and bowels, and give new tone and vigor to the intestines, and make them able to perform their work of digesting the substances on which the stomach has no effect.
Stomach treatment may do well enough for slight indigestion, but if you have chronic indigestion or dyspepsia of a serious nature you can profit by the experience of scores of thousands who have been permanently cured by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 2 or 3, at all dealers, of Edmanson, Balfour & Co., Toronto.

"You know its no intrusion, John," with reproach in her eyes.
"Kind of you to say so, my dear, but to the point. I have heard from Ben Taleb."
"Oh! your face tells me it is good news."
"I am to visit him at ten."
"To-night?"
"Yes."
"But John, the danger. You yourself told me it was no little thing to enter old Al Jezira in the night. The narrow lanes, with strange figures here and there, eyeing one furtively; the houses that threaten to topple over on one's head; all these things make it a risky place to wander in even during the daytime. After dark it must be awful."
So John describes the plan of action, and interests his audience, who asks more questions about his former visit, not forgetting the marvellous beauty of the Moor's daughter, for she is human.
Time flies under such circumstances, and hence it is John suddenly exclaims:
"I declare it is after nine o'clock."
"And my headache is gone."
At this both laugh.
"You must be a wizard, John, to charm it away so completely," she declares.
"I trust I shall always be as successful in the days to come," breathes John, and this of course causes a blush to sweep over the fair maid's face.
He hurries to his room to prepare for what is before him. Deep in his heart arises a prayer for success. Again that feeling of participation sweeps over him. Remembering former disappointments, he endeavors to subdue his hopes and to prepare for another set back, but this does not prevent him at times from indulging in dreams of happiness.
It is just half-past nine when he reaches the door of the hotel.
Mustapha Cadi is there, looking confident and bearing a small bundle. Again, in a dark corner, John assures an Arab covering, while his conductor proceeds to alter his own looks so that any whom they meet may not know who the tall Arab is.
So they tread the lanes of the hill-side town. Just as on the previous night they meet Arabs, Moors, Kabyles, Jews and negroes. The silence is like that of the tomb, and yet the interior of more than one house doubtless presents a spectacle gay enough to please any lover of light and color of lovely women, of rippling fountains, sweet flowers that lean the air with their incense, and all the accessories of Moorish art and life, for these people, while keeping the exterior of their dwellings plain, spend money lavishly upon the interior.
Now they are at the wall, and Mustapha gives the signal clearly: indeed, John fancies the hilt of the knife meet the stone with more force than is necessary, or else his ears deceive him.
The signal is heard, is answered, and in another minute they are inside the wall.
As he walks along behind his guide, John whispers to the Arab:
"On my word, I believe the fellow neglected to quite secure the door in the wall," to which remark Mustapha replies in low tones:
"Presumably he knows his business, monsieur; anyhow, it concerns us not at all."
Which John takes as a gentle reminder that these Arabs are very particular not to interfere with things that belong to another.
He says no more.
They reach the central room, opening upon the court where plashes the fountain.
The guide stops.
Upon the scented air comes the notes of a musical instrument, a mandolin, and the chords are peculiarly sad and yet so full of music.
Then a voice breaks forth—such singing John has heard only in his dreams—it is a voice of wondrous power, sympathetic and sweet, a voice that would haunt a man forever.
John knows no Moorish maiden can sing that song, and his heart gives a wild throbb as the conviction is suddenly forced upon him that at last, after these weary years of waiting, after his search over half the world, he is now listening to the voice that hushed his infantile cries, and fell upon his ears like a benison.
No wonder, then, he stands there as if made of stone—stands and drinks in the sweet volume of sound as it floods the Moorish court, until the last note dies away as might the carol of a bird at even-tide.
Then he swallows a sob, and braces himself for the coming ordeal. Something behind reaches his ear. He is positive he catches a deep groan as of despair; perhaps it comes from some cage, where this Moorish judge has an enemy in confinement.
He is not given a chance to speculate upon the subject. His guide touches his arm and points. John discovers

Be on Guard! Your



THE BEST is always imitated. Dodd's Kidney Pills, sold only in boxes like this, are widely imitated, because they are the best Kidney cure. Take none but

DODD'S

He is expected to come forward under the circumstances, the young man is in no condition for delay. That one that heavenly voice, has gone straight to his heart, and he loses track of the face of the sweet singer.
So he advances, not slowly and with any show of diffidence, but in the easy way that does credit to his heart.
He sees a figure in black seated near the old Moor, and naturally his eye is fixed upon that face.
Then his heart tells him he has looked upon the face of the mother who has been lost to him so long.
Does she know? Has she received his note, or is her presence here simply the desire of her friend, the doctor?
She does not show any kind of recognition as he approaches, and this tends to make him believe she has been kept in ignorance of the truth.
The Mohammedan doctor and his lovely daughter watch his advance with deep interest, for they are human, and take pleasure in a good deed done. The Koran commands it just as thoroughly as does our Bible. At the same time slaves are in waiting nearby, armed with deadly dimitars, and should it prove that John has deceived them, that the Sister does not greet him with love, but fear, because he bears the name of Craig, a sign from Ben Taleb will be the signing of his death warrant.

(To be Continued.)



The grand and beautiful Bible story of Abraham intercepted on the point of slaying his cherished son has a deep significance which every mother should take to heart. Too many mothers of the present day bind their children upon the altar of neglect and misunderstanding, all un mindful that beneficent providence forbids the sacrifice.
Women who expect to be mothers do not care for their own health as they ought, and thus the health and lifelong welfare of the prospective little one is sacrificed. All women should know and use the health-supporting power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in every delicate condition of the organs pertaining to maternity.
This special organism is directly strengthened and reinforced by this wonderful "Prescription." It renders the ordeal of motherhood entirely safe and comparatively easy; it gives constitutional energy and vigor to both mother and child; it absolutely cures every form of female weakness and disease. It is the only medicine in existence devised for this particular purpose by an educated, skilled physician of thirty years experience in this special field of practice. A full account of its marvelous properties is given in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," a paper-bound copy of which will be sent on receipt of thirty-one one-cent stamps to pay the cost of customs and mailing only, or handsomely cloth-bound for fifty stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Every woman should read this book.
W. R. Malcolm, of Knobel, Clay County, Arkansas, writes: "Since I last wrote you we have had a baby girl born to us. My wife took your 'Favorite Prescription' all during the expectant period and until confinement, and she had no trouble to mention."

NOTICE!

The report that Dr. Matheson is about to quit his practice at Montague is not true.
That he is about taking a post graduate course at McGill University, is true, and that he will resume his practice at Montague about June 25th, next is also true.
92-dy 31w 2wks, wk3i

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April 15 2aw tl May 31

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