

**THE WEDDING RING.**

Death lurks in every place in this "vale of tears." There is no happiness, no joy, no gaiety, no success, no sorrow, and no failure that may not secrete him. A favorite hiding-place for death, where women are concerned, is in the very happiness, and rapture of wifehood and the sacred joy of motherhood. But too frequently there is death in the embrace of love, and the first touch of baby-fingers is succeeded by the chilly grasp of the grim destroyer. If wives and mothers would only resort to the right remedy when they suffer from weakness and disease of the delicate and important feminine organs that are baby's threshold to life, there would be fewer husbands bereft, and fewer homes saddened by an infant's loss. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes the feminine organs strong, healthy and vigorous. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It banishes the maladies of the period of suspense, and makes baby's entry to the world easy and comparatively painless. An honest druggist will not try to induce a customer to take an inferior substitute for this great remedy, for the sake of extra profit.

Mrs. Seagle was a great sufferer from a combination of female diseases, a few years ago, from which she has been entirely cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Geo. A. Seagle, Esq., of Box 120, Wytheville, Va. "She is thoroughly convinced that there is no medicine on earth equal to the 'Favorite Prescription,' and she doesn't hesitate to say so. She has recommended it to her lady friends, and in all cases where it has been given a fair trial, it has given entire satisfaction."

In cases of constipation and torpid liver, no remedy is equal to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. They never fail. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. An honest dealer will not urge a substitute upon you.

**D & A CORSETS.**



**D & A "CREST" CORSET**  
Unequaled for grace and comfort. It is modelled to living forms, made of first class materials, and its patented construction on the hip makes it **POSITIVELY UNBREAKABLE.** If you have had trouble with your corsets breaking, try the D & A "Crest."  
Sold by most dealers.

**The Essence of the Virginia Pine**

**DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE**

**Cures Coughs Promptly** 25c per bottle

Children like it. It likes them.

Does not upset the stomach.

**EPPE'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 EPPE & CO., Ltd. Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

**WANTED.**  
Coat and Vest makers, at **D. A. BRUCES**



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"And may I not return to Marabel in triumph?" I asked.  
"Truly thou mayst, but something tells me thou wilt not. It was pleasant to sit with thee over the evening pipe or plucking the ripe fruit, hearing thee talk of thy country and adventures. But the bitter must be with the sweet. All things have an end, and that which once becomes but a dream. The time of parting is at hand, and I shall lie awake on my bed at night thinking of the stranger who came from afar to cheer me in my solitude."  
"And the stranger will think of thee with gratitude," I returned. "It is all he has to offer, and thou hast it in full measure. Wherever he may go, whatever may be his lot, he will remember thy kindness in the day of his trouble."  
"It is surely enough," he answered, in a low voice that had a quiver in it. "When thou returnest to thy people, tell them that beneath the burnoose there beat human hearts. Now one last favour I ask of thee: thou art now a man of influence; I commend my Tabal to thy care, and the Lord prosper thee."  
"May my best friend forget me if I forget thy son," I replied, and he thanked me with gushing eyes.

Early in the afternoon, in accordance with Abou Kuram's orders, Said Achmet, Tabal, and myself went to the castle, which presented a scene of frantic commotion. An esplanade or parade ground in front was thronged with gaunt, fierce-visaged troops, some on foot, some mounted on horses, and some on dromedaries, wheeling and plunging and rushing to and fro with maniacal yells and brandishing of weapons.

On first catching sight of them through a vista of palms and tamarisks, I thought that either they had suddenly gone stark mad or that the enemy, following up his successes in the field, had pushed on and captured the castle. It added to my amazement when Tabal, seeing what was going on, bolted forward, shouting frantically, as though he, too, were magically bereft of his wits. Having no taste to advance among the flying spears, I was meditating flight when Said Achmet touched me reassuringly on the arm.

"It is the Arzah" (a war-dance performed before going to meet an enemy), he said, with a smile. "They are getting up the spirit of war. Methinks it will be bad for the enemy."

Whatever might be the issue, there was no denying the imposing ferocity of that wild war-dance. The men were armed with a variety of queer and uncouth weapons—ancient matchlocks, pistols, spears, swords, javelins, and daggers, which flew and flashed promiscuously as if a company of bedlamites had somehow possessed themselves of half a dozen armories.

As soon as we were seen approaching a band of horsemen dashed to meet us, whirling their swords in the air so furiously that in spite of Said Achmet's assurance that the display was mere sport, I had an uneasy suspicion that they were bent on cutting us down by way of preliminary practice. But just at the crucial moment, when their lances were within a few feet of us, they wheeled with inconceivable quickness and dexterity, and dashed back the way they came, yelling savagely. Two or three times this manoeuvre was repeated, each time with a madder dash and a quicker turning, then drawing up suddenly they faced us, saluting with a rigid precision that was in striking contrast to the wild movements they had just gone through. They had scarcely turned to get back to their original positions when a great shout went up, and Abou Kuram, superbly mounted on a gay charger, came curvetting and prancing on the esplanade with drawn sword. His appearance was the signal for another mad outbreak of the entire body of troops, hoing and shouting and flourishing and throwing their weapons, they circled about him rather as if he were a captive for whose blood they thirsted than a commander whom they wished to honour, while he rode quietly through the maze, sitting his high-spirited horse like one born to the saddle. By and by the tumult died down, and Abou Kuram, still riding about, noticed Said Achmet and myself. With two or three bounds of his leaping steed he was beside us.

"Here thou art," he said, smiling down upon me. "It pleaseth me to see thee punctually, according to thy word. Hast said farewell to the good Said Achmet, for the time has come to mount and be off?"  
"I am ready, my lord," I answered.  
"It is well, for the shadows grow long, and the sun is hastening to his bed. Bring the little Fatima," he said, addressing a slave. "She waiteth for her master."

Accordingly a minute later my little mare, fully caparisoned, was led ambulating into the parade ground. Addressing her, the slave made a pithy speech to the effect that she was going forth to great honour with the fair-faced stranger; that she was to obey his will, and that she would have her reward in a care that would preserve her from all ill-treatment, and that she would have dates to eat and sweet water to drink when the perils of the desert were past.

The intelligent brute whinnied, as if to say she perfectly understood him. Then the bridle rein was formally delivered to me, and she took a step toward me, as if acquiescing in the change of proprietorship. I stroked her gently as a token of good will, rubbing her face and speaking encouraging words in her ear after the Arab fashion. Having thus made an agreement, I fastened my green bag carefully to the saddle, embraced Said Achmet and mounted.  
"Have my words exaggerated her excellence?" asked Abou Kuram, eagerly, coming close to me.

"Nay," I replied. "My lord has not spoken half the truth."  
"And thou wilt see she is as good as she is beautiful," he said, a prophecy that was fulfilled to the uttermost, as this history will show.

Many who have never set eyes on him have been eloquent in the praise of the Arab horse. Poet and painter and romancer have vied in delineating his matchless excellences, physical and mental. But it is not until you have eaten and slept and fought with him in the desert, on the battle-field, beside the black tent in the green pastures, until you have been his intimate friend and comrade, and learned to appreciate his coolness and courage, his power of endurance and gentleness and intelligence and loyalty that you can know his many high qualities. Yet perhaps only a poet could describe my Fatima, for in her were surely combined the perfection of equine virtue and beauty.

Never anything more lovely, more dainty and proud moved on four legs. She was neither big nor heavy, but her muscles were of whalebone, and her bones of the finest-tempered steel. Her limbs indeed were like wrought metal in the firmness, cleanliness, and grace of them, and the trunk in exquisiteness of curve and symmetry of parts was such as a sculptor may have dreamed of, but has never matched in bronze or marble. The sum total of that animate loveliness—the silken bay coat, the softly sloping shoulders, the buoyancy of the curved back, the fiery pride of the arched neck, the full round haunches, the rich sweep of mane and tail, the sharp, daintily poised ears, the broad forehead, and the fine muzzle, and, above all, the spirit of the alert full orb'd eye—is beyond the power of any artist save nature herself, nor does nature take such pains anywhere out of Arabia.

When Fatima found me in the saddle she began to glide through the giddy maze with an ease and fluency of motion that to me was like a fore-taste of heaven. I plumed myself on my horsemanship, for one of the few things I learned thoroughly as a boy was to stick on the back of anything that could take a bit between its teeth, and no doubt I had now the conceit to hold up my head as a fit rider for the noblest of steeds. But, indeed, an old wife could have sat that supple, mincing creature with security, though the upward glance of her eye, with its intimation of suppressed fire, told that under different conditions she could behave in a totally different manner, nor does nature take such pains anywhere out of Arabia.

Presently the mazzin began to cry plaintively from the minarets, and the soldiers and citizens trooped off to the mosques to pray for pardon and victory, leaving only a few men to look after the beasts. As my company in worship would defile the sacred places of Moslem, I also remained behind.

When the worshippers returned from their devotions, the baggage camels were put into line and examined by the officers, the horses and dromedaries being made ready for their riders while the examination was proceeding. Then came supper, and in honour of the great occasion many sheep were slaughtered and roasted whole over big fires. The hissing carcasses had hardly time to take a brown crust when they were torn asunder and eaten in huge mouthfuls by a ravenous host, who washed down the burning meat with copious draughts of goat's milk. As I did not care to enter the lists in such a contest, I contented myself with a piece of doughy bread, some dates, and a cup of coffee.

(To be Continued.)

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**"WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."**  
Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP" wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice.  
Many imitations of Baby's Own Soap, look like it, but baby feels the difference.  
T. Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

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